J. Watts Russell.

Given to Dear Martha
10th December 1862
J. Walter Ruffell

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE NINETEENTH.

CONTAINING

TIMON OF ATHENS.
OTHELLO.

LONDON:

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TIMON OF ATHENS.*

* Timon of Athens.] The ſtory of the Miſanthrope is told in almoſt every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakſpeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleaſure*, and the *Engliſh Plutarch*. Indeed from a paſſage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the ſtage.

FARMER.

The paſſage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, or *Paſquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this:

"Come, I'll be as ſociable as *Timon of Athens*."

But the alluſion is ſo ſlight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconſiderable obligations, has in his poſſeſſion a MS. play on this ſubject. It appears to have been written, or tranſcribed, about the year 1600. There is a ſcene in it reſembling Shakſpeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Inſtead of *warm water* he ſets before them *ſtones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful ſteward, who, (like Kent in *King Lear*) has diſguiſed himſelf to continue his ſervices to his maſter. Timon, in the laſt Act is followed by his fickle miſtreſs, &c. after he was reported to have diſcovered a hidden treaſure by digging. The piece itſelf (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The *perſonæ dramatis* are as follows:

"The actors names.

"Timon.
"Laches, his faithful ſervant.
"Eutrapelus, a diſſolute young man.
"Gelaſimus, a cittie heyre.
"Pſeudocheus, a lying travailer.
"Demeas, an orator.
"Philargurus, a covetous churliſh ould man.
"Hermogenes, a fidler.
"Abyſſus, a uſurer.
"Lollio, a cuntrey clowne, Philargurus ſonne.
"Stilpo, } Two lying philoſophers.
"Speuſippus, }
"Grunnio, a lean ſervant of Philargurus.
"Obba, Tymon's butler.
"Pœdio, Gelaſimus page.
"Two ſerjeants.
"A ſailor.
"Callimela, Philargurus daughter.
"Blatte, her prattling nurſe.

"SCENE, Athens."

STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare undoubtedly formed this play on the paſſage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony* relative to Timon, and not on the twenty-eighth novel of the firſt volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*; becauſe he is there merely deſcribed as "a man-hater, of a ſtrange and beaſtly nature," without any cauſe aſſigned; whereas Plutarch furniſhed our author with the following hint to work upon: "Antonius forſook the citie, and companie of his friendes, —ſaying, that he would lead Timon's life, becauſe he had the like wrong offered him, that was offered unto Timon; and *for the unthankfulneſs of thoſe he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friendes, he was angry with all men, and would truſt no man.*"

To the manuſcript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our author, I have no doubt, was alſo indebted for ſome other circumſtances. Here he found the faithful ſteward, the banquet-ſcene, and the ſtory of Timon's being poſſeſſed of great ſums of gold which he had dug up in the woods: a circumſtance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no tranſlation of the dialogue that relates to this ſubject.

Spon ſays, there is a building near Athens, yet remaining, called *Timon's Tower.*

Timon of Athens was written, I imagine, in the year 1610, See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays.* Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Timon, *a noble* Athenian.
Lucius,
Lucullus, } *Lords, and Flatterers of* Timon.
Sempronius,
Ventidius, *one of* Timon's *falſe Friends.*
Apemantus, *a churliſh Philoſopher.*
Alcibiades, *an* Athenian *General.*
Flavius, *Steward to* Timon.
Flaminius,
Lucilius, } Timon's *Servants.*
Servilius,
Caphis,
Philotus,
Titus,
Lucius, } *Servants to* Timon's *Creditors.*
Hortenſius,
Two Servants of Varro, *and the Servant of* Iſidore; *two of* Timon's *Creditors.*
Cupid *and Maſkers. Three Strangers.*
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
An old Athenian. *A Page. A Fool.*

Phrynia,[1]
Timandra, } *Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; *and the Woods adjoining.*

[1] *Phrynia,*] (or as this name ſhould have been written by Shakſpeare, *Phryne,*) was an Athenian courtezan ſo exquiſitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a ſight of her boſom (which, as we learn from Quintilian, had been artfully denuded by her advocate,) diſarmed the court of its ſeverity, and ſecured her life from the ſentence of the law. STEEVENS.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Hall in* Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant,[2] *and Others, at ſeveral Doors.*

Poet. Good day, ſir.[3]

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not ſeen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, ſir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity?[4] what ſtrange,

[2] —— *Jeweller, Merchant,*] In the old copy: *Enter* &c. *Merchant and* Mercer, *&c.* STEEVENS.

[3] Poet. *Good day, ſir.*] It would be leſs abrupt to begin the play thus:

Poet. Good day.

Pain. Good day, ſir: *I am glad you're well.* FARMER.

The preſent deficiency in the metre alſo pleads ſtrongly in behalf of the ſupplemental words propoſed by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

[4] *But what particular rarity?* &c.] I cannot but think that this paſſage is at preſent in confuſion. The poet aſks a queſtion, and ſtays not for an anſwer, nor has his queſtion any apparent drift or conſequence. I would range the paſſage thus:

Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all theſe ſpirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's moſt fix'd.

Mer. A moſt incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodneſs:[5]

Poet. *Ay, that's well known.*
But what particular rarity? what ſo ſtrange,
That *manifold record not matches?*
Pain. *See!*
Poet. *Magick of bounty!* &c.

It may not be improperly obſerved here, that as there is only one copy of this play, no help can be had from collation, and more liberty muſt be allowed to conjecture. JOHNSON.

Johnſon ſuppoſes that there is ſome error in this paſſage, becauſe the Poet aſks a queſtion, and ſtays not for an anſwer; and therefore ſuggeſts a new arrangement of it. But there is nothing more common in real life than queſtions aſked in that manner. And with reſpect to his propoſed arrangement, I can by no means approve of it; for as the Poet and the Painter are going to pay their court to Timon, it would be ſtrange if the latter ſhould point out to the former, as *a particular rarity, which manifold record* could not match, a merchant and a jeweller, who came there on the ſame errand. M. MASON.

The Poet is led *by what the Painter has ſaid,* to aſk whether any thing very ſtrange and unparalleled had lately happened, without any expectation that any ſuch had happened;—and is prevented from waiting for an anſwer by obſerving ſo many conjured by Timon's bounty to attend. "See, Magick of bounty!" &c. This ſurely is very natural. MALONE.

[5] —— breath'd, *as it were,*
To an untirable and continuate *goodneſs:*] *Breathed* is *inured by conſtant practice;* ſo trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horſe, is to exerciſe him for the courſe. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet:*
"It is the *breathing* time of day with me." STEEVENS.

He paſſes.[6]

Jew. I have a jewel here.[7]

Mer. O, pray, let's ſee't: For the lord Timon, ſir?

Jew. If he will touch the eſtimate:[8] But, for that——

Poet. *When we for recompenſe*[9] *have prais'd the vile,*
It ſtains the glory in that happy verſe
Which aptly ſings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking at the Jewel.*

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, ſir, in ſome work, ſome dedication
To the great lord.

—— *continuate*—] This word is uſed by many ancient Engliſh writers. Thus, by Chapman, in his verſion of the fourth Book of the *Odyſſey*:

" Her handmaids join'd in a *continuate* yell."

Again, in the tenth Book:

" ——— environ'd round
" With one *continuate* rock:—." Steevens.

[6] *He* paſſes.] i. e. exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:

" Why this *paſſes*, maſter Ford." Steevens.

[7] *He paſſes.——*
I have a jewel here.] The ſyllable wanting in this line, might be reſtored by reading—

He paſſes.—Look, *I have a jewel here.* Steevens.

[8] —— *touch the eſtimate:*] Come up to the price. Johnson.

[9] *When we for recompenſe* &c.] We muſt here ſuppoſe the poet buſy in reading in his own work; and that theſe three lines are the introduction of the poem addreſſed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the Painter an account of. Warburton.

Poet. A thing ſlipp'd idly from me.
Our poeſy is as a gum, which oozes [1]
From whence 'tis nouriſhed: The fire i'the flint
Shows not, till it be ſtruck; our gentle flame
Provokes itſelf, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chaſes.[2] What have you there?

[1] ——*which* oozes—] The folio copy reads—which *uſes*. The modern editors have given it—which *iſſues*. Johnson.

Gum and *iſſues* were inſerted by Mr. Pope; *oozes* by Dr. Johnſon. Malone.

The two oldeſt copies read—
. *Our poeſie is as a* gowne *which* uſes. Steevens.

[2] ——*and, like a current, flies*
Each bound it chaſes.] Thus the folio reads, and rightly. In later editions—*chaſes*. Warburton.

This ſpeech of the Poet is very obſcure. He ſeems to boaſt the copiouſneſs and facility of his vein, by declaring that verſes drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itſelf without the violence neceſſary to elicit ſparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chaſes*. This may mean, that it expands itſelf notwithſtanding all obſtructions; but the images in the compariſon are ſo ill ſorted, and the effect ſo obſcurely expreſſed, that I cannot but think ſomething omitted that connected the laſt ſentence with the former. It is well known that the players often ſhorten ſpeeches to quicken the repreſentation: and it may be ſuſpected, that they ſometimes performed their amputations with more haſte than judgment. Johnson.

Perhaps the ſenſe is, that having *touched on one ſubject, it flies off in queſt of another*. The old copy ſeems to read—
Each bound it chaſes.
The letters *ſ* and *ſ* are not always to be diſtinguiſhed from each other, eſpecially when the types have been much worn, as in the firſt folio. If *chaſes* be the true reading, it is beſt explained by the "—*ſe ſequiturque fugitque*—" of the Roman poet. Somewhat ſimilar occurs in *The Tempeſt*:
"Do *chaſe* the ebbing Neptune, and do *fly* him
"When he purſues." Steevens.

The obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes merely from the miſtake of the editors, who have joined in one, what was intended by

Pain. A picture, ſir.—And when comes your book forth?[3]

Poet. Upon the heels[4] of my preſentment,[5] ſir. Let's ſee your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.[6]

Shakſpeare as two diſtinct ſentences.—It ſhould be pointed thus, and then the ſenſe will be evident:

——— *our gentle flame*
Provokes itſelf, and like the current flies;
Each bound it chafes.

Our gentle flame animates itſelf; it flies like a current; and every obſtacle ſerves but to increaſe its force. M. Mason.

In *Julius Cæſar* we have—

" The troubled Tiber *chafing* with her ſhores,—."

Again, in *The Legend of Pierce Gaveſton,* by Michael Drayton, 1594:

" Like as the ocean, *chafing* with his *bounds,*
" With raging billowes *flies* againſt the rocks,
" And to the ſhore ſends forth his hideous ſounds," &c.

Malone.

This jumble of incongruous images, ſeems to have been deſigned, and put into the mouth of the Poetaſter, that the reader might appreciate his talents: his language therefore ſhould not be conſidered in the abſtract. Henley.

[3] ——And *when comes your book forth?*] *And* was ſupplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to perfect the meaſure. Steevens.

[4] *Upon the heels* &c.] As ſoon as my book has been preſented to lord Timon. Johnson.

[5] —— *preſentment,*] The patrons of Shakſpeare's age do not appear to have been all *Timons.*

" I did determine not to have dedicated my play to any body, becauſe *forty ſhillings* I care not for, and above, few or none will beſtow on theſe matters." Preface to *A Woman is a Weathercock,* by N. Field, 1612. Steevens.

It ſhould, however, be remembered, that forty ſhillings at that time were equal to at leaſt ſix, perhaps eight, pounds at this day. Malone.

[6] *'Tis a good piece.*] As the metre is here defective, it is not improbable that our author originally wrote—

'Tis a good piece, indeed.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.[7]

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own ſtanding![8] what a mental power

So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" 'Tis grace *indeed.*" Steevens.

[7] —— *this* comes off *well and excellent.*] The meaning is, the figure riſes well from the canvas. *C'eſt bien relevé.* Johnson.

What is meant by this term of applauſe I do not exactly know. It occurs again in *The Widow,* by Ben Jonſon, Fletcher, and Middleton:

" It *comes off* very fair yet."

Again, in *A Trick to catch the Old One,* 1608: " Put a good tale in his ear, ſo that it *comes off cleanly,* and there's a horſe and man for us. I warrant thee." Again, in the firſt part of Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida:*

" *Fla.* Faith, the ſong will ſeem to *come off* hardly.

" *Catz.* Troth, not a whit, if you ſeem to *come off* quickly." Steevens.

[8] ——— *How this* grace
Speaks his own ſtanding!] This relates to the attitude of the figure, and means that it ſtands judiciouſly on its own centre. And not only ſo, but that it has a graceful ſtanding likewiſe. Of which the poet in *Hamlet,* ſpeaking of another picture, ſays:

" A *ſtation,* like the herald, Mercury,
" New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill."

which lines Milton ſeems to have had in view, where he ſays of Raphael:

" At once on th' eaſtern *cliff of Paradiſe*
" He *lights,* and to his proper ſhape returns.
" ——*Like Maia's ſon he ſtood.*" Warburton.

This ſentence ſeems to me obſcure, and, however explained, not very forcible. *This grace ſpeaks his own ſtanding,* is only, *The gracefulneſs of this figure ſhows how it ſtands.* I am inclined to think ſomething corrupted. It would be more natural and clear thus:

———*How this* ſtanding
Speaks his own graces!——

How this poſture diſplays its own *gracefulneſs.* But I will indulge conjecture further, and propoſe to read:

This eye ſhoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbneſs of the geſture
One might interpret.[9]

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poet. I'll ſay of it,

——— *How this grace*
Speaks underſtanding! *what a mental power*
This eye ſhoots forth! Johnson.

The paſſage, to my apprehenſion at leaſt, *ſpeaks it own meaning*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it ſtands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixure. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witneſs to *propriety*. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act II. ſc. iv:

" ——— never ſaw I figures
" So likely to *report themſelves*." Steevens.

I cannot reconcile myſelf to Johnſon's or Warburton's explanations of this paſſage, which are ſuch as the words cannot poſſibly imply. I am rather inclined to ſuppoſe, that the figure alluded to was a repreſentation of one of the Graces, and, as they are always ſuppoſed to be females, ſhould read the paſſage thus:

——— *How this Grace* (with a capital G)
Speaks its *own ſtanding!*——

This ſlight alteration removes every difficulty, for Steevens's explanation of the latter words is clearly right; and there is ſurely but little difference between *its* and *his* in the trace of the letters.

This amendment is ſtrongly ſupported by the pronoun *this*, prefixed to the word *Grace*, as it proves that what the Poet pointed out was ſome real object, not merely an abſtract idea.

M. Mason.

[9] ——— *to the dumbneſs of the geſture*
One might interpret.] The figure, though dumb, ſeems to have a capacity of ſpeech. The alluſion is to the puppet-ſhows, or motions, as they were termed in our author's time. The perſon who ſpoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act III. ſc. v. Malone.

Rather—one might venture to ſupply words to ſuch intelligible action. Such ſignificant geſture aſcertains the ſentiments that ſhould accompany it. Steevens.

It tutors nature: artificial ſtrife [1]
Lives in theſe touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, *and paſs over.*

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!

Poet. The ſenators of Athens:—Happy men! [2]

[1] —— *artificial* ſtrife—] *Strife* for action or motion. Warburton.

Strife is either the conteſt of art with nature:

" Hic ille eſt *Raphael*, timuit, quo ſoſpite vinci
" Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori."

or it is the contraſt of forms or oppoſition of colours. Johnson.

So, under the print of Noah Bridges, by Faithorne:

" Faithorne, with nature at a noble *ſtrife*,
" Hath paid the author a great ſhare of life." &c. Steevens.

And Ben Jonſon, on the head of Shakſpeare by Droeſhout:

" This figure which thou here ſeeſt put,
" It was for gentle Shakſpeare cut:
" Wherein the *graver* had a ſtrife
" With *nature*, to *out-doo* the *life*." Henley.

That *artificial ſtrife* means, as Dr. Johnſon has explained it, *the conteſt of art with nature*, and not *the contraſt of forms* or *oppoſition of colours*, may appear from our author's *Venus and Adonis*, where the ſame thought is more clearly expreſſed:

" Look, when a *painter* would *ſurpaſs* the *life*,
" In limning out a well-proportion'd ſteed,
" His *art* with *nature's workmanſhip* at *ſtrife*,
" As if the *dead* the *living* ſhould exceed;
" So did this horſe excell," &c.

In Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, printed I believe in 1596, (afterwards entitled *The Barons' Wars*,) there are two lines nearly reſembling theſe:

" Done for the laſt with ſuch exceeding *life*,
" As *art* therein *with nature* were *at ſtrife*." Malone.

[2] ——*Happy* men!] Mr. Theobald reads—happy *man*; and certainly the emendation is ſufficiently plauſible, though the old reading may well ſtand. Malone.

The text is right. The Poet envies or admires the felicity of

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of viſitors.[3]
I have, in this rough work, ſhap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world [4] doth embrace and hug
With ampleſt entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly,[5] but moves itſelf
In a wide ſea of wax:[6] no levell'd malice [7]

the ſenators in being Timon's friends, and familiarly admitted to his table, to partake of his good cheer, and experience the effects of his bounty. Ritson.

[3] —— *this confluence, this great flood of viſitors.*]
Mane ſalutantûm totis vomit ædibus undam. Johnson.

[4] —— *this* beneath *world*—] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, we have—"This *under* generation;" and in *King Richard II:* "—the *lower* world." Steevens.

[5] *Halts not particularly,*] My deſign does not ſtop at any ſingle character. Johnson.

[6] *In a wide ſea of wax:*] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron ſtyle. Hanmer.

I once thought with Sir T. Hanmer, that this was only an alluſion to the Roman practice of writing with a ſtyle on waxen tablets; but it appears that the ſame cuſtom prevailed in England about the year 1395, and might have been heard of by Shakſpeare. It ſeems alſo to be pointed out by implication in many of our old collegiate eſtabliſhments. See Warton's *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 151. Steevens.

Mr. Aſtle obſerves in his very ingenious work *On the Origin and Progreſs of Writing*, quarto, 1784, that "the practice of writing on table-books covered with *wax* was not entirely laid aſide till the commencement of the *fourteenth* century." As Shakſpeare, I believe, was not a very profound Engliſh antiquary, it is ſurely improbable that he ſhould have had any knowledge of a practice which had been diſuſed for more than two centuries before he was born. The Roman practice he might have learned from Golding's tranſlation of the ninth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes:*

"Her right hand holds the pen, her left doth hold the emptie *waxe*," &c. Malone.

[7] —— *no* levell'd *malice* &c.] To *level* is to *aim*, to point

Infects one comma in the courſe I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

PAIN. How ſhall I underſtand you?

POET. I'll unbolt[8] to you.
You ſee how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and ſlippery creatures,[9] as
Of grave and auſtere quality,) tender down
Their ſervices to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All ſorts of hearts;[1] yea, from the glaſs-fac'd flatterer[2]
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himſelf: even he drops down
The knee before him,[3] and returns in peace

the ſhot at a mark. Shakſpeare's meaning is, my poem is not a ſatire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any ſingle perſon; I fly like an eagle into the general expanſe of life, and leave not, by any private miſchief the trace of my paſſage. JOHNSON.

[8] *I'll unbolt*—] I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*glib and ſlippery creatures,*] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*natures. Slippery* is *ſmooth*, unreſiſting. JOHNSON.

[1] Subdues——
All ſorts of hearts;] So, in *Othello*:
"My *heart's ſubdued*
"Even to the very quality of my lord." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*glaſs-fac'd flatterer*—] That ſhows in his look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*even he drops down* &c.] Either Shakſpeare meant to put a falſehood into the mouth of his Poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for in the enſuing ſcenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers. STEEVENS.

The Poet, ſeeing that Apemantus paid frequent viſits to

Moſt rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I ſaw them ſpeak together.[4]

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleaſant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The baſe o'the mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts,[5] all kind of natures,
That labour on the boſom of this ſphere
To propagate their ſtates:[6] amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this ſovereign lady[7] fix'd,
One do I perſonate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whoſe preſent grace to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to ſcope.[8]
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy mount

Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other gueſts. Ritson.

[4] *I ſaw them ſpeak* together.] The word—*together*, which only ſerves to interrupt the meaſure, is, I believe, an interpolation, being occaſionally omitted by our author, as unneceſſary to ſenſe, on ſimilar occaſions. Thus, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: "—Bring me to hear them ſpeak;" i. e. to ſpeak together, to converſe. Again, in another of our author's plays: "When ſpoke you laſt?" Nor is the ſame phraſeology, at this hour, out of uſe. Steevens.

[5] ——*rank'd with all deſerts,*] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. Johnson.

[6] *To* propagate *their ſtates:*] To advance or improve their various conditions of life. Johnson.

[7] *Feign'd* Fortune *to be thron'd:*——
——*on this* ſovereign lady &c.] So, in *The Tempeſt*:
"——bountiful *Fortune*,
"Now *my dear lady*," &c. Malone.

[8] ——*conceiv'd to ſcope.*] Properly imagined, appoſitely, to the purpoſe. Johnson.

To climb his happineſs, would be well expreſs'd
In our condition.[9]

Poet. Nay, ſir, but hear me on:
All thoſe which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain ſacrificial whiſperings in his ear,[1]
Make ſacred even his ſtirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.[2]

[9] *In our* condition.] *Condition* for art. WARBURTON.

[1] *Rain* ſacrificial *whiſperings in his ear,*] The ſenſe is obvious, and means, in general, *flattering him.* The particular kind of flattery may be collected from the circumſtance of its being offered up in *whiſpers:* which ſhows it was the calumniating thoſe whom Timon hated or envied, or whoſe vices were oppoſite to his own. This offering up, to the perſon flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakſpeare, with the utmoſt beauty of thought and expreſſion, calls *ſacrificial whiſperings,* alluding to the victims offered up to idols. WARBURTON.

Whiſperings attended with ſuch reſpect and veneration as accompany ſacrifices to the gods. Such, I ſuppoſe, is the meaning. MALONE.

By *ſacrificial whiſperings,* I ſhould ſimply underſtand whiſperings of officious ſervility, the *incenſe* of the worſhipping paraſite to the patron as to a god. Theſe whiſperings might probably immolate reputations for the moſt part, but I ſhould not reduce the epithet in queſtion to that notion here. Mr. Gray has excellently expreſſed in his Elegy theſe ſacrificial offerings to the great from the poetick tribe:

"To heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
"With incenſe kindled at the muſe's flame."

WAKEFIELD.

[2] —— *through him*
Drink *the free air.*] That is, catch his breath in affected fondneſs. JOHNSON.

A ſimilar phraſe occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour:* "By this air, the moſt divine tobacco I ever *drank!*" To *drink,* in both theſe inſtances, ſignifies to *inhale.*

STEEVENS.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of theſe?

Poet. When Fortune, in her ſhift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him ſlip down,[3]
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhow,[4]
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blows of fortune[5]

Dr. Johnſon's explanation appears to me highly unnatural and unſatisfactory. "To drink the air," like the *hauſtus ætherios* of Virgil, is merely a poetical phraſe for *draw the air*, or *breathe*. To "drink the free air," therefore, "through another," is to breathe freely at his will only; ſo as to depend on him for the privilege of life: not even to breathe freely without his permiſſion. Wakefield.

So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"His noſtrils *drink the air*."

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

"I *drink the air* before me." Malone.

[3] —— *let him* ſlip *down*,] The old copy reads:

—— *let him* ſit *down*.

The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. Steevens.

[4] *A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhow*,] Shakſpeare ſeems to intend in this dialogue to expreſs ſome competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himſelf to have ſhown, the painter thinks he could have ſhown better. Johnson.

[5] —— *theſe quick blows of* fortune—] [Old copy—*fortune*'s—] This was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time, as I have already obſerved in a note on *King John*, Vol. X. p. 372, n. 8. The modern editors read, more elegantly,—of *fortune*. The alteration was firſt made in the ſecond folio, from ignorance of Shakſpeare's diction. Malone.

Though I cannot impute ſuch a correction to the ignorance of the perſon who made it, I can eaſily ſuppoſe what is here ſtyled the phraſeology of Shakſpeare, to be only the miſtake of a vulgar

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To ſhow lord Timon, that mean eyes[6] have ſeen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets ſound. Enter TIMON, *attended; the Servant of* VENTIDIUS *talking with him.*

Tim. Impriſon'd is he, ſay you?[7]

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means moſt ſhort, his creditors moſt ſtrait:
Your honourable letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up; which failing to him,[8]
Periods his comfort.[9]

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;

tranſcriber or printer. Had our author been conſtant in his uſe of this mode of ſpeech (which is not the caſe) the propriety of Mr. Malone's remark would have been readily admitted. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *mean eyes* —] i. e. inferior ſpectators. So, in Wotton's *Letter to Bacon*, dated March the laſt, 1613: "Before their majeſties, and almoſt as many other *meaner eyes*," &c. TOLLET.

[7] *Impriſon'd* is he, *ſay you?*] Here we have another interpolation deſtructive to the metre. Omitting—*is he*, we ought to read:
Impriſon'd, ſay you. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *which failing* to him,] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt omits—*to him*, and conſequently mutilates the verſe. STEEVENS.

[9] Periods *his comfort.*] To *period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakſpeare's introduction into the Engliſh language. I find it, however, uſed by Heywood, after him, in *A Maidenhead well loſt*, 1634:
"How eaſy could I *period* all my care."
Again, in *The Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:
"To *period* our vain-grievings." STEEVENS.

I am not of that feather, to ſhake off
My friend when he muſt need me.[1] I do know him
A gentleman, that well deſerves a help,
Which he ſhall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordſhip ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will ſend his ranſome;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after.[2]—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happineſs to your honour![3]

[*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me ſpeak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have ſo: What of him?

[1] ——muſt *need me.*] i. e. when he is *compelled* to have need of my aſſiſtance; or, as Mr. Malone has more happily explained the phraſe,—"cannot but want my aſſiſtance." Steevens.

[2] *'Tis not enough* &c.] This thought is better expreſſed by Dr. Madden in his *Elegy on Archbiſhop Boulter:*

"More than they aſk'd he gave; and deem'd it mean
"Only to help the poor—to beg again." Johnson.

It has been ſaid that Dr. Johnſon was paid ten guineas by Dr. Madden for correcting this poem. Steevens.

[3] ——*your honour!*] The common addreſs to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour*, which was indifferently uſed with your lordſhip. See any old letter, or dedication of that age; and Vol. XIV. p. 390, where a Purſuivant, ſpeaking to *Lord* Haſtings, ſays,—"I thank *your honour.*" Steevens.

Old Ath. Moſt noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordſhip's ſervice.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my eſtate deſerves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngeſt for a bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
In qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her reſort;
Myſelf have ſpoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honeſt.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:[4]

[4] *Therefore he will be, Timon:*] The thought is cloſely expreſſed, and obſcure: but this ſeems the meaning: "If the man be honeſt, my lord, for that reaſon he will be ſo in this; and not endeavour at the injuſtice of gaining my daughter without my conſent." Warburton.

I rather think an emendation neceſſary, and read:

Therefore well be him, *Timon:*
His honeſty rewards him in itſelf.

That is, "If he is honeſt, *bene ſit illi*, I wiſh him the proper happineſs of an honeſt man, but his honeſty gives him no claim to my daughter." The firſt tranſcriber probably wrote—*will be*

His honeſty rewards him in itſelf,
It muſt not bear my daughter.[5]

Tim. Does ſhe love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*To* Lucilius.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and ſhe accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the gods to witneſs, I will chooſe

with him, which the next, not underſtanding, changed to,—*he will be.* Johnson.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation is beſt, becauſe it exacts no change. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" —— May he continue
" Long in his highneſs' favour; *and do juſtice*
" *For truth's ſake and his conſcience.*"

Again, more appoſitely, in *Cymbeline:*

" This hath been
" Your faithful ſervant: I dare lay mine honour
" *He will remain ſo.*" Steevens.

Therefore he will be, *Timon:*] Therefore he will continue to be ſo, and is ſure of being ſufficiently rewarded by the conſciouſneſs of virtue; and he does not need the additional bleſſing of a beautiful and accompliſhed wife.

It has been objected, I forget by whom, if the old Athenian means to ſay that Lucilius will ſtill continue to be virtuous, what occaſion has he to apply to Timon to interfere relative to this marriage? But this is making Shakſpeare write *by the card.* The words mean undoubtedly, that he will be honeſt in his *general conduct* through life; in every other action except that now complained of. Malone.

[5] —— bear *my daughter.*] A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Othello:*

" What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
" If he can *carry* her thus!" Steevens.

Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.

Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endow'd,
If ſhe be mated with an equal huſband?[6]

Old Ath. Three talents, on the preſent; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath ſerv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you beſtow, in him I'll counterpoiſe,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Moſt noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, ſhe is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promiſe.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordſhip: Never may
That ſtate or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you![7]

[*Exeunt* Lucilius *and old* Athenian.

[6] *And diſpoſſeſs her all.*
Tim. *How ſhall ſhe be endow'd,*
If the be *mated with an equal huſband?*] The players, thoſe avowed enemies to even a common ellipſis, have here again diſordered the metre by interpolation. Will a ſingle idea of our author's have been loſt, if, omitting the uſeleſs and repeated words—*ſhe be,* we ſhould regulate the paſſage thus:

How ſhall ſhe be
Endow'd, if mated with an equal huſband?

Steevens.

[7] ——— *Never may*
That ſtate or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd *to you!*] The meaning is, let me never henceforth conſider any thing that I poſſeſs, but as *owed* or due to you; held for your ſervice, and at your diſpoſal. Johnson.

So Lady Macbeth ſays to Duncan:

Poet. Vouchſafe my labour, and long live your lordſhip!

Tim. I thank you; you ſhall hear from me anon: Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beſeech Your lordſhip to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almoſt the natural man;
For ſince dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outſide: Theſe pencil'd figures are
Even ſuch as they give out.[8] I like your work;
And you ſhall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preſerve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand;
We muſt needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath ſuffer'd under praiſe.

Jew. What, my lord? diſpraiſe?

Tim. A meer ſatiety of commendations.
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.[9]

" Your ſervants ever
" Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, in compt,
" To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,
" Still to return *your own*." Malone.

[8] ——*pencil'd figures are*
Even ſuch as they give out.] Pictures have no hypocriſy; they are what they profeſs to be. Johnson.

[9] ——unclew *me quite.*] To *unclew* is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To *unclew* a man, is to draw out the whole maſs of his fortunes. Johnson.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe, which ſell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their maſters:[1] believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by wearing it.[2]

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he ſpeaks the common tongue,
Which all men ſpeak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.[3]

Jew. We will bear, with your lordſhip.

Mer. He'll ſpare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, ſtay for[4] thy good morrow;

" Therefore as you *unwind* her love from him,—
" You muſt provide to bottom it on me."
See Vol. IV. p. 259, n. 8. Steevens.

[1] *Are prized by their maſters:*] Are rated according to the eſteem in which their poſſeſſor is held. Johnson.

[2] —— *by wearing it.*] Old copy—*by* the *wearing it.* Steevens.

[3] *Enter* Apemantus.] See this character of a cynick finely drawn by Lucian, in his *Auction of the Philoſophers*; and how well Shakſpeare has copied it. Warburton.

[4] ——*ſtay for*—] Old copy—*ſtay* thou *for*—. With Sir T. Hanmer I have omitted the uſeleſs *thou*, (which the compoſitor's eye might have caught from the following line,) becauſe it diſorders the metre. Steevens.

When thou art Timon's dog,[5] and theſe knaves honeſt.

Tim. Why doſt thou call them knaves? thou know'ſt them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?[6]

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou knoweſt, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like Timon.

[5] *When thou art Timon's dog,*] When thou haſt gotten a better character, and inſtead of being Timon as thou art, ſhalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy kindneſs and ſalutation. JOHNSON.

This is ſpoken δειχτικῶς, as Mr. Upton ſays, ſomewhere:—ſtriking his hand on his breaſt.

"Wot you who named me firſt the kinge's dogge?" ſays Ariſtippus in *Damon and Pythias.* FARMER.

Apemantus, I think, means to ſay, that Timon is not to receive a gentle good morrow from him till that ſhall happen which never will happen; till Timon is transformed to the ſhape of his dog, and his knaviſh followers become honeſt men. Stay for thy good morrow, ſays he, till I be gentle, which will happen at the ſame time when thou art Timon's dog, &c. i. e. never. MALONE.

Mr. Malone has juſtly explained the drift of Apemantus. Such another reply occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida,* where Ulyſſes, deſirous to avoid a kiſs from Creſſida, ſays to her; give me one—"When Helen is a maid again," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *Are they not Athenians?*] The very imperfect ſtate in which the ancient copy of this play has reached us, leaves a doubt whether ſeveral ſhort ſpeeches in the preſent ſcene were deſigned for verſe or proſe. I have therefore made no attempt at regulation. STEEVENS.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honeſt Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likeſt thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The beſt, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.[7]

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's ſhe, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou ſhould'ſt, thou'dſt anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; ſo they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Apem. So thou apprehend'ſt it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not ſo well as plain-dealing,[8] which will not coſt a man a doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?

[7] Pain. *You are a dog.*] This ſpeech, which is given to the *Painter* in the old editions, in the modern ones muſt have been transferred to the *Poet* by miſtake: it evidently belongs to the former. Ritson.

[8] *Not ſo well as plain-dealing,*] Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a *jewel,* but they that uſe it die beggars." Steevens.

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philoſopher?

Apem. Thou lieſt.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou lieſt: look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'ſt do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyſelf?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.[9]—Art not thou a merchant?

[9] *That I had* no angry *wit to be a lord.*] This reading is abſurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have reſtored the text:

That I had ſo hungry a wit *to be a lord,*

it is ſatirical enough of conſcience, viz. I would hate myſelf, for having no more wit than to covet ſo inſignificant a title. In the ſame ſenſe, Shakſpeare uſes *lean-witted* in his *King Richard II:*

"And thou a lunatick, *lean-witted* fool."

WARBURTON.

The meaning may be,—I ſhould hate myſelf for *patiently en-*

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

during to be a lord. This is ill enough expreſſed. Perhaps ſome happy change may ſet it right. I have tried, and can do nothing, yet I cannot heartily concur with Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath reads:

That I had ſo wrong'd my *wit to be a lord.*

But the paſſage before us, is, in my opinion, irremediably corrupted. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the compoſitor has tranſpoſed the words, and they ſhould be read thus:

Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord.

Or,

Angry to be a lord,—that I had no wit. BLACKSTONE.

Perhaps we ſhould read:

That I had an *angry* wiſh *to be a lord*;

Meaning, that he would hate himſelf for having wiſhed in his anger to become a lord.—For it is in anger that he ſays:

"Heavens, that I were a lord!" M. MASON.

I believe Shakſpeare was thinking of the common expreſſion—*he has wit in his anger*; and that the difficulty ariſes here, as in many other places, from the original editor's paying no attention to abrupt ſentences. Our author, I ſuppoſe, wrote:

That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!
Art thou, &c.

Apemantus is aſked, why after having wiſhed to be a lord, he ſhould hate himſelf. He replies,—For this reaſon; that I *had no wit* [or diſcretion] *in my anger,* but was abſurd enough to wiſh myſelf one of that ſet of men, whom I deſpiſe. He then exclaims with indignation—To be a lord!—Such is my conjecture, in which however I have not ſo much confidence as to depart from the mode in which this paſſage has been hitherto exhibited. MALONE.

Trumpets ſound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horſe, all of companionſhip.[1]

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt ſome* Attendants.
You muſt needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,[2]
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your ſights.—

Enter Alcibiades, *with his Company.*

Moſt welcome, ſir! [*They ſalute.*

Apem. So, ſo; there!—
Aches contract and ſtarve your ſupple joints!—
That there ſhould be ſmall love 'mongſt theſe ſweet knaves,
And all this court'ſy! The ſtrain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.[3]

Alcib. Sir, you have ſav'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungrily on your ſight.

Tim. Right, welcome, ſir:

[1] —— *all of companionſhip.*] This expreſſion does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that *they are all ſuch as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and ſets on a level with himſelf.* Steevens.

[2] —— and, *when dinner's done,*] *And,* which is wanting in the firſt folio, is ſupplied by the ſecond. Steevens.

[3] —— *The ſtrain of man's bred out*
Into baboon and monkey.] Man is exhauſted and degenerated; his *ſtrain* or lineage is worn down into a monkey. Johnson.

Ere we depart,[4] we'll ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but* APEMANTUS.

Enter Two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honeſt.

1 *Lord.* That time ſerves ſtill.

Apem. The moſt accurſed thou,[5] that ſtill omit'ſt it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feaſt.

Apem. Ay; to ſee meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldſt have kept one to thyſelf, for I mean to give thee none.

[4] *Ere we* depart,] Who *depart?* Though Alcibiades was to leave Timon, Timon was not to depart. Common ſenſe favours my emendation. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald propoſes—*do part.* Common ſenſe may favour it, but an acquaintance with the language of Shakſpeare would not have been quite ſo propitious to his emendation. *Depart* and *part* have the ſame meaning. So, in *King John:*

" Hath willingly *departed* with a part."

i. e. hath willingly *parted* with a part of the thing in queſtion. See Vol. X. p. 407, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[5] *The* moſt *accurſed thou,*] Read:

The more *accurſed thou,*——. RITSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" The *more* degenerate and baſe art thou—."

STEEVENS.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyſelf.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requeſts to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll ſpurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the aſs. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* He's oppoſite to humanity. Come, ſhall we in,
And taſte lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindneſs.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his ſteward: no meed,[6] but he repays
Sevenfold above itſelf; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All uſe of quittance.[7]

1 *Lord.* The nobleſt mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

[6] ——*no* meed,] *Meed*, which in general ſignifies reward or recompenſe, in this place ſeems to mean *deſert*. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"And yet thy body *meeds* a better grave."

i. e. deſerves. Again, in a comedy called *Look about you*, 1600:

"Thou ſhalt be rich in honour, full of ſpeed;
"Thou ſhalt win foes by fear, and friends by *meed*."

See Vol. XIV. p. 49, n. 6. Steevens.

[7] *All uſe of quittance.*] i. e. all the cuſtomary returns made in diſcharge of obligations. Warburton.

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room of State in Timon's *Houſe.*

Hautboys playing loud Muſick. A great Banquet ſerved in; Flavius *and others attending*; *then enter* Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, *and other* Athenian *Senators, with* Ventidius, *and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all,* Apemantus, *diſcontentedly.*[8]

Ven. Moſt honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember[9]
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and ſervice, from whoſe help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honeſt Ventidius: you miſtake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none

[8] —— *diſcontentedly.*] The ancient ſtage-direction adds—*like himſelf.* Steevens.

[9] *Moſt honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember* —] The old copy reads—to *remember.* But I have omitted, for the ſake of metre, and in conformity to our author's practice on other occaſions, the adverb—*to.* Thus, in *King Henry VIII.* Act IV. ſc. ii. Vol. XV. p. 166:

" —— Patience, is that letter
" I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?"

Every one muſt be aware that the participle—*to* was purpoſely left out, before the verb—*write.* Steevens.

Can truly ſay, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.[1]

[1] *If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare*
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.] Theſe two lines are abſurdly given to Timon. They ſhould be read thus:

Tim. *If our betters play at that game, we muſt not.*
Apem. *Dare to imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.*

This is ſaid ſatirically, and in character. It was a ſober reflection in Timon; who by *our betters* meant the gods, which require to be repaid for benefits received; but it would be impiety in men to expect the ſame obſervance for the trifling good they do. Apemantus, agreeably to his character, perverts this ſentiment; as if Timon had ſpoke of earthly grandeur and potentates, who expect largeſt returns for their favours; and therefore, ironically replies as above. WARBURTON.

I cannot ſee that theſe lines are more proper in any other mouth than Timon's, to whoſe character of generoſity and condeſcenſion they are very ſuitable. To ſuppoſe that by *our betters* are meant the gods, is very harſh, becauſe to imitate the gods has been hitherto reckoned the higheſt pitch of human virtue. The whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by Timon with a kind of affected modeſty. If I would make any alteration, it ſhould be only to reform the numbers thus:

Our betters play that game; we muſt not dare
T' imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.

JOHNSON.

The faults of rich perſons, and which contribute to the increaſe of riches, wear a plauſible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair; but they are faults notwithſtanding.

HEATH.

Dr. Warburton with his uſual love of innovation, transfers the laſt word of the firſt of theſe lines, and the whole of the ſecond to Apemantus. Mr. Heath has juſtly obſerved that this cannot have been Shakſpeare's intention, for thus Apemantus would be made to addreſs Timon perſonally, who muſt therefore have ſeen and heard him; whereas it appears from a ſubſequent ſpeech that Timon had not yet taken notice of him, as he ſalutes him with ſome ſurprize—

"O, Apemantus!—you are welcome."

Ven. A noble ſpirit.

[*They all ſtand ceremoniouſly looking on* Timon.

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but deviſ'd at firſt, to ſet a gloſs
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown;
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray, ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They ſit.*

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confeſs'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confeſs'd it? hang'd it, have you not?[2]

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No,
You ſhall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—
They ſay, my lords, that[3] *ira furor brevis eſt,*

The term—*our betters,* being uſed by the inferior claſſes of men when they ſpeak of their ſuperiors in the ſtate, Shakſpeare uſes theſe words, with his uſual laxity, to expreſs perſons of high rank and fortune. Malone.

So, in *King Lear,* Act III. ſc. vi. Edgar ſays, (referring to the diſtracted king):

"When we *our betters* ſee bearing our woes,
"We ſcarcely think our miſeries our foes." Steevens.

[2] —— *confeſs'd it? hang'd it, have you not?*] There ſeems to be ſome alluſion here to a common proverbial ſaying of Shakſpeare's time: "Confeſs and be hang'd." See *Othello,* Act IV. ſc. i. Malone.

[3] *They ſay, my lords,* that—] *That* was inſerted by Sir T. Hanmer, for the ſake of metre. Steevens.

But yond' man's ever angry.[4]
Go, let him have a table by himſelf;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me ſtay at thine own peril,[5] Timon; I come to obſerve; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myſelf would have no power:[6] pr'ythee, let my meat make thee ſilent.

[4] *But yond' man's* ever *angry.*] The old copy has—very *angry*; which can hardly be right. The emendation now adopted was made by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

Perhaps we ſhould read—But yon man's very *anger*; i. e. anger itſelf, which always maintains its violence. Steevens.

[5] —— *at thine* own peril,] The old copy reads—*at thine* apperil. I have not been able to find ſuch a word in any Dictionary, nor is it reconcileable to etymology. I have therefore adopted an emendation made by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

Apperil, the reading of the old editions, may be right, though no other inſtance of it has been, or poſſibly can be produced. It is, however, in actual uſe in the metropolis, at this day.
Ritson.

[6] —— *I myſelf would have no* power:] If this be the true reading, the ſenſe is,—*all Athenians are welcome to ſhare my fortune:* I would myſelf have no *excluſive right or* power *in this houſe.* Perhaps we might read,—*I myſelf would have no* poor. I would have every Athenian conſider himſelf as joint poſſeſſor of my fortune. Johnson.

I underſtand Timon's meaning to be: *I myſelf would have no power* to make thee ſilent, but I wiſh thou would'ſt *let my meat make thee ſilent.* Timon, like a polite landlord, diſclaims *all power* over the meaneſt or moſt troubleſome of his gueſts.
Tyrwhitt.

Theſe words refer to what follows, not to that which precedes. *I claim no extraordinary power in right of my being maſter of the houſe: I wiſh not by my commands to impoſe ſilence on any one: but though I myſelf do not enjoin you to ſilence, let my meat ſtop your mouth.* Malone.

Apem. I ſcorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I ſhould
Ne'er flatter thee.[7]—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he ſees them not!
It grieves me, to ſee ſo many dip their meat
In one man's blood;[8] and all the madneſs is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare truſt themſelves with men:
Methinks, they ſhould invite them without knives;[9]
Good for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readieſt man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I
Were a huge man, I ſhould fear to drink at meals;
Leſt they ſhould ſpy my windpipe's dangerous notes:[1]
Great men ſhould drink with harneſs[2] on their throats.

[7] *I ſcorn thy meat; 'twould choke me,* for *I ſhould Ne'er flatter thee.*] The meaning is,—I could not ſwallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would ſtick in my throat. Johnson.

For has here perhaps the ſignification of *becauſe*. So, in *Othello:*

"——Haply, *for* I am black." Malone.

[8] ——*ſo many dip their meat*
In one man's blood;] The alluſion is to a pack of hounds trained to purſuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chaſe. Johnson.

[9] *Methinks, they ſhould invite them* without knives;] It was the cuſtom in our author's time for every gueſt to bring his own knife, which he occaſionally whetted on a ſtone that hung behind the door. One of theſe whetſtones may be ſeen in Parkinſon's Muſeum. They were ſtrangers, at that period, to the uſe of *forks*. Ritson.

[1] ——*windpipe's dangerous* notes:] The notes of the wind-

Tim. My lord, in heart ;[3] and let the health go round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way !
A brave fellow !—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Thoſe healths[4] will make thee, and thy ſtate, look ill.

pipe ſeem to be only the indications which ſhow where the windpipe is. Johnson.

Shakſpeare is very fond of making uſe of muſical terms, when he is ſpeaking of the human body, and *windpipe* and *notes* ſavour ſtrongly of a quibble. Steevens.

[2] ——*with* harneſs—] i. e. armour. See Vol. X. p. 254, n. 6. Steevens.

[3] *My lord, in heart ;*] That is, *my lord's health with ſincerity*. An emendation has been propoſed thus :

My love *in heart ;*——

but it is not neceſſary. Johnson.

So, in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, 2685 :

" And was all his in chere, as his in *herte*."

Again, in Sir Amyas Poulet's letter to Sir Francis Walſingham, refuſing to have any hand in the aſſaſſination of Mary Queen of Scots : " —— he [Sir Drue Drury] forbeareth to make any particular anſwer, but ſubſcribeth *in heart* to my opinion."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* Part I. Act IV. ſc. i :

" ———— *in heart* deſiring ſtill
" You may behold," &c.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii :

" —— Doſt thou not wiſh *in heart*,
" The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort ?"

Steevens.

[4] ———— *Timon*
Thoſe healths—] This ſpeech, except the concluding couplet, is printed as proſe in the old copy ; nor could it be exhibited as verſe but by transferring the word *Timon*, which follows—*look ill*, to its preſent place. The tranſpoſition was made by Mr. Capell. The word might have been an interlineation, and ſo have been miſplaced. Yet, after all, I ſuſpect many of the ſpeeches in this play, which the modern editors have exhibited in a looſe kind of metre, were intended by the author as proſe ; in which form they appear in the old copy. Malone.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a ſinner,
Honeſt water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds,
Feaſts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myſelf:
Grant I may never prove ſo fond,
To truſt man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that ſeems a ſleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men ſin,[5] *and I eat root.*
[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

TIM. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

ALCIB. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my lord.

TIM. You had rather be at a breakfaſt of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

ALCIB. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wiſh my beſt friend at ſuch a feaſt.

APEM. 'Would all thoſe flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'ſt kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 *LORD.* Might we but have that happineſs, my lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby

[5] *Rich men ſin,*] Dr. Farmer propoſes to read—*ſing.* REED.

we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think ourſelves for ever perfect.[6]

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themſelves have provided that I ſhall have much help from you: How had you been my friends elſe? why have you that charitable title from thouſands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart?[7] I have told more of you to myſelf, than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you.[8] O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we ſhould never have need of them? they were the moſt needleſs creatures living, ſhould we ne'er have uſe for them: and[9] would moſt reſemble ſweet inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why,

[6] ——*for ever perfect.*] That is, arrived at the perfection of happineſs. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth:*

" Then comes my fit again; I had elſe been *perfect;*—"

STEEVENS.

[7] *How had you been my friends elſe? why have you that* charitable *title from thouſands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart?*] *Charitable* ſignifies, dear, endearing. So, Milton:

" Relations dear, and all the *charities*
" Of father, ſon, and brother——."

Alms, in Engliſh, are called *charities,* and from thence we may collect that our anceſtors knew well in what the virtue of almsgiving conſiſted; not in the *act,* but in the *diſpoſition.*

WARBURTON.

The meaning is probably this:—Why are you diſtinguiſhed from thouſands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourſe of tenderneſs between you and me? JOHNSON.

[8] *I confirm you.*] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*they were the moſt needleſs creatures living, ſhould we ne'er have uſe for them: and*—] This paſſage I have reſtored from the old copy. STEEVENS.

I have often wiſhed myſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have ſo many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born![1] Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks:[2] to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepeſt to make them drink,[3] Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that inſtant, like a babe[4] ſprung up.

[1] *O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!*] Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, ſupplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he ſeldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender-pleaſure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away*, deſtroyed, turned to tears, before *it can be born*, before it can be fully poſſeſſed. Johnson.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
" And in their triumphs die."

The old copy has—*joys*. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[2] *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks:*] In the original edition the words ſtand thus: *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults I drink to you.* Perhaps the true reading is this: *Mine eyes cannot hold out; they water. Methinks, to forget their faults, I will drink to you.* Or it may be explained without any change. *Mine eyes cannot hold out water,* that is, cannot keep water from breaking in upon them. Johnson.

[3] ——*to make them drink,*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*to make them drink* thee; and is followed by Dr. Warburton, I think, without ſufficient reaſon. The covert ſenſe of Apemantus is, *what thou loſeſt, they get.* Johnson.

[4] ——*like a babe*—] That is, a *weeping babe.* Johnson.

I queſtion if Shakſpeare meant the propriety of alluſion to be carried quite ſo far. To look for *babies* in the eyes of another,

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a baſtard.

3 *Lord.* I promiſe you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem, Much![5] [*Tucket ſounded.*

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Pleaſe you, my lord, there are certain ladies moſt deſirous of admittance.

is no uncommon expreſſion. Thus, among the anonymous pieces in Lord Surrey's *Poems,* 1557:

" In eche of her two criſtall eyes
" Smileth a *naked boye.*"

Again, in *Love's Miſtreſs,* by Heywood, 1636:

" Joy'd in his looks, look'd *babies* in his eyes."

Again, in *The Chriſtian turn'd Turk,* 1612: " She makes him ſing ſongs to her, looks fortunes in his fiſts, and *babies* in his eyes."

Again, in Churchyard's *Tragicall Diſcours of a dolorous Gentlewoman,* 1593:

" Men will not *looke for babes* in hollow eyen."

Steevens.

Does not Lucullus dwell on Timon's metaphor by referring to circumſtances preceding the birth, and means joy was conceived in their eyes, and ſprung up there, like the motion of a babe in the womb? Tollet.

The word *conception,* in the preceding line, ſhows, I think, that Mr. Tollet's interpretation of this paſſage is the true one. We have a ſimilar imagery in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" ——— and, almoſt like the gods,
" Does *thoughts* unveil *in their* dumb *cradles.*"

Malone.

[5] *Much!*] Apemantus means to ſay,—That's extraordinary. *Much* was formerly an expreſſion of admiration. See Vol. VIII. p. 150, n. 8. Malone.

Much! is frequently uſed, as here, ironically, and with ſome indication of contempt. Steevens.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to ſignify their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taſte!—The five beſt ſenſes
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous boſom: The ear,
Taſte, touch, ſmell, all pleas'd from thy table riſe;[6]
They only now come but to feaſt thine eyes.

[6] *The ear,* &c.] In former copies—
There *taſte, touch, all pleas'd from thy table riſe,*
They *only now*——.
The *five* ſenſes are talked of by Cupid, but three of them only are made out; and thoſe in a very heavy unintelligible manner. It is plain therefore we ſhould read—
Th' ear, *taſte, touch,* ſmell, *pleas'd from thy table riſe,*
Theſe *only now* &c.
i. e. the five ſenſes, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the *hearing, taſte, touch,* and *ſmell,* are all feaſted at thy board; and theſe ladies come with me to entertain your *ſight* in a maſque. Maſſinger, in his *Duke of Millaine,* copied the paſſage from Shakſpeare; and apparently before it was thus corrupted; where, ſpeaking of a banquet, he ſays—
" ——— All that may be had
" To pleaſe the *eye,* the *ear, taſte, touch,* or *ſmell,*
" Are carefully provided." Warburton.

Dr. Warburton and the ſubſequent editors omit the word—*all*; but omiſſion is the moſt dangerous mode of emendation. The corrupted word—*There,* ſhows that—*The ear* was intended to be contracted into one ſyllable; and *table* alſo was probably uſed as taking up only the time of a monoſyllable. Malone.

Perhaps the preſent arrangement of the foregoing words, renders monoſyllabification needleſs. Steevens.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:
Muſick, make their welcome.[7] [*Exit* Cupid.

1 *Lord.* You ſee, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Muſick. Re-enter Cupid, *with a maſque of* Ladies *as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing.*

Apem. Hey day, what a ſweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance![8] they are mad women.
Like madneſs is the glory of this life,
As this pomp ſhows to a little oil, and root.[9]

[7] *Muſick, make their welcome.*] Perhaps, the poet wrote:
Muſick, make known *their welcome.*
So, in *Macbeth:*
" We will require her welcome,—
" *Pronounce* it for me, ſir, to all our friends."
Steevens.

[8] *They dance!*] I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we ſhould read:
Theſe *are mad women.* Tyrwhitt.

They dance! *they are* mad women.] Shakſpeare ſeems to have borrowed this idea from the puritanical writers of his own time. Thus in Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 8vo. 1583: " *Dauncers* thought to be *mad men.*" " And as in all feaſts and paſtimes dauncing is the laſt, ſo it is the extream of all other vice: And again, there were (ſaith Ludovicus Vives) from far countries certain men brought into our parts of the world, who when they ſaw men daunce, ran away marvelouſly affraid, crying out and thinking them to have been *mad*," &c.

Perhaps the thought originated from the following paſſage from *Cicero pro Murena*, 6: " Nemo enim ferè *ſaltat* ſobrius, niſi fortè *inſanit.*" Steevens.

[9] *Like madneſs is the glory of this life,*
As this pomp ſhows to a little oil, and root.] *The glory of this life is very near to madneſs,* as may be made appear from

We make ourſelves fools, to diſport ourſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries, to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age we void it up again,
With poiſonous ſpite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one ſpurn to their graves of their friends' gift?[1]
I ſhould fear, thoſe, that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me: It has been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt a ſetting ſun.

The Lords *riſe from Table, with much adoring of* Timon; *and, to ſhow their loves, each ſingles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and ceaſe.*

Tim. You have done our pleaſures much grace, fair ladies,[2]
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively luſtre,[3]

this pomp, exhibited in a place where a philoſopher is feeding on *oil and roots.* When we ſee by example how few are the neceſſaries of life, we learn what madneſs there is in ſo much ſuperfluity. Johnson.

The word *like* in this place does not expreſs *reſemblance,* but *equality.* Apemantus does not mean to ſay that the glory of this life was like madneſs, but it was *juſt as much madneſs* in the eye of reaſon, as the pomp appeared to be, when compared to the frugal repaſt of a philoſopher. M. Mason.

[1] —— *of their friends' gift?*] That is, given them by their friends. Johnson.

[2] —— fair *ladies,*] I ſhould wiſh to read, for the ſake of metre—*faireſt ladies. Fair,* however, may be here uſed as a diſſyllable. Steevens.

[3] —— lively *luſtre,*] For the epithet—*lively,* we are indebted to the ſecond folio: it is wanting in the firſt. Steevens.

And entertain'd me with mine own device;[4]
I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady.* My lord,[5] you take us even at the beſt.[6]

Apem. 'Faith, for the worſt is filthy; and would not hold taking,[7] I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet

[4] ——*mine own device*;] The maſk appears to have been deſigned by Timon to ſurprize his gueſts. Johnson.

[5] 1 Lady. *My lord,* &c.] In the old copy this ſpeech is given to the 1 *Lord.* I have ventured to change it to the 1 *Lady,* as Mr. Edwards and Mr. Heath, as well as Dr. Johnſon, concur in the emendation. Steevens.

The conjecture of Dr. Johnſon, who obſerves, that *L* only was probably ſet down in the MS. is well founded; for that abbreviation is uſed in the old copy in this very ſcene, and in many other places. The next ſpeech, however coarſe the alluſion couched under the word *taking* may be, puts the matter beyond a doubt. Malone.

[6] ——even *at the beſt.*] Perhaps we ſhould read:
——ever *at the beſt.*
So, Act III. ſc. vi:
" *Ever* at the beſt." Tyrwhitt.

Take us even at the beſt, I believe, means, you have ſeen the beſt we can do. They are ſuppoſed to be hired dancers, and therefore there is no impropriety in ſuch a confeſſion. Mr. Malone's ſubſequent explanation, however, pleaſes me better than my own. Steevens.

I believe the meaning is, " You have conceived the faireſt of us," (to uſe the words of Lucullus in a ſubſequent ſcene,) you have eſtimated us too highly, perhaps above our deſerts. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* B. VI. c. ix:
" He would commend his guift, and *make the beſt.*"
Malone.

[7] ——*would not* hold taking,] i. e. *bear handling,* words which are employed to the ſame purpoſe in *King Henry IV.* Part II:
" A rotten caſe abides *no handling.*" Steevens.

Attends you:[8] Pleaſe you to diſpoſe yourſelves.

All Lad. Moſt thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt* Cupid, *and* Ladies.

Tim. Flavius,——

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little caſket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!
There is no croſſing him in his humour;[9] [*Aſide.*
Elſe I ſhould tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I ſhould,
When all's ſpent, he'd be croſs'd then, an he could.[1]
'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;[2]
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.[3]
[*Exit, and returns with the Caſket.*

[8] —— *there is an idle banquet*
Attends you:] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" We have a *fooliſh triſling* ſupper towards."
Steevens.

[9] *There is no croſſing him in his humour;*] Read:
There is no croſſing him in this *his humour.* Ritson.

[1] —— *he'd be* croſs'd *then, an he could.*] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *croſſed* in humour, but that he would have his hand *croſſed* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old ſilver penny, uſed before King Edward the Firſt's time, which had a *croſs* on the reverſe with a creaſe, that it might be more eaſily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expreſſion derived,—*I have not a* croſs *about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. Theobald.

So, in *As you like it:* " —yet I ſhould bear no *croſs*, if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purſe."
Steevens.

The poet certainly meant this equivoque, but one of the ſenſes intended to be conveyed was, he will then too late wiſh that it were poſſible to undo what he had done: he will in vain lament that I did not [*croſs* or] *thwart* him in his career of prodigality.
Malone.

[2] —— *had not eyes behind;*] To ſee the miſeries that are following her. Johnson.

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readineſs.

2 *Lord.* Our horſes.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word
To ſay to you:—Look you, my good lord, I muſt
Entreat you, honour me ſo much, as to
Advance this jewel;[4]
Accept, and[5] wear it, kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am ſo far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the ſenate
Newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beſeech your honour,
Vouchſafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:

Perſius has a ſimilar idea, Sat. I:
" —— *cui vivere fas eſt*
" Occipiti cæco." Steevens.

[3] ——*for his mind.*] For nobleneſs of ſoul. Johnson.

[4] ———— *to*
Advance *this jewel*;] To preſer it; to raiſe it to honour by wearing it. Johnson.

[5] *Accept*, and *&c.*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt—unmetrically,—*Accept* it——. Steevens.

So, the Jeweller ſays in the preceding ſcene:
" Things of like value, differing in the owners,
" Are prized by their maſters: believe it, dear lord,
" You *mend the jewel* by wearing it." M. Mason.

I pr'ythee, let us be provided [6]
To ſhow them entertainment.

Flav. I ſcarce know how. [*Aſide.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it pleaſe your honour, the lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath preſented to you
Four milk-white horſes, trapp'd in ſilver.

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairly: let the preſents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 *Serv.* Pleaſe you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has ſent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aſide.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.[7]—

[6] *I pr'ythee, let us be provided*—] As the meaſure is here imperfect, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe our author to have written:

I pr'ythee, let us be provided ſtraight—.

So, in *Hamlet:*

"Make her grave *ſtraight.*"

i. e. immediately. Steevens.

[7] *And all out of an empty coffer.*] Read:

And all the while *out of an empty coffer.* Ritson.

Nor will he know his purſe; or yield me this,
To ſhow him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good;
His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is ſo kind, that he now
Pays intereſt for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than ſuch as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourſelves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he is the very ſoul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember me,[8] my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courſer
I rode on: it is yours, becauſe you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* I beſeech you,[9] pardon me, my lord, in that.

[8] ——*remember* me,] I have added—*me,* for the ſake of the meaſure. So, in *King Richard III:*

" I do remember *me,*—Henry the ſixth
" Did prophecy——." STEEVENS.

[9] I *beſeech you,*] Old copy, unmetrically—
O, *I beſeech you,*——.
The player editors have been liberal of their tragick *O's,* to the frequent injury of our author's meaſure. For the ſame reaſon I have expelled this exclamation from the beginning of the next ſpeech but one. STEEVENS.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true.[1] I'll call on you.

All Lords. None ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms[2] to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a ſoldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the lands thou haſt
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land,[3] my lord.

[1] I'll *tell you true.*] Dr. Johnſon reads,—I *tell you* &c. in which he has been heedleſsly followed: for though the change does not affect the ſenſe of the paſſage, it is quite unneceſſary, as may be proved by numerous inſtances in our author's dialogue. Thus, in the firſt line of *King Henry V:*

" My lord, *I'll* tell you, that ſelf bill is urg'd——."

Again, in *King John:*

" *I'll* tell thee, Hubert, half my power, this night—."

Steevens.

[2] ——*'tis not enough to give;*
Methinks, *I could deal kingdoms* —] Thus the paſſage ſtood in all the editions before Sir T. Hanmer's, who reſtored—*My thanks.* Johnson.

I have diſplaced the words inſerted by Sir T. Hanmer. What I have already given, ſays Timon, is not ſufficient on the occaſion: Methinks I could *deal* kingdoms, i. e. could diſpenſe them on every ſide with an ungrudging diſtribution, like that with which I could deal out cards. Steevens.

[3] Ay, *defiled land,*] *I,*—is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that *his eſtate lies in a* pitch'd *field.* Now *pitch,* as Falſtaff ſays, *doth defile.* Alcibiades therefore replies, that his eſtate lies *in defiled land.*

1 *Lord.* We are ſo virtuouſly bound,——

Tim. And ſo
Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,——

Tim. All to you.[4]—Lights, more lights.

1 *Lord.* The beſt of happineſs,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.[5]

[*Exeunt* Alcibiades, Lords, *&c.*

Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks,[6] and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs[7] be worth the ſums

This, as it happened, was not underſtood, and all the editors publiſhed—

I defy land,——. Johnson.

I being always printed in the old copy for *Ay*, the editor of the ſecond folio made the abſurd alteration mentioned by Dr. Johnſon. Malone.

[4] *All to* you.] i. e. all good wiſhes, or all happineſs to you. So, *Macbeth*:

"All to all." Steevens.

[5] *Ready for his friends.*] I ſuppoſe, for the ſake of enforcing the ſenſe, as well as reſtoring the meaſure, we ſhould read:

Ready ever *for his friends.*

[6] *Serving of* becks,] *Beck* means a ſalutation made with the head. So, Milton:

"Nods and *becks*, and wreathed ſmiles."

To *ſerve a beck*, is to offer a ſalutation. Johnson.

To *ſerve a beck*, means, I believe, *to pay a courtly obedience to a nod.* Thus, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"And with a low *beck*
"Prevent a ſharp check."

Again, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

"Then I to every ſoul again,
"Did give a *beck* them to retain."

In *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611, I find the ſame word:

"I had my winks, my *becks*, treads on the toe."

That are given for 'em. Friendſhip's full of dregs:
Methinks, falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on court'ſies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not ſullen,
I'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'ſt ſin the faſter.
Thou giv'ſt ſo long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyſelf in paper ſhortly:[8]

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

" ——————— wanton looks,
" And privy *becks*, ſavouring incontinence."

Again, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

" And he that with a *beck* controuls the heavens."

It happens then that the word *beck* has no leſs than four diſtinct ſignifications. In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is enumerated among the appellations of *ſmall ſtreams of water*. In Shakſpeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has its common reading—*a ſign of invitation made by the hand*. In *Timon*, it appears to denote a *bow*, and in Lyly's play, a *nod of dignity or command*; as well as in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

" Yea Sylla with a *beck* could break thy neck."

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:

" For what, O Lord, is ſo poſſible to man's judgment
" Which thou canſt not with a *beck* perform incontinent?"

STEEVENS.

See Surrey's *Poems*, p. 29:

" And with a *becke* full lowe he bowed at her feete."

TYRWHITT.

[7] *I doubt whether their* legs *&c.*] He plays upon the word *leg*, as it ſignifies a *limb*, and a *bow* or *act of obeiſance*.

JOHNSON.

See Vol. XI. p. 302, n. 5. MALONE.

[8] —— *I fear me, thou*
Wilt give away thyſelf in paper *ſhortly.*] i. e. be ruined by his ſecurities entered into. WARBURTON.

Dr. Farmer would read—in *proper*. So, in William Roy's Satire againſt Wolſey:

What need theſe feaſts, pomps, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay,
An you begin to rail on ſociety once,
I am ſworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewell; and come with better muſick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So;—
Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou ſhalt not then, I'll lock [9]
Thy heaven [1] from thee. O, that men's ears ſhould be
To counſel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

" ——— their order
" Is to have nothynge *in proper,*
" But to uſe all thynges in commune" &c. Steevens.

[9] *Thou'lt not hear* me *now,—thou ſhalt not then, I'll lock*—] The meaſure will be reſtored by the omiſſion of an unneceſſary word—*me:*

Thou'lt not hear now,—thou ſhalt not then, I'll lock—. Steevens.

[1] *Thy heaven*—] The pleaſure of being flattered. Johnson.

Apemantus never intended, at any event, to flatter Timon, nor did Timon expect any flattery from him. By *his heaven* he means *good advice,* the only thing by which he could be ſaved. The following lines confirm this explanation. M. Mason.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in a Senator's *Houſe.*

Enter a Senator, *with Papers in his Hand.*

Sen. And late, five thouſand to Varro; and to Iſidore
He owes nine thouſand; beſides my former ſum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, ſteal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy twenty [2] more
Better than he, why, give my horſe to Timon,
Aſk nothing, give it him, it foals me, ſtraight,
And able horſes:[3] No porter at his gate;

[2] —— *twenty* —] Mr. Theobald has—*ten*. Dr. Farmer propoſes to read—*twain*. Reed.

[3] *Aſk nothing, give it him, it foals me, ſtraight,*
And *able* horſes:] Mr. Theobald reads:
Ten *able horſes*. Steevens.

"If I want *gold* (ſays the Senator) let me ſteal a beggar's dog, and give it Timon, the dog coins me *gold*. If I would ſell my *horſe*, and had a mind to buy *ten* better inſtead of him; why, I need but give my horſe to Timon, to gain this point; and it preſently fetches me *an horſe*." But is that gaining the point propoſed? The firſt folio reads:
And *able* horſes:——
Which reading, joined to the reaſoning of the paſſage, gave me the hint for this emendation. Theobald.

The paſſage which Mr. Theobald would alter, means only this: "If I give my horſe to Timon, it immediately foals, and not only produces *more*, but *able* horſes." The ſame conſtruction

But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites[4]
All that paſs by. It cannot hold; no reaſon
Can found his ſtate in ſafety.[5] Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I ſay!

occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "—and men are only turned into tongue, *and trim ones too.*"

Something ſimilar occurs alſo in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant:*

"——ſome twenty, young and handſome,
"As alſo able maids, for the court ſervice." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the letters of the word *me* were tranſpoſed at the preſs. Shakſpeare might have written:

——*it foals* 'em *ſtraight*
And able horſes.

If there be no corruption in the text, the word *twenty* in the preceding line, is underſtood here after *me.*

We have had this ſentiment differently expreſſed in the preceding Act:

"—— no meed but he repays
"Seven-fold above itſelf; no gift to him,
"But *breeds* the giver a return exceeding
"All uſe of quittance." MALONE.

[4] —— *No porter at his gate;*
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites—] I imagine that a line is loſt here, in which the behaviour of a ſurly porter was deſcribed. JOHNSON.

There is no occaſion to ſuppoſe the loſs of a line. *Sternneſs* was the characteriſtick of a porter. There appeared at Killingworth caſtle, [1575] "a *porter* tall of parſon, big of lim, and *ſtearn* of *countinauns.*" FARMER.

So alſo, in *A Knight's Conjuring* &c. by Decker: "You miſtake, if you imagine that Plutoes *porter* is like one of thoſe big fellowes that ſtand like gyants at Lordes gates &c.—yet hee's as *ſurly* as thoſe key-turners are." STEEVENS.

The word—*one,* in the ſecond line, does not refer to porter, but means a perſon. He has no ſtern forbidding porter at his gate, to keep people out, but a perſon who invites them in.
M. MASON.

[5] ———— *no reaſon*
Can found *his ſtate in ſafety.*] [Old copy—*ſound.*] The ſuppoſed meaning of this muſt be,—*No reaſon,* by ſounding, fathoming, or trying, *his ſtate,* can find it *ſafe.* But as the

Enter CAPHIS.

CAPH. Here, ſir; What is your pleaſure?

SEN. Get on your cloak, and haſte you to lord Timon;
Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd[6]
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd, when—
Commend me to your maſter—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, ſirrah,[7]
My uſes cry to me, I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paſt,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have ſmit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief

words ſtand, they imply, that *no reaſon can* ſafely *found his ſtate*. I read thus:

——— *no reaſon*
Can found *his ſtate in ſafety.*

Reaſon cannot find his fortune to have any *ſafe* or ſolid *foundation.*

The types of the firſt printer of this play were ſo worn and defaced, that *ſ* and *ſ* are not always to be diſtinguiſhed. JOHNSON.

The following paſſage in *Macbeth* affords countenance to Dr. Johnſon's emendation:

"Whole as the marble, *founded* as the rock;——." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*be not* ceas'd—] i. e. ſtopped. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Why ſhould Tiberius' liberty be *ceaſed?*"

Again, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

"—— pity thy people's wrongs,
"And *ceaſe* the clamours both of old and young."
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*ſirrah,*] was added for the ſake of the metre by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Muſt not be toſs'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a moſt importunate aſpéct,
A viſage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,[8]
Which flaſhes[9] now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, ſir.

Sen. I go, ſir?[1]—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.[2]

Caph. I will, ſir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*

[8] ——*a naked* gull,] A *gull* is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phœnix is ſuppoſed to be for the richneſs of its plumage. Steevens.

[9] Which *flaſhes* &c.] *Which*, the pronoun relative, relating to *things*, is frequently uſed, as in this inſtance, by Shakſpeare, inſtead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to *perſons*. The uſe of the former inſtead of the latter is ſtill preſerved in the Lord's prayer. Steevens.

[1] Caph. *I go, ſir.*
Sen. *I go, ſir?*] This laſt ſpeech is not a captious repetition of what *Caphis* ſaid, but a further injunction to him to go. *I*, in all the old dramatick writers, ſtands for—*ay*, as it does in this place. M. Mason.

I have left Mr. M. Maſon's opinion before the reader, though I do not heartily concur in it. Steevens.

[2] ——*take the bonds along with you,*
And have the dates in compt.] [Old copy—*And have the dates in.* Come.] Certainly, ever ſince bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into: and theſe bonds Timon had already given, and the time limited for their payment was lapſed. The Senator's charge to his ſervant muſt be to the tenour as I have amended the text; Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the intereſt due upon them. Theobald.

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Hall in Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many Bills in his Hand.*

FLAV. No care, no ſtop! ſo ſenſeleſs of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; nor reſumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.[3]
What ſhall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Mr. Theobald's emendation may be ſupported by the following inſtance in *Macbeth:*

"Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, *in compt.*"
STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *Never mind*
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.] Nothing can be worſe, or more obſcurely expreſſed: and all for the ſake of a wretched rhyme. To make it ſenſe and grammar, it ſhould be ſupplied thus:

——— *Never mind*
Was [made] *to be ſo unwiſe,* [in order] *to be ſo kind,*
i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuſe mind, never before endowed any man with ſo large a ſhare of folly. WARBURTON.

Of this mode of expreſſion, converſation affords many examples: "I was always to be blamed, whatever happened."—"I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks."
JOHNSON.

Enter CAPHIS, *and the* Servants *of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

CAPH. Good even, Varro:[4] What,
You come for money?

VAR. SERV. Is't not your buſineſs too?

[4] *Good even, Varro:*] It is obſervable, that this *good evening* is before dinner: for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will *go forth again, as ſoon as dinner's done,* which may prove that by *dinner* our author meant not the *cœna* of ancient times, but the mid-day's repaſt. I do not ſuppoſe the paſſage corrupt: ſuch inadvertencies neither author nor editor can eſcape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Iſidore ſink a few lines afterwards into the ſervants of Varro and Iſidore. Whether ſervants, in our author's time, took the names of their maſters, I know not. Perhaps it is a ſlip of negligence. JOHNSON.

In the old copy it ſtands: "*Enter Caphis, Iſidore, and Varro.*" STEEVENS.

In like manner in the fourth ſcene of the next Act the ſervant of Lucius is called by his maſter's name; but our author's intention is ſufficiently manifeſted by the ſtage-direction in the fourth ſcene of the third Act, where we find in the firſt folio, (p. 86, col. 2,) "*Enter Varro's* man, *meeting others.*" I have therefore always annexed *Serv.* to the name of the maſter. MALONE.

Good even, or, as it is ſometimes leſs accurately written, *Good den,* was the uſual ſalutation from *noon,* the moment that good morrow became improper. This appears plainly from the following paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet,* Act II. ſc. iv:

"*Nurſe.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

"*Mercutio.* God ye *good den,* fair gentlewoman.

"*Nur.* Is it *good den?*

"*Merc.* 'Tis no leſs I tell you; for the.....hand of the dial is now upon the.....of *noon.*"

So, in Hamlet's greeting to Marcellus, Act I. ſc. i. Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I preſume, of this wide ſenſe of *Good even,* have altered it to *Good morning*; without any neceſſity, as from the courſe of the incidents, precedent and ſubſequent, the day may well be ſuppoſed to be turned of *noon.* TYRWHITT.

Caph. It is;—And yours too, Iſidore?
Isid. Serv. It is ſo.
Caph. 'Would we were all diſcharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, *and* Lords, *&c.*

Tim. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,[5]
My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my ſteward.
Caph. Pleaſe it your lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new days this month:
My maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,[6]

[5] ——*we'll forth again,*] i. e. to hunting, from which diverſion, we find by Flavius's ſpeech, he was juſt returned. It may be here obſerved, that in our author's time it was the cuſtom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus, in Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle,* we find, that Queen Elizabeth always, while there, hunted in the afternoon: "Monday was hot, and therefore her highneſs kept in 'till *five a clok* in the evening; what time it pleaz'd her to ryde forth into the chaſe, to hunt the hart of forz; which found anon, and after ſore chaſed," &c. Again: "Munday the 18th of this July, the weather being hot, her highneſs kept the caſtle for coolneſs 'till about *five a clok,* her majeſty in the chaſe hunted the hart (as before) of forz," &c. So, in *Tancred and Giſmund,* 1592. "He means *this evening* in the park to hunt." Reed.

[6] *That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,*] i. e. that you will behave on this occaſion in a manner conſiſtent with your other noble qualities. Steevens.

In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honeſt friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,——

Tim. Contain thyſelf, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's ſervant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Iſidore;
He humbly prays your ſpeedy payment,[7]——

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my maſter's wants,——

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, ſix weeks,
And paſt,——

Isid. Serv. Your ſteward puts me off, my lord;
And I am ſent expreſsly to your lordſhip.

Tim. Give me breath:——
I do beſeech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* Alcibiades *and* Lords.
I'll wait upon you inſtantly.—Come hither, pray you,
[*To* Flavius.
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,[8]

[7] *He humbly prays your ſpeedy payment,*] As our author does not appear to have meant that the ſervant of Iſidore ſhould be leſs civil than thoſe of the other lords, it is natural to conceive that this line, at preſent imperfect, originally ſtood thus:

He humbly prays your lordſhip's *ſpeedy payment.*

Steevens.

[8] —— *of* date-*broke bonds,*] The old copy has:

—— *of* debt, *broken bonds.*

Mr. Malone very judiciouſly reads—*date-broken.* For the ſake of meaſure, I have omitted the laſt letter of the ſecond word. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "I have *broke* [i. e. broke*n*] with her father." Steevens.

To the preſent emendation I ſhould not have ventured to give

And the detention of long-ſince-due debts,
Againſt my honour?

Flav. Pleaſe you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſs:
Your importunacy ceaſe, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do ſo, my friends:
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit* Timon.

Flav. I pray, draw near.
[*Exit* Flavius.

Enter Apemantus *and a* Fool.[9]

Caph. Stay, ſtay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How doſt, fool?

Apem. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?

a place in the text, but that ſome change is abſolutely neceſſary, and this appears to be eſtabliſhed beyond a doubt by a former line in the preceding ſcene:

"And my reliances on his *fracted dates*."

The tranſcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors evaded the difficulty by omitting the corrupted word—*debt*. Malone.

[9] *Enter* Apemantus *and a* Fool.] I ſuſpect ſome ſcene to be loſt, in which the entrance of the Fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by ſome introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or ſome other courtezan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the enſuing jocularity. Johnson.

Var. Serv. I ſpeak not to thee.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyſelf,—Come away.

[*To the* Fool.

Isid. Serv. [*To* Var. Serv.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now.

Apem. He laſt aſked the queſtion.—Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds between gold and want![1]

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Aſſes.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you aſk me what you are, and do not know yourſelves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

[1] *Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds* &c.] This is ſaid ſo abruptly, that I am inclined to think it miſplaced, and would regulate the paſſage thus:

Caph. *Where's the fool now?*
Apem. *He laſt aſked the queſtion.*
All. *What are we, Apemantus?*
Apem. *Aſſes.*
All. *Why?*
Apem. *That you aſk me what you are, and do not know yourſelves. Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds between gold and want! Speak* &c.

Thus every word will have its proper place. It is likely that the paſſage tranſpoſed was forgot in the copy, and inſerted in the margin, perhaps a little beſide the proper place, which the tranſcriber wanting either ſkill or care to obſerve, wrote it where it now ſtands. Johnson.

The tranſpoſition propoſed by Dr. Johnſon is unneceſſary. Apemantus does not addreſs theſe words to any of the others, but mutters them to himſelf; ſo that they do not enter into the dialogue, or compoſe a part of it. M. Mason.

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your miſtreſs?

Fool. She's e'en ſetting on water to ſcald ſuch chickens as you are.[2] 'Would, we could ſee you at Corinth.[3]

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my miſtreſs' page.[4]

[2] *She's e'en ſetting on water to* ſcald *&c.*] The old name for the diſeaſe got at Corinth was the *brenning,* and a ſenſe of *ſcalding* is one of its firſt ſymptoms. Johnson.

The ſame thought occurs in *The Old Law,* by Maſſinger:

" ——————look parboil'd,
" As if they came from Cupid's *ſcalding* houſe."

Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon,* B. III. ch. ii. p. 441, has alſo the following paſſage: " He beareth Argent, a Doctor's tub (otherwiſe called a *Cleanſing Tub,*) Sable, Hooped, Or. In this pockifyed, and ſuch diſeaſed perſons, are for a certain time put into, not to boyl up to an heighth, but to *parboil*" &c. Steevens.

It was anciently the practice, and in inns perhaps ſtill continues, to ſcald off the feathers of poultry, inſtead of plucking them. Chaucer hath referred to it in his *Romaunt of the Roſe,* 6820:

" Without *ſcalding* they hem *pulle.*" Henley.

[3] *'Would, we could ſee you at* Corinth.] A cant name for a bawdy-houſe, I ſuppoſe, from the diſſoluteneſs of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has theſe words: " *Et* Corinthi *ſupra mille proſtitutas in templo Veneris aſſidue degere, et inflammata libidine quæſtui meretricio operam dare, et velut ſacrorum miniſtras Deæ famulari.*" Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnuus,* ſays: " Or ſearching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has loſt himſelf, and raps up, without pity, the ſage and rheumatick old prelateſs, with all her young *Corinthian* laity, to enquire for ſuch a one."

Warburton.

See Vol. XI. p. 270, n. 7. Malone.

[4] —— *my* miſtreſs' *page.*] In the firſt paſſage this Fool ſpeaks of his *ſiſter,* in the ſecond [as exhibited in the modern editions]

PAGE. [*To the* Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wiſe company?—How doſt thou, Apemantus?

APEM. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

PAGE. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the ſuperſcription of theſe letters; I know not which is which.

APEM. Canſt not read?

PAGE. No.

APEM. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

PAGE. Thou waſt whelped a dog; and thou ſhalt famiſh, a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone.

[*Exit* Page.

of his *miſtreſs*. In the old copy it is *maſter* in both places. It ſhould rather, perhaps, be *miſtreſs* in both, as it is in a following and a preceding paſſage:

"*All.* How does your *miſtreſs?*"

"*Fool.* My *miſtreſs* is one, and I am her fool."

STEEVENS.

I have not heſitated to print *miſtreſs* in both places. *Maſter* was frequently printed in the old copy inſtead of *miſtreſs*, and *vice verſa*, from the ancient mode of writing an *M* only, which ſtood in the MSS. of Shakſpeare's time either for the one or the other; and the copyiſt or printer completed the word without attending to the context. This abbreviation is found in *Coriolanus*, folio, 1623, p. 21:

"Where's Cotus? My *M.* calls for him?"

Again, more appoſitely, in *The Merchant of Venice*, 1623:

"What ho, M. [*Maſter*] Lorenzo, and M. [*Miſtreſs*] Lorenzo."

In Vol. IX. p. 54, n. 8; and Vol. XIII. p. 205, n. 2; are found corruptions ſimilar to the preſent, in conſequence of the printer's completing the abbreviated word of the MS. improperly.

MALONE.

Apem. Even ſo thou out-run'ſt grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon ſtay at home.—You three ſerve three uſurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they ſerved us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman ſerved thief.

Fool. Are you three uſurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant: My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merry; but they enter my miſtreſs' houſe[5] merrily, and go away ſadly: The reaſon of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaſter, and a knave; which notwithſtanding, thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaſter, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit: ſometime, it appears like a lord; ſometime, like a lawyer; ſometime, like a philoſopher, with two ſtones more than his artificial one:[6] He is very often like a knight; and, ge-

[5] —— *my* miſtreſs' *houſe*—] Here again the old copy reads—*maſter's*. I have corrected it for the reaſon already aſſigned. The context puts the matter beyond a doubt. Mr. Theobald, I find, had ſilently made the ſame emendation; but in ſubſequent editions the corrupt reading of the old copy was again reſtored. Malone.

[6] —— *his artificial one*:] Meaning the celebrated philoſopher's ſtone, which was in thoſe times much talked of. Sir Tho-

nerally in all ſhapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this ſpirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man: as much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lackeſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aſide, aſide; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Apem. Come, with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; ſometime, the philoſopher.

[*Exeunt* Apemantus *and* Fool.

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll ſpeak with you anon. [*Exeunt* Serv.

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me;
That I might ſo have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leiſures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, ſome ſingle vantages you took,
When my indiſpoſition put you back;

mas Smith was one of thoſe who loſt conſiderable ſums in ſeeking of it. Johnson.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the laſt eminent men who entertained hopes of being ſucceſsful in this purſuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden houſe. Steevens.

And that unaptneſs made your miniſter,[7]
Thus to excuſe yourſelf.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And ſay, you found them in mine honeſty.
When, for ſome trifling preſent, you have bid me
Return ſo much,[8] I have ſhook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainſt the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe: I did endure
Not ſeldom, nor no ſlight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,[9]
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,[1]

[7] —— *made* your *miniſter,*] So the original. The ſecond folio and the later editions have all:
—— *made* you *miniſter.* Johnson.

The conſtruction is:—*And made that unaptneſs your miniſter.* Malone.

[8] *Return* ſo much,] He does not mean ſo *great* a ſum, but a certain ſum, as it might happen to be. Our author frequently uſes this kind of expreſſion. See a note on the words—" with *ſo many* talents," p. 84, n. 3. Malone.

[9] ——*My* dear-*lov'd lord!*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt omits the epithet—*dear,* and conſequently vitiates the meaſure. Steevens.

[1] *Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,*] i. e. Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent by the aſſiſtance of your friends, your future miſeries. Had the Oxford editor underſtood the ſenſe, he would not have altered the text to,—
Though you hear me now, yet now's too late a time. Warburton.

I think Sir Thomas Hanmer right, and have received his emendation. Johnson.

The old reading is not properly explained by Dr. Warburton. " Though I tell you this (ſays Flavius) at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of any ſervice to you, yet late as it is, it is neceſſary that you ſhould be acquainted with it."

The greateſt of your having lacks a half
To pay your preſent debts.

Tim. Let all my land be ſold.[2]

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues: the future comes apace:
What ſhall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?[3]

It is evident, that the ſteward had very little hope of aſſiſtance from his maſter's friends. RITSON.

Though you now *at laſt* liſten to my remonſtrances, yet now your affairs are in ſuch a ſtate that the whole of your remaining fortune will ſcarce pay half your debts. You are therefore wiſe too late. MALONE.

[2] The *greateſt* of *your having lacks a half*
To pay your preſent debts.
Tim. *Let all my land be ſold.*] The redundancy of meaſure in this paſſage perſuades me that it ſtood originally thus:
Your greateſt having lacks a half to pay
Your preſent debts.
Tim. *Let all my land be ſold.* STEEVENS.

[3] —— *and at length*
How goes *our reckoning?*] This Steward talks very wildly. The Lord indeed might have aſked, what a Lord ſeldom knows:
How goes our reckoning?
But the Steward was too well ſatisfied in that matter. I would read therefore:
Hold good *our reckoning?* WARBURTON.

It is common enough, and the commentator knows it is common to propoſe, interrogatively, that of which neither the ſpeaker nor the hearer has any doubt. The preſent reading may therefore ſtand. JOHNSON.

How will you be able to ſubſiſt in the time intervening between the payment of the preſent demands (which your whole ſubſtance will hardly ſatisfy) and the claim of future dues, for which you have no fund whatſoever; and finally on the ſettlement of all accounts in what a wretched plight will you be?
MALONE.

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word ;[4]
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you ſuſpect my huſbandry, or falſe-hood,
Call me before the exacteſt auditors,
And ſet me on the proof. So the gods bleſs me,
When all our offices[5] have been oppreſs'd
With riotous feeders ;[6] when our vaults have wept
With drunken ſpilth of wine ; when every room
Hath, blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with min-ſtrelſy ;
I have retir'd me to a waſteful cock,[7]

[4] *O my good lord, the world is but a* word ;] The meaning is, as the *world* itſelf may be compriſed in a word, you might give it away in a breath. Warburton.

[5] —— *our* offices —] i. e. the apartments allotted to culinary purpoſes, the reception of domeſticks, &c. Thus, in *Macbeth :*

" Sent forth great largeſs to your *offices.*"

Would Duncan have ſent *largeſs* to any but *ſervants?* See Vol. X. p. 94, n. 8. It appears that what we now call *offices,* were anciently called *houſes of office.* So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale,* v. 8140, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition :

" *Houſes of office* ſtuffed with plentee
" Ther mayſt thou ſee of deinteous vittaile."

Steevens.

[6] *With riotous* feeders ;] *Feeders* are ſervants, whoſe low debaucheries are practiſed in the *offices* of a houſe. See a note on *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act III. ſc. xi : " —one who looks on *feeders.*" Steevens.

[8] —— *a waſteful cock,*] i. e. a *cockloft,* a garret. And a *waſteful cock,* ſignifies a garret lying in waſte, neglected, put to no uſe. Hanmer.

Sir Thomas Hanmer's explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them both apparently miſtaken. A *waſteful cock* is a *cock* or pipe with a turning ſtopple *running* to *waſte.*

And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I ſaid, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves, and peaſants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?[8]
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt-won, faſt-loſt; one cloud of winter ſhowers,
Theſe flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, ſermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath paſs'd my heart;
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.[9]

In this ſenſe, both the terms have their uſual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever uſed for *cockloft*, or *waſteful* for *lying in waſte*, or that lying in waſte is at all a phraſe. JOHNSON.

Whatever be the meaning of the preſent paſſage, it is certain, that *lying in waſte* is ſtill a very common phraſe. FARMER.

A *waſteful cock* is what we now call a *waſte pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of ciſterns, and other reſervoirs, by carrying off their ſuperfluous water. This circumſtance ſerved to keep the idea of Timon's unceaſing prodigality in the mind of the Steward, while its remoteneſs from the ſcenes of luxury within the houſe, was favourable to meditation. COLLINS.

The reader will have a perfect notion of the method taken by Mr. Pope in his edition, when he is informed that, for *waſteful cock*, that editor reads—*lonely room*. MALONE.

[8] *Who is not Timon's?*] I ſuppoſe we ought to read, for the ſake of meaſure:

Who is not lord *Timon's?* STEEVENS.

[9] *No villainous bounty yet hath paſs'd my heart;*
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.] Every reader muſt rejoice in this circumſtance of comfort which preſents itſelf to

Why doſt thou weep? Canſt thou the conſcience lack,
To think I ſhall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,
And try the argument[1] of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.[2]

Flav. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts!

Tim. And, in ſome ſort, theſe wants of mine are crown'd,[3]
That I account them bleſſings; for by theſe
Shall I try friends: You ſhall perceive, how you
Miſtake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.

Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, conſoles himſelf with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the purſuit of guilty pleaſures. STEEVENS.

[1] *And try the* argument —] The licentiouſneſs of our author forces us often upon far-fetched expoſitions. *Arguments* may mean *contents*, as the *arguments* of a book; or *evidences* and *proofs*. JOHNSON.

The matter contained in a poem or play was in our author's time commonly thus denominated. The contents of his *Rape of Lucrece*, which he certainly publiſhed himſelf, he calls *The Argument*. Hence undoubtedly his uſe of the word. If I would, ſays Timon, by borrowing, try of what men's hearts are *compoſed*, what they *have in them*, &c. The old copy reads—*argument*; not, as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed—*arguments*. MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet*: "Have you heard the *argument?* Is there no offence in it?" Many more inſtances to the ſame purpoſe might be ſubjoined. STEEVENS.

[2] *As* I can *bid thee ſpeak.*] Thus the old copy; but it being clear from the overloaded meaſure that theſe words are a playhouſe interpolation, I would not heſitate to omit them. They are underſtood, though not expreſſed. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *crown'd,*] i. e. dignified, adorned, made reſpectable. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"And yet no day without a deed to *crown* it."

STEEVENS.

Within there, ho![4]—Flaminius![5] Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other* Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,——

Tim. I will deſpatch you ſeverally.—You, to lord Lucius,—
To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, ſay,
That my occaſions have found time to uſe them
Toward a ſupply of money: let the requeſt
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have ſaid, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus?[6] humph! [*Aſide.*

Tim. Go you, ſir, [*To another* Serv.] to the ſenators,[7]
(Of whom, even to the ſtate's beſt health, I have
Deſerv'd this hearing,) bid 'em ſend o'the inſtant
A thouſand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,

[4] *Within there,* ho!] *Ho,* was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The frequency of Shakſpeare's uſe of this interjection, needs no examples. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *Flaminius!*] The old copy has—*Flavius.* The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The error probably aroſe from *Fla.* only being ſet down in the MS. MALONE.

[6] —— lord *Lucullus?*] As the Steward is repeating the words of Timon, I have not ſcrupled to ſupply the title *lord,* which is wanting in the old copy, though neceſſary to the metre. STEEVENS.

[7] *Go you, ſir, to the ſenators,*] To complete the line, we might read, as in the firſt ſcene of this play:
——— *the ſenators* of Athens. STEEVENS.

(For that I knew it the moſt general way,[8])
To them to uſe your ſignet, and your name;
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They anſwer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall,[9] want treaſure, cannot
Do what they would; are ſorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wiſh'd—they know not—but[1]
Something hath been amiſs—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And ſo, intending[2] other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſteful looks, and theſe hard fractions,[3]

[8] —— *I knew it the moſt* general *way,*] *General* is not ſpeedy, but *compendious,* the way to try many at a time. Johnson.

[9] —— *at fall,*] i. e. *at an ebb.* Steevens.

[1] —— *but* —] was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the verſe. Steevens.

[2] —— *intending* —] is *regarding, turning their notice* to other things. Johnson.

To *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the ſame meaning. So, in *The Spaniſh Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Good ſir, *intend* this buſineſs."

See Vol. IV. p. 409, n. 5. Steevens.

So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies,* &c. 1595:

"Tell this man that I am going to dinner to my lord maior, and that I cannot now *intend* his tittle-tattle."

Again, in Paſquil's *Night-Cap,* a poem, 1623:

"For we have many ſecret ways to ſpend,
"Which are not fit our huſbands ſhould *intend.*"

Malone.

[3] —— *and theſe* hard fractions,] Flavius, by *fractions,* means *broken* hints, *interrupted* ſentences, *abrupt* remarks.

Johnson.

With certain half-caps,[4] and cold-moving nods,[5]
They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; Theſe old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:[6]
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.[7]—
Go to Ventidius,—[*To a* Serv.] 'Pr'ythee, [*To* Flavius,] be not ſad,
Thou art true, and honeſt; ingeniouſly[8] I ſpeak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*To* Serv.] Ventidius lately

[4] ——*half caps,*] A *half-cap* is a *cap* ſlightly moved, not put off. Johnson.

[5] ——cold-moving *nods,*] By *cold-moving* I do not underſtand with Mr. Theobald, *chilling* or *cold-producing* nods, but a ſlight motion of the head, without any warmth or cordiality.

Cold-moving is the ſame as coldly-moving. So—*perpetual ſober* gods, for *perpetually* ſober; *lazy-pacing* clouds.—*loving-jealous*—*flattering ſweet*, &c. Such diſtant and uncourteous ſalutations are properly termed *cold-moving*, as proceeding from a cold and unfriendly diſpoſition. Malone.

[6] *Have their ingratitude in them* hereditary:] *Hereditary*, for by natural conſtitution. But ſome diſtempers of natural conſtitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude ſo. Warburton.

[7] *And nature, as it grows again toward earth*
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.] The ſame thought occurs in *The Wife for a Month*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Beſide, the fair ſoul's old too, it grows covetous,
"Which ſhows all honour is departed from us,
"And we are earth again."
———*pariterque ſeneſcere mentem.* Lucret. I.
Steevens.

[8] ——*ingeniouſly*—] *Ingenious* was anciently uſed inſtead of *ingenuous*. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"A courſe of learning and *ingenious* ſtudies." Reed.

Buried his father; by whoſe death, he's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate: when he was poor,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome good neceſſity
Touches his friend,[9] which craves to be remember'd
With thoſe five talents:—that had,—[*To* FLAV.] give it theſe fellows
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Ne'er ſpeak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can ſink.

FLAV. I would, I could not think it;[1] That thought is bounty's foe;
Being free[2] itſelf, it thinks all others ſo. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome* good *neceſſity*
Touches his friend,] *Good*, as it may afford Ventidius an opportunity of exerciſing his bounty, and relieving his friend, in return for his former kindneſs:—or, ſome *honeſt* neceſſity, not the conſequence of a *villainous and ignoble bounty*. I rather think this latter is the meaning. MALONE.

So afterwards:

"If his occaſion were not *virtuous*,
"I ſhould not urge it half ſo faithfully." STEEVENS.

[1] *I would, I could not* think it; *&c.*] I concur in opinion with ſome former editors, that the words—*think it*, ſhould be omitted. Every reader will mentally inſert them from the ſpeech of Timon, though they are not expreſſed in that of Flavius. The laws of metre, in my judgment, ſhould ſuperſede the authority of the players, who appear in many inſtances to have taken a deſigned ellipſis for an error of omiſſion, to the repeated injury of our author's verſification. I would read:

I would, I could not: That thought's bounty's foe—.
STEEVENS.

[2] ——*free*—] is *liberal*, not parſimonious. JOHNSON.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in Lucullus's *Houſe.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a* Servant *to him.*

SERV. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

FLAM. I thank you, ſir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

SERV. Here's my lord.

LUCUL. [*Aſide.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a ſilver baſon and ewer[3] to-night. Flaminius,

[3] ——*a ſilver* baſon and ewer —] Theſe utenſils of ſilver being much in requeſt in Shakſpeare's time, he has, as uſual, not ſcrupled to place them in the houſe of an Athenian nobleman. So again, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

" ——— my houſe within the city
" Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold;
" *Baſons and ewers* to lave her dainty hands."

See Vol. IX. p. 133, n. 1. MALONE.

Our author, I believe, has introduced *baſons and ewers* where they would certainly have been found. The Romans appear to have had them; and the forms of their utenſils were generally copied from thoſe of Greece.

Theſe utenſils are not unfrequently mentioned by Homer. Thus, in Chapman's verſion of the twenty-fourth *Iliad:*

" This ſaid, the chamber-maid that held the *ewre and baſin* by,
" He bade powre water on his hands:—."

Again, in the fifteenth *Odyſſey*, by the ſame tranſlator:

honeſt Flaminius; you are very reſpectively welcome, ſir.[4]—Fill me ſome wine.—[*Exit* Servant.] And how does that honourable complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and maſter?

Flam. His health is well, ſir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, ſir: And what haſt thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, ſir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to ſupply; who, having great and inſtant occaſion to uſe fifty talents, hath ſent to your lordſhip to furniſh him; nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, ſays he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to ſupper to him, of purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs: and yet he would embrace no counſel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honeſty is his;[5] I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

" The handmaid water brought, and gave to ſtream
" From out a fair and golden *ewer* to them,
" From whoſe hands, to a ſilver *cauldron*, fled
" The troubled wave." Steevens.

[4] —— *very* reſpectively *welcome, ſir.*] i. e. reſpectfully. So, in *King John*:

" 'Tis too *reſpective*," &c.

See Vol. X. p. 359, n. 4. Steevens.

[5] *Every man has his fault, and* honeſty *in his*;] *Honeſty* does not here mean *probity*, but *liberality*. M. Mason.

Re-enter Servant, *with Wine.*

Serv. Pleaſe your lordſhip, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wiſe. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

Lucul. I have obſerved thee always for a towardly prompt ſpirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reaſon: and canſt uſe the time well, if the time uſe thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, ſirrah.—[*To the* Servant, *who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honeſt Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wiſe; and thou knoweſt well enough, although thou comeſt to me, that this is no time to lend money; eſpecially upon bare friendſhip, without ſecurity. Here's three ſolidares[6] for thee; good boy, wink at me, and ſay, thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible, the world ſhould ſo much differ;
And we alive, that liv'd?[7] Fly, damned baſeneſs,
To him that worſhips thee.

[*Throwing the Money away.*

Lucul. Ha! Now I ſee, thou art a fool, and fit for thy maſter. [*Exit* Lucullus.

Flam. May theſe add to the number that may ſcald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,[8]

[6] ——*three* ſolidares —] I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet. Steevens.

[7] *And we alive, that liv'd?*] i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to ſay, *in ſo ſhort a time.* Warburton.

[8] *Let molten coin be thy damnation,*] Perhaps the poet alludes

Thou diſeaſe of a friend,[9] and not himſelf!
Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart,
It turns in leſs than two nights?[1] O you gods,
I feel my maſter's paſſion![2] This ſlave
Unto his honour,[3] has my lord's meat in him:
Why ſhould it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poiſon?
O, may diſeaſes only work upon't!

the puniſhment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. In *The Shepherd's Calendar*, however, Lazarus declares himſelf to have ſeen in hell "a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boyling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fulfill and repleniſh them of their inſatiate covetiſe."

Again, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled, *The Dead Man's Song:*

"And ladles full of *melted gold*
"Were poured downe their throotes."

Mr. M. Maſon thinks that Flaminius more "probably alludes to the ſtory of Marcus Craſſus and the Parthians, who are ſaid to have poured molten gold down his throat, as a reproach and puniſhment for his avarice." STEEVENS.

[9] *Thou* diſeaſe *of a friend,*] So, in *King Lear:*

"——— my daughter;
"Or rather, a *diſeaſe*" &c. STEEVENS.

[1] *It* turns *in leſs than two nights?*] Alluding to the *turning* or aceſcence of milk. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*paſſion!*] i. e. ſuffering. So, in *Macbeth:*

"You ſhall offend him, and extend his *paſſion.*"

i. e. prolong his *ſuffering.* STEEVENS.

[3] *Unto his* honour,] Thus the old copy. What Flaminius ſeems to mean is,—This ſlave (to the honour of his character) has, &c. The modern editors read—Unto *this hour,* which may be right. STEEVENS.

I ſhould have no doubt in preferring the modern reading, *unto this hour,* as it is by far the ſtronger expreſſion, ſo probably the right one. M. MASON.

Mr. Ritſon is of the ſame opinion. STEEVENS.

And, when he is ſick to death,[4] let not that part of nature[5]
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel ſickneſs, but prolong his hour![6] [*Exit.*

[4] —— *to death,*] If theſe words, which derange the metre, were omitted, would the ſentiment of Flaminius be impaired? STEEVENS.

[5] —— *of* nature —] So the common copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*nurture.* JOHNSON.

Of nature is ſurely the moſt expreſſive reading. Flaminius conſiders that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as conſtituting a great part of his animal ſyſtem. STEEVENS.

[6] —— his *hour!*] i. e. the hour of ſickneſs. *His* for *its.* STEEVENS.

His in almoſt every ſcene of theſe plays is uſed for *its,* but here, I think, " *his* hour" relates to Lucullus, and means *his life.* If my notion be well founded, we muſt underſtand that the Steward wiſhes that the life of Lucullus may be prolonged only for the purpoſe of his being miſerable; that ſickneſs may " play the torturer by ſmall and ſmall," and " have him nine whole years in killing."—" Live loath'd and *long!*" ſays Timon in a ſubſequent ſcene; and again:

" Decline to your confounding contraries,
" And yet confuſion *live!*"

This indeed is nearly the meaning, if, with Mr. Steevens, we underſtand *his hour* to mean *the hour of ſickneſs:* and it muſt be owned that a line in *Hamlet* adds ſupport to his interpretation:

" This phyſick but *prolongs thy ſickly days.*"

MALONE.

Mr. Malone's interpretation may receive further ſupport from a paſſage in *Coriolanus,* where Menenius ſays to the Roman Sentinel: " Be that you are, *long*; and your miſery increaſe with your age." STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The ſame. A publick Place.

Enter LUCIUS, *with Three* Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no leſs,[7] though we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done[8] and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

Luc. Fye no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow ſo many talents;[9] nay, urged

[7] *We know him for no leſs,*] That is, *we know him* by report to be *no leſs* than you repreſent him, though we are ſtrangers to his perſon. JOHNSON.

To *know*, in the preſent, and ſeveral other inſtances, is uſed by our author for—*to acknowledge*. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act V. ſc. v:

" ——————— You are to *know*
" That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
" With bloody paſſage led your wars—." &c.

STEEVENS.

[8] —— *are* done —] i. e. conſumed. See Vol. XIII. p. 129, n. 5. MALONE.

[9] —— *to borrow* ſo many *talents*;] Such is the reading of the old copy. The modern editors read arbitrarily—*fifty talents*. *So many* is not an uncommon colloquial expreſſion for an indefinite number. The Stranger might not know the exact ſum.

STEEVENS.

extremely for't, and ſhowed what neceſſity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a ſtrange caſe was that? now, before the gods, I am aſhamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour ſhowed in't. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs, I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as money, plate, jewels, and ſuch like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and ſent to me,[1] I ſhould ne'er have denied his occaſion ſo many talents.[2]

So, Queen Elizabeth to one of her parliaments: "And for me, it ſhall be ſufficient that a marble ſtone declare that a queen having reigned *ſuch a time*, [i. e. the time that ſhe ſhould have reigned, whatever time that might happen to be,] lived and died a virgin."

So, Holinſhed: "The biſhop commanded his ſervant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his ſtudy, *in ſuch* a place." We ſhould now write in a *certain* place.

Again, in the Account-book, kept by Empſon in the time of Henry the Seventh, and quoted by Bacon in his Hiſtory of that king:

"*Item*, Received of *ſuch a one* five marks, for a pardon to be procured, and if the pardon do not paſs, the money to be repaid."

"He ſold *ſo much* of his eſtate, when he came of age," (meaning *a certain portion* of his eſtate,) is yet the phraſeology of Scotland. Malone.

[1] —— *yet, had he* miſtook *him, and ſent to me,*] We ſhould read: *miſlook'd* him, i. e. overlooked, neglected to ſend to him. Warburton.

I rather read, *yet had he* not *miſtook him, and ſent to me.* Johnson.

Mr. Edwards propoſes to read—*yet had he* miſſed *him.* Lucius has juſt declared that he had had fewer preſents from Timon, than Lucullus had received, who therefore ought to have been the firſt to aſſiſt him. Yet, ſays he, had Timon *miſtook him*, or

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have ſweat to ſee his honour.—My honoured lord,— [*To* LUCIUS.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, ſir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquiſite friend.

Ser. May it pleaſe your honour, my lord hath ſent——

Luc. Ha! what has he ſent? I am ſo much endeared to that lord; he's ever ſending: How ſhall I thank him, thinkeſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

Ser. He has only ſent his preſent occaſion now, my lord; requeſting your lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe with ſo many talents.[3]

overlooked that circumſtance, and ſent to me, I ſhould not have denied &c. STEEVENS.

That is, "had he (Timon) miſtaken himſelf and ſent to me, I would ne'er" &c. He means to inſinuate that it would have been a kind of miſtake in Timon to apply to a perſon who had received ſuch trifling favours from him, in preference to Lucullus, who had received much greater; but if Timon had made that miſtake, he ſhould not have denied him ſo many talents. M. MASON.

Had he miſtook *him*, means, had he by miſtake thought him under leſs obligations than me, and ſent to me accordingly. HEATH.

I think with Mr. Steevens that *him* relates to Timon, and that *miſtook him* is a reflective participle. MALONE.

[2] —— *denied his occaſion* ſo many *talents*.] i. e. a certain number of talents, ſuch a number as he might happen to want. This paſſage, as well as a former, (ſee n. 9, p. 82,) ſhows that the text below is not corrupt. MALONE.

[3] —— *with* ſo many *talents*.] Such again is the reading with

Luc. I know, his lordſhip is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants leſs, my lord.
If his occaſion were not virtuous,[4]
I ſhould not urge it half ſo faithfully.[5]

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my ſoul, 'tis true, ſir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh myſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might have ſhown myſelf honourable? how unluckily it happened, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a

which the old copy ſupplies us. Probably the exact number of *talents wanted* was not expreſsly ſet down by Shakſpeare. If this was the caſe, the player who repreſented the character, ſpoke of the firſt number that was uppermoſt in his mind; and the printer, who copied from the playhouſe books, put down an indefinite for the definite ſum, which remained unſpecified. The modern editors read again in this inſtance, *fifty talents*. Perhaps the Servant brought a note with him which he tendered to Luculus. Steevens.

There is, I am confident, no error. I have met with this kind of phraſeology in many books of Shakſpeare's age. In *Julius Cæſar* we have the phraſe uſed here. Lucilius ſays to his adverſary:

"There is *ſo much*, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight."
Malone.

[4] *If his occaſion were not* virtuous,] *Virtuous* for ſtrong, forcible, preſſing. Warburton.

The meaning may more naturally be—If he did not want it for a good uſe. Johnson.

Dr. Johnſon's explication is certainly right.—We had before:
"Some *good neceſſity* touches his friend." Malone.

[5] —— *half ſo* faithfully.] *Faithfully* for fervently. Therefore, without more ado, the Oxford editor alters the text to *fervently*. But he might have ſeen, that Shakſpeare uſed *faithfully* for fervently, as in the former part of the ſentence he had uſed *virtuous* for forcible. Warburton.

Zeal or *fervour* uſually attending *fidelity*. Malone.

little part, and undo a great deal of honour?[6]— Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beaſt, I ſay:—I was ſending to uſe lord Timon myſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordſhip; and I hope, his honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to

[6] *That I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little* part, *and undo a great deal of honour?*] Though there is a ſeeming plauſible antitheſis in the terms, I am very well aſſured they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *part* of what? *Honour* is the only ſubſtantive that follows in the ſentence. How much is the antitheſis improved by the ſenſe which my emendation gives? "That I ſhould purchaſe for a little *dirt*, and undo a great deal of honour!" THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, like all others, by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but neglected by Dr. Warburton. I think Theobald right in ſuſpecting a corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, though perhaps we may better read, *purchaſe the day before for a little* park. JOHNSON.

I am ſatisfied with the old reading, which is ſufficiently in our author's manner. By purchaſing what brought me but little honour, I have loſt the more honourable opportunity of ſupplying the wants of my friend. Dr. Farmer, however, ſuſpects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation, and *honour* (i. e. the *lordſhip* of a place,) in a legal ſenſe. See Jacob's *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

I am neither ſatisfied with the amendments propoſed, or with Steevens's explanation of the preſent reading; and have little doubt but we ſhould read "purchaſe for a little *port*," inſtead of *part*, and the meaning will then be—"How unlucky was I to have purchaſed, but the day before, out of a little vanity, and by that means diſabled myſelf from doing an honourable action." *Port* means *ſhow*, or *magnificence*. M. MASON.

I believe Dr. Johnſon's reading is the true one. I once ſuſpected the phraſe "purchaſe *for*;" but a more attentive examination of our author's works and thoſe of his contemporaries, has ſhown me the folly of ſuſpecting corruptions in the text, merely becauſe it exhibits a different phraſeology from that uſed at this day. MALONE.

be kind :—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe mine own words to him ?

Ser. Yes, ſir, I ſhall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit* Servilius.

True, as you ſaid, Timon is ſhrunk, indeed ;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly ſpeed.

[*Exit* Lucius.

1 *Stran.* Do you obſerve this, Hoſtilius ?[7]

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this
Is the world's ſoul ; and juſt of the ſame piece
Is every flatterer's ſpirit.[8] Who can call him

[7] *Do you obſerve this, Hoſtilius ?*] I am willing to believe, for the ſake of metre, that our author wrote :

Obſerve you this, Hoſtilius ?

Ay, too well. Steevens.

[8] —— *flatterer's* ſpirit.] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. The other [modern] editions read :

Why, this is the world's ſoul ;
And juſt of the ſame piece is every flatterer's ſport.

Mr. Upton has not unluckily tranſpoſed the two final words, thus :

Why, this is the world's ſport ;
Of the ſame piece is every flatterer's ſoul.

The paſſage is not ſo obſcure as to provoke ſo much enquiry. *This*, ſays he, *is the ſoul* or ſpirit *of the world : every flatterer* plays the ſame game, makes *ſport* with the confidence of his friend. Johnson.

Mr. M. Maſon prefers the amendment of Dr. Warburton to the tranſpoſition of Mr. Upton. Steevens.

The emendation, *ſpirit*, belongs not to Dr. Warburton, but to Mr. Theobald. The word was frequently pronounced as one ſyllable, and ſometimes, I think, written *ſprite*. Hence the

His friend, that dips in the ſame diſh ?[9] for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purſe ;
Supported his eſtate ; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages : He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's ſilver treads upon his lip ;
And yet, (O, ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape !)
He does deny him, in reſpect of his,[1]
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never taſted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend ; yet, I proteſt,
For his right noble mind, illuſtrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,

corruption was eaſy ; whilſt on the other hand it is highly improbable that two words ſo diſtant from each other as *ſoul* and *ſport* [or *ſpirit*] ſhould change places. Mr. Upton did not take the trouble to look into the old copy ; but finding *ſoul* and *ſport* the final words of two lines in Mr. Pope's and the ſubſequent editions, took it for granted they held the ſame ſituation in the original edition, which we ſee was not the caſe. I do not believe this ſpeech was intended by the author for a verſe. Malone.

[9] —— *that dips in the ſame diſh ?*] This phraſe is ſcriptural : " He that dippeth his hand with me in the diſh." *St. Matthew*, xxvi. 23. Steevens.

[1] —— *in reſpect of his,*] i. e. conſidering Timon's claim for what he aſks. Warburton.

In reſpect of his fortune : what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius poſſeſſes, leſs than the uſual alms given by good men to beggars. Johnson.

Does not *his* refer to the *lip of Timon ?*—Though Lucius himſelf drink from a ſilver cup which was *Timon's* gift to him, he refuſes to *Timon*, in return, drink from any cup. Henley.

I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,[2]

[2] *I would have put my wealth into* donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd *to him,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

I would have put my wealth into partition,
And the beſt half ſhould have attorn'd *to him,*——.

Dr. Warburton receives *attorn'd.* The only difficulty is in the word *return'd,* which, ſince he had receiv'd nothing from him, cannot be uſed but in a very low and licentious meaning.

JOHNSON.

Had his neceſſity made uſe of me, I would have put my fortune into a condition to be alienated, and the beſt half of what I had gained myself, or received from others, ſhould have found its way to him. Either ſuch licentious expoſition muſt be allowed, or the paſſage remain in obſcurity, as ſome readers may not chooſe to receive Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation.

The following lines, however, in *Hamlet,* Act II. ſc. ii. perſuades me that my explanation of—*put my wealth into donation* —is ſomewhat doubtful:

" *Put* your dread pleaſures more *into command*
" Than to entreaty."

Again, in *Cymbeline,* Act III. ſc. iv:

" And mad'ſt me *put into contempt* the ſuits
" Of princely fellows," &c.

Perhaps the Stranger means to ſay, I would have treated my wealth as a preſent originally received from him, and on this occaſion have returned him the half of that whole for which I ſuppoſed myſelf to be indebted to his bounty. Lady Macbeth has nearly the ſame ſentiment:

" ———— in compt
" To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,
" Still to *return your own.*" STEEVENS.

The difficulty of this paſſage ariſes from the word *return'd.* Warburton propoſes to read *attorn'd;* but that word always relates to perſons, not to things. It is the tenant that attorns, not the lands. The meaning of the paſſage appears to be this: —" Though I never taſted of Timon's bounty, yet I have ſuch an eſteem for his virtue, that had he applied to me, I ſhould have conſidered my wealth as proceeding from his donation, and have *returned* half of it to him again." To put his wealth into donation, means, to put it down in account as a donation, to ſuppoſe it a donation. M. MASON.

So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men muſt learn now with pity to diſpenſe:
For policy ſits above conſcience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Sempronius's *Houſe.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a* Servant *of* Timon's.

Sem. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Humph!
'Bove all others?
He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,

I have no doubt that the latter very happy interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one. Though (ſays the ſpeaker) I never taſted Timon's bounty in my life, I would have *ſuppoſed* my whole fortune to have been a *gift* from him, &c. So, in the common phraſe,—*Put* yourſelf [i. e. ſuppoſe yourſelf] in my place. The paſſages quoted by Mr. Steevens fully ſupport the phraſe—*into* donation.

"*Return'd* to him" neceſſarily includes the idea of having *come from* him, and therefore can not mean ſimply—*found its way*, the interpretation firſt given by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

I am diſſatisfied with my former explanation; which aroſe from my inattention to a ſenſe in which our author very frequently uſes the verb—to *return*; i. e. to *reply*. Thus, in *King Richard II:*

"Northumberland, ſay—thus the king *returns*;——.

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"*Returns* to chiding fortune:"

i. e. *replies* to it. Again, in *King Henry V:*

"————The Dauphin

"*Returns* us—that his powers are not yet ready."

The ſenſe of the paſſage before us therefore will be:—The beſt half of my wealth ſhould have been the *reply* I would have made to Timon: I would have *anſwered* his requiſition with the beſt half of what I am worth. STEEVENS.

Whom he redeem'd from priſon :[3] All theſe three[4]
Owe their eſtates unto him.

Serv. O my lord,
They have all been touch'd,[5] and found baſe metal; for
They have all denied him ?

Sem. How ! have they denied him ?
Has Ventidius[6] and Lucullus denied him ?
And does he ſend to me ? Three ? humph !—
It ſhows but little love or judgment in him.
Muſt I be his laſt refuge ? His friends, like phyſicians,

[3] *And now Ventidius is wealthy too,*
Whom he redeem'd from priſon,] This circumſtance likewiſe occurs in the anonymous unpubliſhed comedy of *Timon :*
" O yee ingrateful ! have I freed yee
" From bonds in priſon, to requite me thus,
" To trample ore mee in my miſery ?" Malone.

[4] —— *theſe* three —] The word *three* was inſerted by Sir T. Hanmer to complete the meaſure; as was the exclamation *O*, for the ſame reaſon, in the following ſpeech. Steevens.

[5] *They have all been* touch'd,] That is, *tried,* alluding to the *touchſtone.* Johnson.

So, in *King Richard III :*
" O Buckingham, now do I play the *touch,*
" To try, if thou be current gold, indeed."
Steevens.

[6] *Has Ventidius* &c.]. With this mutilated and therefore rugged ſpeech no ear accuſtomed to harmony can be ſatisfied. Sir Thomas Hanmer thus reforms the firſt part of it :
Have Lucius, and *Ventidius, and Lucullus,*
Denied him all ? *and does he ſend to me ?*
Yet we might better, I think, read with a later editor :
Denied him, ſay you ? *and does he ſend to me ?*
Three ? humph !
It ſhows &c.
But I can only point out metrical dilapidations which I profeſs my inability to repair. Steevens.

Thrive, give him over ;[7] Muſt I take the cure upon me ?

[7] —— *His friends, like physicians,*
Thrive, *give him over* ;] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *try'd*, plauſibly enough. Inſtead of *three* propoſed by Mr. Pope, I ſhould read *thrice*. But perhaps the old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*ſhriv'd*. They *give him over ſhriv'd* ; that is, *prepared for immediate death by ſhrift*. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps the following paſſage in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, is the beſt comment after all :

" ———— Phyſicians thus
" *With their hands full of money*, uſe to *give o'er*
" Their patients."

The paſſage will then mean :—" His friends, like phyſicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquiſh, and forſake him*, or give his caſe up as deſperate." *To give over* in *The Taming of the Shrew* has no reference to the irremediable condition of a patient, but ſimply means to leave, to forſake, to quit :

" And therefore let me be thus bold with you
" *To give you over* at this firſt encounter,
" Unleſs you will accompany me thither." STEEVENS.

The editor of the ſecond folio, the firſt and principal corrupter of theſe plays, for *Thrive*, ſubſtituted *Thriv'd*, on which the conjectures of Sir Thomas Hanmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt were founded.

The paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, is a ſtrong confirmation of the old reading ; for Webſter appears both in that and in another piece of his (*The White Devil*) to have frequently imitated Shakſpeare. Thus, in *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, we find :

" —— Uſe me well, you were beſt ;
" What I have done, I have done ; I'll confeſs nothing."

Apparently from *Othello :*

" Demand me nothing ; what you know, you know ;
" From this time forth I never will ſpeak word."

Again, the Cardinal, ſpeaking to his miſtreſs Julia, who had importuned him to diſcloſe the cauſe of his melancholy, ſays :

" ——— Satisfy thy longing ;
" The only way to make thee keep thy counſel,
" Is, not to tell thee."

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I :

He has much diſgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his occaſions might have woo'd me firſt;
For, in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think ſo backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it laſt? No: So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the reſt,

" ——————— for ſecrecy
" No lady cloſer; for I well believe
" Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know."

Again, in *The White Devil:*

" Terrify *babes*, my lord, with *painted devils*."

So, in *Macbeth:*

" ————'tis the eye of *childhood*
" That fears a *painted devil*."

Again, in *The White Devil:*

" ——— the ſecret of my prince,
" Which I will *wear* i'th' *inſide of my heart*."

Copied, I think, from theſe lines of *Hamlet:*

" ——— Give me the man
" That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will *wear* him
" *In my heart's core*, ay, in my heart of heart."

The White Devil was not printed till 1612. *Hamlet* had appeared in 1604. See alſo another imitation quoted in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act IV. ſc. iii.; and the laſt ſcene of the fourth Act of *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, which ſeems to have been copied from our author's *King John*, Act IV. ſc. ii.

The Dutcheſs of Malfy had certainly appeared before 1619, for Burbage, who died in that year, acted in it; I believe, before 1616, for I imagine it is the play alluded to in Ben Jonſon's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, printed in that year:

" To make a child new-ſwaddled to proceed
" Man," &c.

So that probably the lines above cited from Webſter's play by Mr. Steevens, were copied from *Timon* before it was in print; for it firſt appeared in the folio, 1623. Hence we may conclude, that *thrive* was not an error of the preſs, but our author's original word, which Webſter imitated, not from the printed book, but from the repreſentation of the play, or the MS. copy.

It is obſervable, that in this piece of Webſter's, the dutcheſs,

And I amongſt the lords be thought a fool.[8]
I had rather than the worth of thrice the ſum,
He had ſent to me firſt, but for my mind's ſake;
I had ſuch a courage[9] to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this anſwer join;
Who bates mine honour, ſhall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent![1] Your lordſhip's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he croſſed himſelf by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will ſet him clear.[2] How fairly this lord ſtrives to ap-

who, like Deſdemona is ſtrangled, revives *after long ſeeming* dead, ſpeaks a few words, and then dies. Malone.

[8] *And I amongst* the *lords be thought a fool.*] [Old copy—*and 'mongst lords be thought a fool.*] The perſonal pronoun was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

I have changed the poſition of the perſonal pronoun, and added *the* for the ſake of metre, which, in too many parts of this play, is incorrigible. Steevens.

[9] *I had ſuch a courage*—] Such an ardour, ſuch an eager deſire. Johnson.

[1] *Excellent!* &c.] I ſuppoſe the former part of this ſpeech to have been originally written in verſe, as well as the latter; though the players have printed it as proſe (omitting ſeveral ſyllables neceſſary to the metre) it cannot now be reſtored without ſuch additions as no editor is at liberty to inſert in the text. Steevens.

I ſuſpect no omiſſion whatſoever here. Malone.

[2] *The devil knew* not *what he did, when he made man politick; he* croſſed *himſelf by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will ſet him* clear.] I cannot but think, that the negative *not* has intruded into this paſſage, and the reader will think ſo too, when he reads Dr. Warburton's explanation of the next words. Johnson.

——*will ſet him clear.*] *Set him clear* does not mean acquit him before heaven; for then *the devil* muſt be ſuppoſed *to know what* he did; but it ſignifies puzzle him, outdo him at his own weapons. Warburton.

pear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like

How the devil, or any other being, ſhould be *ſet clear* by being *puzzled* and *outdone*, the commentator has not explained. When in a croud we would have an opening made, we ſay, *Stand clear*, that is, *out of the way of danger*. With ſome affinity to this uſe, though not without great harſhneſs, to *ſet clear*, may be to *ſet aſide*. But I believe the original corruption is the inſertion of the negative, which was obtruded by ſome tranſcriber, who ſuppoſed *croſſed* to mean *thwarted*, when it meant, *exempted from evil*. The uſe of *croſſing* by way of protection or purification, was probably not worn out in Shakſpeare's time. The ſenſe of *ſet clear* is now eaſy; he has no longer the guilt of tempting man. To *croſs himſelf* may mean, in a very familiar ſenſe, *to clear his ſcore, to get out of debt, to quit his reckoning*. He knew not *what he did*, may mean, he knew not how much good he was doing himſelf. There is no need of emendation.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps Dr. Warburton's explanation is the true one. *Clear* is an adverb, or ſo uſed; and Dr. Johnſon's Dictionary obſerves, that *to ſet* means, in Addiſon, to embarraſs, to diſtreſs, to perplex.—If then the devil made men politick, he has thwarted his own intereſt, becauſe the ſuperior cunning of man will at laſt puzzle him, or be above the reach of his temptations.

TOLLET.

Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage is nearly right; but I don't ſee how the inſertion of the negative injures the ſenſe, or why that ſhould be conſidered as a corruption. Servilius means to ſay, that the devil did not foreſee the advantage that would ariſe to himſelf from thence, when he made men politick. He redeemed himſelf by it; for men will, in the end, become ſo much more villainous than he is, that they will ſet him clear; he will appear innocent when compared to them. Johnſon has rightly explained the words, "he croſſed himſelf by it."—So, in *Cymbeline*, Poſthumus ſays of himſelf—

" ——————— It is I
" That all the abhorred things o'the earth *amend*,
" By being worſe than they." M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is this:—*The devil did not know what he was about*, [how much his reputation for wickedneſs would be diminiſhed] *when he made man crafty and intereſted; he thwarted himſelf by it*; [by thus raiſing up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to ſurpaſs him;] *and I cannot but think that at laſt the enormities of mankind will riſe to*

thoſe that, under hot ardent zeal, would ſet whole realms on fire.[3]
Of ſuch a nature is his politick love.
This was my lord's beſt hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only:[4] Now his friends are dead,

ſuch a height, as to make even Satan himſelf, in compariſon, appear (what he would leaſt of all wiſh to be) *ſpotleſs and innocent.*

Clear is in many other places uſed by our author and the contemporary writers, for *innocent*. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" —— nothing but heart's ſorrow,
" And a *clear* life enſuing."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

" ————This Duncan
" Hath borne his faculties ſo meek, hath been
" So *clear* in his great office,—."

Again, in the play before us:

" Roots, ye *clear* gods!"

Again, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, 1657:

" ————I know myſelf am *clear*
" As is the new-born infant." MALONE.

The devil's folly in making man politick, is to appear in this, that he will, at the long run be too many for his old maſter, and get free of his bonds. The villainies of man are to ſet himſelf clear, not the devil, to whom he is ſuppoſed to be in thraldom. RITSON.

Concerning this difficult paſſage, I claim no other merit than that of having left before the reader the notes of all the commentators. I myſelf am in the ſtate of Dr. Warburton's devil,—*puzzled*, inſtead of being *ſet clear* by them. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *takes* virtuous copies *to be wicked*; *like thoſe* &c.] This is a reflection on the Puritans of that time. Theſe people were then ſet upon the project of new-modelling the eccleſiaſtical and civil government according to ſcripture rules and examples; which makes him ſay, that *under zeal* for the word of God, they *would ſet whole realms on fire*. So, Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealouſy of friendſhip, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At beſt the ſimilitude is an aukward one; but it fitted the *audience*, though not the *ſpeaker*. WARBURTON.

[4] *Save the gods only:*] Old copy—*Save only the gods*. The tranſpoſition is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. STEEVENS.

Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, muſt be employ'd
Now to guard ſure their maſter.
And this is all a liberal courſe allows; · ·
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt keep his houſe.[5]
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Hall in Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter Two Servants of Varro, *and the Servant of* Lucius, *meeting* Titus, Hortensius, *and other Servants to* Timon's *Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortenſius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius? What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think, One buſineſs does command us all; for mine Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

[5] —— *keep his houſe.*] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns. Johnson.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act III. ſc. ii: "You will turn good huſband now, Pompey; you will *keep the houſe.*" Steevens.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And ſir
Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord ſeen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to ſhine at ſeven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed ſhorter with him:
You muſt conſider, that a prodigal courſe
Is like the ſun's;[6] but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,
'Tis deepeſt winter in lord Timon's purſe;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.[7]

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

[6] ——— *a prodigal courſe*
Is like the ſun's;] That is, like him in blaze and ſplendor. *Soles occidere & redire poſſunt.* Catull. JOHNSON.

Theobald, and the ſubſequent editors, elegantly enough, but without neceſſity, read—a *prodigal's* courſe. We have the ſame phraſe as that in the text in the laſt couplet of the preceding ſcene:

"And this is all a *liberal courſe* allows." MALONE.

[7] ——*reach deep enough, and yet*
Find little.] Still, perhaps, alluding to the effects of winter, during which ſome animals are obliged to ſeek their ſcanty proviſion through a depth of ſnow. STEEVENS.

Tit. I'll ſhow you how to obſerve a ſtrange event.
Your lord ſends now for money.

Hor. Moſt true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is againſt my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how ſtrange it ſhows,
Timon in this ſhould pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord ſhould wear rich jewels,
And ſend for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge,[8] the gods can witneſs:
I know, my lord hath ſpent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worſe than ſtealth.

1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thouſand crowns: What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thouſand mine.

1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it ſhould ſeem by the ſum,
Your maſter's confidence was above mine;
Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd.[9]

[8] *I am weary of this charge,*] That is, of this *commiſſion*, of this *employment*. Johnson.

[9] *Elſe, ſurely,* his *had equall'd.*] Should it not be, *Elſe, ſurely,* mine *had equall'd.* Johnson.

The meaning of the paſſage is evidently and ſimply this: *Your maſter, it ſeems, had more confidence in lord Timon than mine, otherwiſe his* (i. e. my maſter's) *debt* (i. e. the money due to him from Timon) *would certainly have been as great as your maſter's* (i. e. as the money which Timon owes to your maſter;) that is, my maſter being as rich as yours, could and would have advanced Timon as large a ſum as your maſter has advanced him, if he, (my maſter) had thought it prudent to do ſo.

Ritson.

The meaning may be, "The confidential friendſhip ſubſiſting

Enter FLAMINIUS.

TIT. One of lord Timon's men.

LUC. SERV. Flaminius! ſir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

between your maſter [Lucius] and Timon, was greater than that ſubſiſting between my maſter [Varro] and Timon; elſe ſurely the ſum borrowed by Timon from your maſter had been *equal* to, and *no greater* than, the ſum borrowed from mine; and this *equality* would have been produced by the application made to my maſter being *raiſed* from *three* thouſand crowns to *five* thouſand."

Two ſums of unequal magnitude may be reduced to an equality, as well by addition to the leſſer ſum, as by ſubtraction from the greater. Thus, if A has applied to B for ten pounds, and to C for five, and C requeſts that he may lend A preciſely the *ſame* ſum as he ſhall be furniſhed with by B, this may be done, either by C's *augmenting* his loan, and lending ten pounds as well as B, or by B's *diminiſhing* his loan, and, like C, lending only five pounds. The words of Varro's ſervant therefore may mean, Elſe ſurely the *ſame ſums* had been borrowed by Timon from both our maſters.

I have preſerved this interpretation, becauſe I once thought it *probable*, and becauſe it may ſtrike others as *juſt*. But the true explication I believe this (which I alſo formerly propoſed). *His* may refer to *mine*. "It ſhould ſeem that the confidential friendſhip ſubſiſting between your maſter and Timon, was greater than that ſubſiſting between Timon and my maſter; elſe ſurely *his* ſum, i. e. the ſum borrowed from *my* maſter, [the laſt antecedent] had been as large as the ſum borrowed from yours."

The former interpretation (though I think it wrong,) I have ſtated thus preciſely, and exactly in *fulſiance* as it appeared ſeveral years ago, (though the expreſſion is a little varied,) becauſe a REMARKER [Mr. Ritſon] has endeavoured to repreſent it as unintelligible.

This *Remarker*, however, it is obſervable, after ſaying, that he ſhall take no notice of *ſuch ſee-ſaw conjectures*, with great gravity propoſes a comment evidently formed on the latter of them, as an original interpretation of *his own*, on which the reader may *ſafely* rely. MALONE.

It muſt be perfectly clear, that the *Remarker* could not be

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordſhip; 'pray, ſignify ſo much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit* Flaminius.

Enter Flavius *in a Cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his ſteward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, ſir?

1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, ſir,——

Flav. What do you aſk of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, ſir.

Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your ſums and bills, when your falſe maſters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they could ſmile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' intereſt
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourſelves but wrong,
To ſtir me up; let me paſs quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve.

indebted to a note which, ſo far as it is intelligible, ſeems diametrically oppoſite to his idea. It is equally ſo, that the editor [Mr. Malone] has availed himſelf of the above Remark, to vary the expreſſion of his conjecture, and give it a ſenſe it would otherwiſe never have had. Ritson.

Flav. If 'twill not,[1]
'Tis not ſo baſe as you; for you ſerve knaves.
[*Exit.*

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his caſhier'd worſhip mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader than he that has no houſe to put his head in? ſuch may rail againſt great buildings.

Enter Servilius.[2]

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we ſhall know
Some anſwer.

Ser. If I might beſeech you, gentlemen,
To repair ſome other hour, I ſhould much
Derive from it:[3] for, take it on my ſoul,
My lord leans wond'rouſly to diſcontent.
His comfortable temper has forſook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not ſick:
And, if it be ſo far beyond his health,
Methinks, he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,

[1] *If 'twill not,*] Old copy—If 'twill not *ſerve.* I have ventured to omit the uſeleſs repetition of the verb—*ſerve,* becauſe it injures the metre. Steevens.

[2] *Enter* Servilius.] It may be obſerved that Shakſpeare has unſkilfully filled his Greek ſtory with Roman names. Johnson.

[3] ——— *I ſhould much*
Derive from it: &c.] Old copy:
——— *I ſhould*
Derive much from it: &c.
For this ſlight tranſpoſition, by which the metre is reſtored, I am anſwerable. Steevens.

And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an anſwer,[4] ſir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

Enter Timon, *in a rage*; Flaminius *following.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feaſted, does it now,
Like all mankind, ſhow me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.[5]

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

[4] ——*for* an *anſwer,*] The article *an,* which is deficient in the old copy, was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Steevens.

[5] Hor. Serv. *And mine, my lord.*] In the old copy this ſpeech is given to *Varro.* I have given it to the ſervant of *Hortenſius,* (who would naturally prefer his claim among the reſt,) becauſe to the following ſpeech in the old copy is prefixed, 2. *Var.* which from the words ſpoken [And *ours,* my lord.] meant, I conceive, *the two ſervants of Varro.* In the modern editions this latter ſpeech is given to Caphis, who is not upon the ſtage. Malone.

This whole ſcene perhaps was ſtrictly metrical, when it came from Shakſpeare; but the preſent ſtate of it is ſuch, that it cannot be reſtored but by greater violence than an editor may be allowed to employ. I have therefore given it without the leaſt attempt at arrangement. Steevens.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em :[6] cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,——

Tim. Cut my heart in ſums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thouſand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thouſand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our maſters may throw their caps at their money; theſe debts may well be called deſperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the ſlaves:
Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,——

[6] *Knock me down with 'em.*] Timon quibbles. They preſent their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to the *bills* or battle-axes, which the ancient ſoldiery carried, and were ſtill uſed by the watch in Shakſpeare's time. See the ſcene between Dogberry, &c. in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Vol. VI. p. 96, n. 1. Again, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1633, Second Part, Sir John Greſham ſays to his creditors: "Friends, you cannot beat me down with *your bills*." Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "—they durſt not *ſtrike down* their cuſtomers with large *bills*." Steevens.

Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?

Flav. My lord,——

Tim. I'll have it ſo:—My ſteward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.[7]

Flav. O my lord,
You only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul;
There is not ſo much left, to furniſh out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,

[7] *So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,*
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.] Thus the ſecond folio; except that, by an apparent error of the preſs, we have—*add* inſtead of *and*.

The firſt folio reads:

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa: *all,*
I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.

Regularity of metre alone would be ſufficient to decide in favour of the preſent text, which, with the ſecond folio, rejects the fortuitous and unmeaning aggregate of letters—*Ullorxa*. This *Ullorxa*, however, ſeems to have been conſidered as one of the "ineſtimable ſtones, unvalued jewels," which "emblaze the forehead" of that auguſt publication, the folio 1623; and has been ſet, with becoming care, in the text of Mr. Malone. For my own part, like the cock in the fable, I am content to leave this gem on the ſtercoraceous ſpot where it was diſcovered.—*Ullorxa* (a name unacknowledged by Athens or Rome) muſt (if meant to have been introduced at all) have been a corruption as groſs as others that occur in the ſame book, where we find *Billingsgate* inſtead of *Baſing-ſtoke*; *Epton* inſtead of *Hyperion*; and an *ace* inſtead of *Até*. Types, indeed, ſhook out of a hat, or ſhot from a dice-box, would often aſſume forms as legitimate as the proper names tranſmitted to us by Meſſieurs Hemings, Condell, and C°. who very probably did not accuſtom themſelves to ſpell even their own appellations with accuracy, or always in the ſame manner. STEEVENS.

I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. The Senate-Houſe.

The Senate ſitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's
Bloody; 'tis neceſſary he ſhould die:
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Moſt true; the law ſhall bruiſe him.[8]

Alcib. Honour, health, and compaſſion to the ſenate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble ſuitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath ſtepp'd into the law, which is paſt depth
To thoſe that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, ſetting his fate aſide,[9]

[8] ——*ſhall bruiſe* him.] The old copy reads—ſhall bruiſe *'em*. The ſame miſtake has happened often in theſe plays. In a ſubſequent line in this ſcene we have in the old copy—with *him*, inſtead of—with *'em*. For the correction, which is fully juſtified by the context, I am anſwerable. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer alſo reads—bruiſe *him*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*ſetting his* fate *aſide*,] i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the queſtion. STEEVENS.

Of comely virtues:[1]
Nor did he ſoil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)
But, with a noble fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his foe:
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas ſpent,[2]
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

[1] *He is a man,* &c.] I have printed theſe lines after the original copy, except that, for *an honour,* it is there, *and honour.* All the latter editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus:

He is a man, ſetting his fault *aſide,*
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he ſoil &c. JOHNSON.

This licentious alteration of the text, with a thouſand others of the ſame kind, was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[2] *And with ſuch ſober and* unnoted *paſſion*
He did behave *his anger, ere 'twas ſpent,* &c.] *Unnoted* for common, bounded. *Behave,* for curb, manage. WARBURTON.

I would rather read:

——— *and unnoted paſſion*
He did behave, ere was his anger ſpent.

Unnoted paſſion means, I believe, an uncommon command of his paſſion, ſuch a one as has not hitherto been obſerved. *Behave his anger* may, however, be right. In Sir W. D'Avenant's play of *The Juſt Italian,* 1630, *behave* is uſed in as ſingular a manner:

" How well my ſtars *behave* their influence."

Again:

" ——— You an Italian, ſir, and thus
" *Behave* the knowledge of diſgrace!"

In both theſe inſtances, to *behave* is to *manage.* STEEVENS.

" Unnoted paſſion," I believe, means a paſſion operating inwardly, but not accompanied with any external or boiſterous appearances; ſo regulated and ſubdued, that no ſpectator could *note,* or obſerve, its operation.

The old copy reads—He did *behoove* &c. which does not afford any very clear meaning. *Behave,* which Dr. Warburton inter-

1 *Sen.* You undergo too ſtrict a paradox,[3]
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manſlaughter into form, ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When ſects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe;[4] and make his wrongs

prets *manage,* was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I doubt the text is not yet right. Our author ſo very frequently converts nouns into verbs, that I have ſometimes thought he might have written—" He did *behalve* his anger,"—i. e. ſuppreſs it. So, Milton:

" —— yet put he not forth all his ſtrength,
" But check'd it *mid-way.*"

Behave, however, is uſed by Spenſer, in his *Fairy Queen,* B. I. c. iii. in a ſenſe that will ſuit ſufficiently with the paſſage before us:

" But who his limbs with labours, and his *mind*
" *Behaves* with cares, cannot ſo eaſy miſs."

To *behave* certainly had formerly a very different ſignification from that in which it is now uſed. Cole, in his *Dictionary,* 1679, renders it by *tracto,* which he interprets to *govern,* or *manage.* Malone.

On ſecond conſideration, the ſenſe of this paſſage, (however perverſely expreſſed on account of rhyme,) may be this: " He managed his anger with ſuch ſober and unnoted *paſſion* [i. e. *ſuffering,* forbearance,] before *it* was ſpent, [i. e. before that diſpoſition to endure the inſult he had received, was exhauſted,] that it ſeemed as if he had been only engaged in ſupporting an argument he had advanced in converſation. *Paſſion* may as well be uſed to ſignify *ſuffering,* as any *violent commotion of the mind:* and that our author was aware of this, may be inferred from his introduction of the Latin phraſe—" *hyſterica paſſio,*" in *King Lear.* See alſo Vol XVI. p. 264, n. 7. Steevens.

[3] *You undergo too* ſtrict *a paradox,*] You undertake a paradox too *hard.* Johnson.

[4] —— *that man can* breathe;] i. e. can *utter.* So afterwards:
" You *breathe* in vain." Malone.

His outſides; wear them like his raiment, careleſsly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alcib. My lord,——

1 *Sen.* You cannot make groſs ſins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I ſpeak like a captain.—
Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to battle,
And not endure all threatnings?[5] ſleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad?[6] why then, women are more valiant,
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' aſs, more captain than the lion; the felon,[7]

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes,
" The youth you *breathe* of, guilty." Steevens.

[5] ——*threat*nings?] Old copy—*threats*. This ſlight, but judicious change, is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. In the next line but one, he alſo added, for the ſake of metre,—*but*—. Steevens.

[6] ——————*what* make we
Abroad?] *What do we*, or *what have we to do in the field*. Johnson.

See Vol. V. p. 162, n. 5. Malone.

[7] *And th' aſs*, more captain *than the lion*; &c.] Here is another arbitrary regulation, [the omiſſion of—*captain*] the original reads thus:

——————*what make we*
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it:
And the aſs, more captain than the lion,
The fellow, *loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge,*
If wiſdom &c.

Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge,
If wiſdom be in ſuffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn raſhneſs in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſin's extremeſt guſt;[8]

I think it may be better adjuſted thus:

——————*what make we*
Abroad? why then the *women are more valiant*
That ſtay at home;
If bearing carry it, then is *the aſs*
More captain than the lion; *and the* felon
Loaden with irons, wiſer &c. JOHNSON.

——*if* bearing *carry it*;] Dr. Johnſon when he propoſed to connect this hemiſtich with the following line inſtead of the preceding words, ſeems to have forgot one of our author's favourite propenſities. I have no doubt that the preſent arrangement is right.

Mr. Pope, who rejected whatever he did not like, omitted the words—*more captain.* They are ſupported by what Alcibiades has already ſaid:

" My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
" If I ſpeak like a *captain*——."

and by Shakſpeare's 66th Sonnet, where the word *captain* is uſed with at leaſt as much harſhneſs as in the text:

" And captive good attending *captain* ill."

Again, in another of his Sonnets:

" Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are,
" Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet."

Dr. Johnſon with great probability propoſes to read *felon* inſtead of *fellow.* MALONE.

The word *captain* has been very injudiciouſly reſtored. That it cannot be the author's is evident from its ſpoiling what will otherwiſe be a metrical line. Nor is his uſing it elſewhere any proof that he meant to uſe it here. RITSON.

I have not ſcrupled to inſert Dr. Johnſon's emendation, *felon,* for *fellow* in the text; but do not perceive how the line can become ſtrictly metrical by the omiſſion of the word—*captain,* unleſs, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, we tranſpoſe the conjunction—*and,* and read:

The aſs more than the lion, and *the felon,*——.

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſin's extremeſt* guſt;] *Guſt,* for aggravation. WARBURTON.

But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis moſt juſt.[9]
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his ſervice done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alcib. Why, I ſay,[1] my lords, h'as done fair ſervice,
And ſlain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,[2] he

Guſt is here in its common ſenſe; the utmoſt degree of *appetite* for ſin. Johnson.

I believe *guſt* means *raſhneſs*. The alluſion may be to a ſudden *guſt of wind*. Steevens.

So we ſay, it was done in a ſudden *guſt* of paſſion. Malone.

[9] —— *by* mercy, *'tis moſt juſt.*] By *mercy* is meant *equity*. But we muſt read:

—— *'tis* made *juſt*. Warburton.

Mercy is not put for equity. If ſuch explanation be allowed, what can be difficult? The meaning is, *I call* mercy *herſelf* to witneſs, that defenſive violence is juſt. Johnson.

The meaning, I think, is, Homicide in our own defence, *by a merciful and lenient interpretation* of the laws, is conſidered as juſtifiable. Malone.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is the more ſpirited; but a paſſage in *King John* ſhould ſeem to countenance that of Mr. Malone:

" Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,
" And ſo doth yours——." Steevens.

[1] *Why*, I *ſay*,] The perſonal pronoun was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[2] —— *with* 'em,] The folio—with *him*. Johnson.

Is a ſworn rioter :[3] h'as a ſin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour priſoner :
If there were no foes, that were enough alone[4]
To overcome him : in that beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions : 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchaſe his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deſerts to his, and join them both :
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn[5] my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore;
For law is ſtrict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,

The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[3] *Is a* ſworn rioter :] A *ſworn rioter* is a man who practiſes riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. Johnson.

The expreſſion, *a ſworn rioter,* ſeems to be ſimilar to that of *ſworn brothers.* See Vol. XII. p. 320, n. 2. Malone.

[4] —— *alone*—] This word was judiciouſly ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the meaſure. Thus, in *All's well that ends well :*

" ———— Good *alone*
" Is good——." Steevens.

[5] ——*your reverend ages love*
Security, *I'll* pawn &c.] He charges them obliquely with being uſurers. Johnson.

So afterwards :

" ———— baniſh *uſury*
" That makes the ſenate ugly." Malone.

On height of our diſpleaſure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that ſpills another.

Alcib. Muſt it be ſo? it muſt not be. My lords,
I do beſeech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.[6]

3 *Sen.* What?

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not elſe be, I ſhould prove ſo baſe,[7]
To ſue, and be denied ſuch common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect;[8]
We baniſh thee for ever.

Alcib. Baniſh me?
Baniſh your dotage; baniſh uſury,
That makes the ſenate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' ſhine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to ſwell our ſpirit,[9]
He ſhall be executed preſently. [*Exeunt* Senators.

[6] —— *remembrances.*] is here uſed as a word of five ſyllables. In the ſingular number it occurs as a quadriſyllable only. See *Twelfth-Night*, Act I. ſc. i:

"And laſting in her ſad *remembrance.*" Steevens.

[7] —— *I ſhould prove ſo* baſe,] *Baſe* for diſhonoured. Warburton.

[8] *Do you dare our anger?*
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect;] This reading may paſs, but perhaps the author wrote:

—— *our anger?*
'Tis few in *words, but ſpacious in effect.* Johnson.

[9] *And,* not *to ſwell* our *ſpirit,*] I believe, means, *not to put*

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worſe than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large intereſt; I myſelf,
Rich only in large hurts;—All thoſe, for this?
Is this the balſam, that the uſuring ſenate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! baniſhment?[1]
It comes not ill; I hate not to be baniſh'd;
It is a cauſe worthy my ſpleen and fury,
That I may ſtrike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My diſcontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with moſt lands to be at odds;[2]
Soldiers ſhould brook as little wrongs, as gods.
[*Exit.*

ourſelves into any tumour of rage, take our definitive reſolution. So, in *King Henry VIII.* Act III. ſc. i:

"The hearts of princes kiſs obedience,
"So much they love it; but, to ſtubborn ſpirits,
"They *ſwell* and grow as terrible as ſtorms."

Steevens.

[1] —— *ha!* baniſhment?] Thus the ſecond folio. Its ever-blundering predeceſſor omits the interjection, *ha!* and conſequently ſpoils the metre.—The ſame exclamation occurs in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"*Ha!* baniſhment? be merciful, ſay—death——."

Steevens.

[2] —— *and lay for hearts.*
'Tis honour, with moſt lands *to be at odds;*] But ſurely even in a ſoldier's ſenſe of honour, there is very little in being at odds with all about him; which ſhows rather a quarrelſome diſpoſition than a valiant one. Beſides, this was not Alcibiades's caſe. He was only fallen out with the Athenians. A phraſe in the foregoing line will direct us to the right reading. I will *lay,* ſays he, *for hearts;* which is a metaphor taken from card-play, and ſignifies to game deep and boldly. It is plain then the figure was continued in the following line, which ſhould be read thus:

'Tis honour with moſt hands *to be at odds;*

i. e. to fight upon odds, or at diſadvantage; as he muſt do againſt

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Room in Timon's *Houſe.*

Muſick. Tables ſet out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords,[3] *at ſeveral Doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, ſir.

2 *Lord.* I alſo wiſh it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

the united ſtrength of Athens; and this, by ſoldiers, is accounted *honourable.* Shakſpeare uſes the ſame metaphor on the ſame occaſion, in *Coriolanus:*

" He *lurch'd* all ſwords." WARBURTON.

I think *hands* is very properly ſubſtituted for *lands.* In the foregoing line, for, *lay for hearts,* I would read, *play* for *hearts.* JOHNSON.

I do not conceive that to *lay for hearts* is a metaphor taken from card-play, or that *lay* ſhould be changed into *play.* We ſhould now ſay, *to lay out for hearts,* i. e. the affections of the people; but *lay* is uſed ſingly, as it is here, by Jonſon, in *The Devil is an Aſs,* [Mr. Whalley's edition] Vol. IV. p. 33:

" *Lay* for ſome pretty principality." TYRWHITT.

A kindred expreſſion occurs in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion,* 1657:

" He *takes up* Spaniſh *hearts* on truſt, to pay them
" When he ſhall finger Caſtile's crown." MALONE.

'*Tis honour, with moſt* lands *to be at odds;*] I think, with Dr. Johnſon, that *lands* cannot be right. To aſſert that it is honourable to fight with the *greateſt* part of the *world,* is very wild. I believe therefore our author meant that Alcibiades in his ſpleen againſt the *Senate,* from whom alone he has received any injury, ſhould ſay:

'*Tis honour with moſt* lords *to be at odds.* MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading. It is ſurely more honourable *to wrangle for a ſcore of kingdoms,* (as Miranda expreſſes it,) than to enter into quarrels with *lords,* or any other private adverſaries. STEEVENS.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring,[4] when we encountered: I hope, it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the trial of his ſeveral friends.

The objection to the old reading ſtill in my apprehenſion remains. It is not difficult for him who is ſo inclined, to quarrel with a lord; (or with any other perſon;) but not ſo eaſy to be at odds with his *land.* Neither does the obſervation juſt made, prove that it is honourable to quarrel, or to be at odds, *with moſt* of the lands or kingdoms of the earth, which muſt, I conceive, be proved, before the old reading can be ſupported. Malone.

By *moſt* lands, perhaps our author means *greateſt* lands. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. Act IV. ſc. i:

" But always reſolute in *moſt* extremes."

i. e. in *greateſt.* Alcibiades, therefore, may be willing to regard a conteſt with a great and extenſive territory, like that of Athens, as a circumſtance honourable to himſelf. Steevens.

[3] *Enter divers* Lords,] In the modern editions theſe are called *Senators*; but it is clear from what is ſaid concerning the baniſhment of Alcibiades, that this muſt be wrong. I have therefore ſubſtituted *Lords.* The old copy has " Enter divers *friends.*" Malone.

[4] *Upon that were my thoughts* tiring,] A hawk, I think, is ſaid to *tire,* when ſhe amuſes herſelf with pecking a pheaſant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it.* Johnson.

I believe Dr. Johnſon is miſtaken. *Tiring* means here, I think, *fixed, faſtened,* as the hawk faſtens its beak eagerly on its prey. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

" Like as an empty eagle, ſharp by faſt,
" *Tires* with her beak on feathers, fleſh, and bone,—."

Tirouër, that is, *tiring* for hawks, as Cotgrave calls it, ſignified any thing by which the falconer brought the bird back, and fixed him to his hand. A capon's wing was often uſed for this purpoſe.

In *King Henry VI.* Part II. we have a kindred expreſſion:

" —— your *thoughts*
" *Beat on a* crown." Malone.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation, I believe, is right. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale,* Antigonus is ſaid to be " woman-*tir'd,*" i. e. *pecked* by a woman, as we now ſay, with a ſimilar alluſion, *hen-pecked.* Steevens.

2 *Lord.* It ſhould not be, by the perſuaſion of his new feaſting.

1 *Lord.* I ſhould think ſo: He hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs, but he would not hear my excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my proviſion was out.

1 *Lord.* I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's ſo. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thouſand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thouſand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He ſent to me, ſir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon, *and* Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your lordſhip.

2 *Lord.* The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willing, than we your lordſhip.

Tim. [*Aſide.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; ſuch ſummer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompenſe this long ſtay: feaſt your ears with the muſick awhile; if they will fare ſo harſhly on the trumpet's ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1 *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordſhip, that I returned you an empty meſſenger.

Tim. O, ſir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,——

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?
[*The Banquet brought in.*

2 *Lord.* My moſt honourable lord, I am e'en ſick of ſhame, that, when your lordſhip this other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, ſir.

2 *Lord.* If you had ſent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.[5]—Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord.* All covered diſhes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the ſeaſon can yield it.

1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is baniſhed: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades baniſhed!

3 *Lord.* 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

[5] —— *your* better *remembrance.*] i. e. your *good* memory: the *comparative* for the *poſitive* degree. See Vol. X. p. 147, n. 7. Steevens.

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feaſt toward.[6]

2 *Lord.* This is the old man ſtill.

3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does: but time will—and ſo——

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his ſtool, with that ſpur as he would to the lip of his miſtreſs: your diet ſhall be in all places alike.[7] Make not a city feaſt of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the firſt place: Sit, ſit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfulneſs. For your own gifts, make yourſelves praiſed: but reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no aſſembly of twenty be without a ſcore of villains: If there ſit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The reſt of your fees,[8] *O gods,—the ſenators of Athens, together with the common lag*[9] *of people,—what is amiſs in*

[6] *Here's a noble feaſt* toward.] i. e. in a ſtate of readineſs. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" We have a fooliſh trifling banquet *towards.*"

Steevens.

[7] ——*your diet ſhall be in all places alike.*] See a note on *The Winter's Tale,* Vol. IX. p. 236, n. 1. Steevens.

[8] *The reſt of your* fees,] We ſhould read—*foes.*

Warburton.

We muſt ſurely read *foes* inſtead of *fees.* I find no ſenſe in the preſent reading. M. Mason.

[9] ——*the common* lag—] Old copy—*leg.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

them, you gods make ſuitable for deſtruction. For theſe my preſent friends,—as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The Diſhes uncovered are full of warm Water.*

Some speak. What does his lordſhip mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feaſt never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! ſmoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection.[1] This is Timon's laſt;
Who ſtuck and ſpangled you with flatteries,
Waſhes it off, and ſprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing Water in their Faces.*
Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,[2]
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted paraſites,
Courteous deſtroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune,[3] trencher-friends, time's flies,[4]

The *fag*-end of a web of cloth is, in ſome places, called the *lag*-end. Steevens.

[1] *Is your* perfection.] Your *perfection*, is *the higheſt of your excellence.* Johnson.

[2] —— *Live loath'd, and long,*] This thought has occurred twice before:

" ——————let not that part
" Of nature my lord paid for, be of power
" To expel ſickneſs, but *prolong his hour.*"

Again:

" Gods keep you *old* enough," &c. Steevens.

[3] —— *fools of fortune,*] The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" O! I am *fortune's fool.*" Steevens.

[4] —— *time's flies,*] Flies of a ſeaſon. Johnson.

Cap and knee ſlaves, vapours, and minute-jacks![5]
Of man, and beaſt, the infinite malady[6]
Cruſt you quite o'er!—What, doſt thou go?
Soft, take thy phyſick firſt—thou too,—and thou;—
[*Throws the Diſhes at them, and drives them out.*
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feaſt,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome gueſt.
Burn, houſe; ſink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, *with other* Lords *and* Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords?[7]

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Piſh! did you ſee my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have loſt my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but

So, before:

" —— one cloud of winter ſhowers,
" Theſe *flies* are couch'd." Steevens.

[5] —— *minute-jacks!*] Sir Thomas Hanmer thinks it means *Jack-a-lantern*, which ſhines and diſappears in an inſtant. What it was I know not; but it was ſomething of quick motion, mentioned in *King Richard III.* Johnson.

A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-houſe*; an image whoſe office was the ſame as one of thoſe at St. Dunſtan's church in Fleet Street. See note on *King Richard III.* Vol. XIV. p. 441, n. 3. Steevens.

[6] —— *the infinite malady* —] Every kind of diſeaſe incident to man and beaſt. Johnson.

[7] *How now, my lords?*] This and the next ſpeech are ſpoken by the newly arrived Lords. Malone.

humour ſways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat :—Did you ſee my jewel ?

4 *Lord.* Did you ſee my cap ?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no ſtay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day ſtones.[8] [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves ! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens ! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children ! ſlaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled ſenate from the bench,

[8] ——*ſtones.*] As Timon has thrown nothing at his worthleſs gueſts, except warm water and empty diſhes, I am induced, with Mr. Malone, to believe that the more ancient drama deſcribed in p. 3, had been read by our author, and that he ſuppoſed he had introduced from it the " painted *ſtones*" as part of his banquet ; though in reality he had omitted them. The preſent mention therefore of ſuch miſſiles, appears to want propriety. Steevens.

And miniſter in their ſteads! to general filths [9]
Convert o'the inſtant, green [1] virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold faſt;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your truſters' throats! bound ſervants, ſteal!
Large-handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is o'the brothel![2] ſon of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping ſire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtick awe, night-reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries, and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,[3]
And yet confuſion [4] live!—Plagues, incident to men,

[9] ——*general filths*—] i. e. common ſewers. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*green*—] i. e. immature. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"When I was *green* in judgment——." STEEVENS.

[2] ——o'*the brothel!*] So the old copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *i'*the brothel. JOHNSON.

One would ſuppoſe it to mean, that the miſtreſs frequented the brothel; and ſo Sir Thomas Hanmer underſtood it. RITSON.

The meaning is, go to thy maſter's bed, for he is alone; th' miſtreſs is now *of* the brothel; is now there. In the old copy *i'th, o'th'*, and *a'th'*, are written with very little care, or rather ſeem to have been ſet down at random in different places. MALONE.

"*Of* the brothel" is the true reading. So, in *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. ii. the Steward ſays to Kent, "Art *of* the houſe?" STEEVENS.

[3] ——confounding *contraries,*] i. e. contrarieties whoſe nature it is to *waſte* or *deſtroy* each other. So, in *King Henry V:*

"——as doth a galled rock
"O'erhang and jutty his *confounded* baſe." STEEVENS.

[4] ——yet *confuſion*—] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *let* con-

Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for ſtroke! thou cold ſciatica,
Cripple our ſenators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! luſt and liberty [5]
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian boſoms; and their crop
Be general leproſy! breath infect breath;
That their ſociety, as their friendſhip, may
Be merely poiſon! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedneſs, thou déteſtable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns! [6]
Timon will to the woods; where he ſhall find
The unkindeſt beaſt more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

fuſion; but the meaning may be, *though by ſuch confuſion all things ſeem to haſten to diſſolution,* yet *let not diſſolution come, but the miſeries of* confuſion *continue.* JOHNSON.

[5] —— *liberty* —] *Liberty* is here uſed for *libertiniſm.* So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" And many ſuch like *liberties* of ſin;"

apparently meaning—*libertines.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— multiplying *banns!*] i. e. accumulated curſes. *Multiplying* for *multiplied:* the *active* participle with a *paſſive* ſignification. See Vol. IV. p. 237, n. 3. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Athens. *A Room in* Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter FLAVIUS,[7] *with Two or Three* Servants.

1 *SERV.* Hear you, maſter ſteward, where's our maſter?
Are we undone? caſt off? nothing remaining?

FLAV. Alack, my fellows, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let me be recorded[8] by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *SERV.* Such a houſe broke!
So noble a maſter fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *SERV.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes[9]

[7] *Enter* Flavius,] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his ſervants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domeſticks; nothing but impartial kindneſs can gain affection from dependants. JOHNSON.

[8] *Let* me *be recorded*—] In compliance with ancient elliptical phraſeology, the word *me*, which diſorders the meaſure, might be omitted. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
Let it *be recorded* &c. STEEVENS.

[9] —— to *his buried fortunes*—] So the old copies. Sir T. Hanmer reads *from*; but the old reading might ſtand. JOHNSON.

I ſhould ſuppoſe that the words *from,* in the ſecond line, and

Slink all away; leave their falſe vows with him,
Like empty purſes pick'd: and his poor ſelf,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his diſeaſe of all-ſhunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd houſe.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That ſee I by our faces; we are fellows ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, ſtand on the dying deck,
Hearing the ſurges threat: we muſt all part
Into this ſea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.
Wherever we ſhall meet, for Timon's ſake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's ſhake our heads, and ſay,
As 'twere a knell unto our maſter's fortunes,
We have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome;
[*Giving them Money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.[1]
[*Exeunt* Servants.

to in the third line, have been miſplaced, and that the original reading was:

As we do turn our backs
To *our companion thrown into his grave,*
So his familiars from *his buried fortunes*
Slink all away;——.

When we leave a perſon, we turn our backs *to* him, not *from* him. M. Mason.

So his familiars to *his buried fortunes* &c.] So thoſe who were familiar to his buried fortunes, who in the moſt ample manner participated of them, ſlink all away, &c. Malone.

O, the fierce wretchedneſs [2] that glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to miſery and contempt?
Who'd be ſo mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendſhip?
To have his pomp, and all what ſtate compounds,
But only painted, like his varniſh'd friends?
Poor honeſt lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodneſs! Strange, unuſual blood,[3]
When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good!

[1] ——rich *in ſorrow, parting* poor.] This conceit occurs again in *King Lear:*

" Faireſt Cordelia, thou art moſt *rich,* being *poor.*"

STEEVENS.

[2] *O, the* fierce *wretchedneſs* —] I believe *fierce* is here uſed for *haſty, precipitate.* Perhaps it is employed in the ſame ſenſe by Ben Jonſon in his *Poetaſter:*

" And Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity,
" One fit him with a larger pair of ears."

In *King Henry VIII.* our author has *fierce vanities.* In all inſtances it may mean *glaring, conſpicuous, violent.* So, in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair,* the Puritan ſays:

" Thy hobby-horſe is an idol, a *fierce* and rank idol."

Again, in *King John:*

" O vanity of ſickneſs! *fierce* extremes
" In their continuance will not feel themſelves."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" With all the *fierce* endeavour of your wit."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*Strange, unuſual* blood,] Of this paſſage, I ſuppoſe, every reader would wiſh for a correction: but the word, harſh as it is, ſtands fortified by the rhyme, to which, perhaps, it owes its introduction. I know not what to propoſe. Perhaps—

——*Strange, unuſual* mood,

may, by ſome, be thought better, and by others worſe.

JOHNSON.

In *The Yorkſhire Tragedy,* 1608, attributed to Shakſpeare, *blood* ſeems to be uſed for *inclination, propenſity:*

" For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Strange, unuſual blood, may therefore mean, ſtrange unuſual diſpoſition.

Who then dares to be half ſo kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does ſtill mar men.
My deareſt lord,—bleſs'd, to be moſt accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful ſeat
Of monſtrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ſerve his mind with my beſt will;
Whilſt I have gold, I'll be his ſteward ſtill. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O bleſſed breeding ſun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy ſiſter's orb [4]
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with ſeveral fortunes;
The greater ſcorns the leſſer: Not nature,

Again, in the 5th Book of Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*,

"And thus of thilke unkinde *blood*
"Stant the memorie unto this daie."

Gower is ſpeaking of the ingratitude of one Adrian, a lord of Rome. STEEVENS.

Throughout theſe plays *blood* is frequently uſed in the ſenſe of natural propenſity or diſpoſition. See Vol. VI. p. 73, n. 5; and p. 270, n. 7. MALONE.

[4] ——*below thy ſiſter's orb*—] That is, the moon's, this *ſublunary* world. JOHNSON.

To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.[5]
Raiſe me this beggar, and denude that lord;[6]

[5] ——— *Not nature,*
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.] The meaning I take to be this: *Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will ſcorn brother*; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, *beſieged as it is by miſery*, admoniſhed as it is of want and imperfection, when *elevated by fortune, will deſpiſe* beings of *nature like its own.* JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, that this paſſage "but by the addition of a ſingle letter may be rendered clearly intelligible; by merely reading *natures* inſtead of *nature*." The meaning will then be—"Not even beings reduced to the utmoſt extremity of wretchedneſs, can bear good fortune, without contemning their fellow-creatures."—The word *natures* is afterwards uſed in a ſimilar ſenſe by Apemantus:

"——— Call the creatures
"Whoſe naked *natures* live in all the ſpite
"Of wreakful heaven," &c.

Perhaps, in the preſent inſtance, we ought to complete the meaſure by reading:

—— *not* thoſe *natures*,——. STEEVENS.

But by is here uſed for *without.* MALONE.

[6] *Raiſe me this beggar, and* denude *that lord*;] [Old copy—*deny't* that lord.] Where is the ſenſe and Engliſh of *deny't that lord?* Deny him what? What preceding noun is there to which the pronoun *it* is to be referred? And it would be abſurd to think the poet meant, deny to *raiſe* that lord. The antitheſis muſt be, let fortune *raiſe* this beggar, and let her *ſtrip* and *deſpoil* that lord of all his pomp and ornaments, &c. which ſenſe is completed by this ſlight alteration:

——— *and* denude *that lord*;——.

So, Lord Rea, in his relation of M. Hamilton's plot, written in 1650: "All theſe Hamiltons had *denuded* themſelves of their fortunes and eſtates." And Charles the Firſt, in his meſſage to the parliament, ſays: "*Denude* ourſelves of all."—Clar. Vol. III. p. 15, octavo edit. WARBURTON.

So, as Theobald has obſerved, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treaſures."
MALONE.

The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the paſture lards the brother's ſides,[7]

Perhaps the former reading, however irregular, is the true one. Raiſe me that beggar, and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that lord. A lord is not ſo high a title in the ſtate, but that a man originally poor might be raiſed to one above it. We might read *deveſt* that lord. *Deveſt* is an Engliſh law phraſe, which Shakſpeare uſes in *King Lear:*

"Since now we will *deveſt* us both of rule," &c.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce is not, however, uncommon. I find it in *The Tragedie of Crœſus*, 1604:

"As one of all happineſs *denuded*." STEEVENS.

[7] *It is the* paſture *lards the* brother's *ſides,*] This, as the editors have ordered it, is an idle repetition at the beſt; ſuppoſing it did, indeed, contain the ſame ſentiment as the foregoing lines. But Shakſpeare meant quite a different thing: and having, like a ſenſible writer, made a ſmart obſervation, he illuſtrates it by a ſimilitude thus:

It is the paſture lards the wether's *ſides,*
The want that makes him lean.

And the ſimilitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this ſatirical reflection; there is no more difference between man and man in the eſteem of ſuperficial and corrupt judgments, than between a fat ſheep and a lean one. WARBURTON.

This paſſage is very obſcure, nor do I diſcover any clear ſenſe, even though we ſhould admit the emendation. Let us inſpect the text as it ſtands in the original edition:

It is the paſtour *lards the* brother's *ſides,*
The want that makes him leave:

Dr. Warburton found the paſſage already changed thus:

It is the paſture *lards the* beggar's *ſides,*
The want that makes him lean.

And upon this reading of no authority, raiſed another equally uncertain.

Alterations are never to be made without neceſſity. Let us ſee what ſenſe the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, ſays the poet, *bears contempt hereditary*, and *wealth native honour*. To illuſtrate this poſition, having already mentioned the caſe of a poor and rich brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by thoſe whom it leaſt becomes; *it is the* paſtour *that greaſes or* flatters *the rich* brother, and will greaſe him on till *want make him leave*. The poet then goes on to aſk, *Who*

The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,

dares to ſay this man, this paſtour *is a flatterer*; the crime is univerſal; through all the world *the learned pate,* with alluſion to the paſtour, *ducks to the golden fool.* If it be objected, as it may juſtly be, that the mention of a paſtour is unſuitable, we muſt remember the mention of *grace* and *cherubims* in this play, and many ſuch anachroniſms in many others. I would therefore read thus:

It is the paſtour *lards the* brother's *ſides,*
'Tis *want that makes him* leave.

The obſcurity is ſtill great. Perhaps a line is loſt. I have at leaſt given the original reading. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote *paſterer,* for I meet with ſuch a word in Greene's *Farewell to Follie,* 1617: "Alexander, before he fell into the Perſian delicacies, refuſed thoſe cooks and *paſterers* that Ada queen of Caria ſent to him." There is likewiſe a proverb among Ray's *Collection,* which ſeems to afford much the ſame meaning as this paſſage in Shakſpeare:—"Every one baſteth the fat hog, while the lean one burneth." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida,* Act II:

"That were to *enlard* his *fat-already* pride."

STEEVENS.

In this very difficult paſſage, which ſtill remains obſcure, ſome liberty may be indulged. Dr. Farmer propoſes to read it thus:

It is the paſterer *lards the* broader *ſides,*
The gaunt *that makes him* leave.

And in ſupport of this conjecture, he obſerves, that the Saxon *d* is frequently converted into *th,* as in murther, *murder,* burthen, *burden,* &c. REED.

That the paſſage is corrupt as it ſtands in the old copy, no one, I ſuppoſe, can doubt; emendation therefore in this and a few other places, is not a matter of choice but neceſſity. I have already more than once obſerved, that many corruptions have crept into the old copy, by the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him. In *Coriolanus* we have *higher* for *hire,* and *hope* for *holp*; in the preſent play *reverends* for *reverends't*; and in almoſt every play ſimilar corruptions. In *King Richard II.* quarto, 1598, we find the very error that happened here:

"———————— and bedew
"Her *paſtors'* graſs with faithful Engliſh blood."

Again, in *As you like it,* folio, 1623, we find, "I have heard him read many *lectors* againſt it;" inſtead of *lectures.*

In purity of manhood ſtand upright,

Paſture, when the *u* is ſounded thin, and *paſtor,* are ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable.

Thus, as I conceive, the true reading of the firſt diſputed word of this conteſted paſſage is aſcertained. In *As you like it* we have—"good paſture makes fat ſheep." Again, in the ſame play:

"Anon, a careleſs herd,
"Full of *the paſture,* jumps along by him," &c.

The meaning then of the paſſage is,—It is the land alone which each man poſſeſſes that makes him rich, and proud, and flattered; and the want of it, that makes him poor, and an object of contempt. I ſuppoſe, with Dr. Johnſon, that Shakſpeare was ſtill thinking of the rich and poor *brother* already deſcribed.

I doubt much whether Dr. Johnſon himſelf was ſatisfied with his far-fetched explication of *paſtour,* as applied to brother; [See his note.] and I think no one elſe can be ſatisfied with it. In order to give it ſome little ſupport, he ſuppoſes "*This* man's a flatterer," in the following paſſage, to relate to the imaginary *paſtor* in this; whereas thoſe words indubitably relate to *any* one individual ſelected out of the aggregate maſs of mankind.

Dr. Warburton reads—*wether's* ſides; which affords a commodious ſenſe, but is ſo far removed from the original reading as to be inadmiſſible. Shakſpeare, I have no doubt, thought at firſt of thoſe animals that are fatted by *paſture,* and paſſed from thence to the *proprietor* of the *ſoil.*

I have ſometimes thought that he might have written—the *breather's* ſides. He has thrice uſed the word elſewhere. "I will chide no *breather* in the world but myſelf," ſays Orlando in *As you like it.* Again, in one of his Sonnets:

"When all the *breathers* of this world are dead."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"She ſhows a body, rather than a life;
"A ſtatue than a *breather.*"

If this was the author's word in the paſſage before us, it muſt mean *every living animal.* But I have little faith in ſuch conjectures.

Concerning the third word there can be no difficulty. *Leane* was the old ſpelling of *lean,* and the *u* in the MSS. of our author's time is not to be diſtinguiſhed from an *n.* Add to this, that in the firſt folio *u* is conſtantly employed where we now uſe a *v*; and hence, by inverſion, the two letters were often confounded (as they are at this day in almoſt every *proof*-ſheet of every book that paſſes through the preſs). Of this I have

And ſay, *This man's a flatterer?*[8] if one be,

given various inſtances in a note in Vol. V. p. 191, n. 3. See alſo Vol. IX. p. 412, n. 9.

But it is not neceſſary to have recourſe to theſe inſtances. This very word *leave* is again printed inſtead of *leane*, in *King Henry IV.* Part II. quarto, 1600:

" The lives of all your loving complices
" *Leave* on your health."

On the other hand, in *King Henry VIII.* 1623, we have *leane* inſtead of *leave:* " You'll *leane* your noiſe anon, you raſcals." But any argument on this point is ſuperfluous, ſince the context clearly ſhows that *lean* muſt have been the word intended by Shakſpeare.

Such emendations as thoſe now adopted, *thus founded* and ſupported, are not capricious conjectures, againſt which no one has ſet his face more than myſelf, but almoſt certainties.

This note has run out into an inordinate length, for which I ſhall make no other apology than that finding it *neceſſary* to depart from the reading of the old copy, to obtain any ſenſe, I thought it incumbent on me to ſupport the readings I have choſen, in the beſt manner in my power. MALONE.

As a *brother* (meaning, I ſuppoſe, a churchman) does not, literally ſpeaking, fatten himſelf by feeding on *land*, it is probable that *paſture* ſignifies *eating* in general, without reference to *terra firma*. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" Food for his rage, re*paſture* for his den."

Paſture, in the ſenſe of nouriſhment collected from fields, will undoubtedly fatten the ſides of a ſheep or an ox, but who ever deſcribes the owner of the fields as having derived from them his *embonpoint?*

The emendation—*lean* is found in the ſecond folio, which ſhould not have been denied the praiſe to which it is entitled.

Breather's ſides can never be right, for who is likely to grow fat through the mere privilege of *breathing?* or who indeed can receive ſuſtenance without it?

The reading in the text may be the true one; but the condition in which this play was tranſmitted to us, is ſuch as will warrant repeated doubts in almoſt every ſcene of it. STEEVENS.

[8] *And ſay,* This *man's a flatterer?*] *This man* does not refer to any particular perſon before mentioned, as Dr. Johnſon thought, but to ſome ſuppoſed individual. Who, ſays Timon, can with propriety lay his hand on *this* or *that* individual, and

So are they all; for every grize of fortune[9]
Is ſmooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our curſed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feaſts, ſocieties, and throngs of men!
His ſemblable, yea, himſelf, Timon diſdains:
Deſtruction fang mankind![1]—Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*
Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſauce his palate
With thy moſt operant poiſon! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votariſt.[2] Roots, you clear heavens![3]
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

pronounce him a peculiar flatterer? All mankind are equally flatterers. So, in *As you like it:*

"Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
"When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?"

MALONE.

[9] ——*for every* grize *of fortune*—] *Grize* for ſtep or degree. POPE.

See Vol. V. p. 345, n. 8. MALONE.

[1] —— fang *mankind!*] i. e. ſeize, gripe. This verb is uſed by Decker in his *Match me at London*, 1631:

"—— bite any catchpole that *fangs* for you."

STEEVENS.

[2] —— *no idle votariſt.*] No inſincere or inconſtant ſupplicant. *Gold* will not ſerve me inſtead of *roots*. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *you* clear heavens!] This may mean either ye *cloudleſs ſkies*, or *ye deities exempt from guilt*. Shakſpeare mentions the *cleareſt gods* in *King Lear*; and in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540, a ſtranger is thus addreſſed: "Good ſtranger or alyen, *clere* geſt," &c. Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"Then Collatine again by Lucrece' ſide,
"In his *clear* bed might have repoſed ſtill."

i. e. his *uncontaminated* bed. STEEVENS.

See p. 95. MALONE.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides;[4]
Pluck ſtout men's pillows from below their heads:[5]
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions; bleſs the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leproſy[6] ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With ſenators on the bench: this is it,[7]
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;[8]

[4] ——— *Why this*
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides;] Ariſtophanes, in his *Plutus*, Act V. ſc. ii. makes the prieſt of Jupiter deſert his ſervice to live with Plutus. WARBURTON.

[5] *Pluck* ſtout *men's pillows from below their heads;*] i. e. men who have ſtrength yet remaining to ſtruggle with their diſtemper. This alludes to an old cuſtom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their laſt agonies, to make their departure the eaſier. But the Oxford editor, ſuppoſing *ſtout* to ſignify *healthy*, alters it to *ſick*, and this he calls emending. WARBURTON.

[6] ——— *the hoar leproſy* —] So, in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, Book XXVIII. ch. xii: "—the *foul white leprie* called *elephantiaſis*." STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *this is it,*] Some word is here wanting to the metre. We might either repeat the pronoun—*this*; or avail ourſelves of our author's common introductory adverb, emphatically uſed—
——— why, *this it is*. STEEVENS.

[8] *That makes the* wappen'd *widow wed again;*] *Waped* or *wappen'd* ſignifies both ſorrowful and terrified, either for the loſs of a good huſband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he ſays, can overcome both her affection and her fears.
WARBURTON.

Of *wappened* I have found no example, nor know any meaning. To *awhape* is uſed by Spenſer in his *Hubberd's Tale*, but I think not in either of the ſenſes mentioned. I would read *wained*, for *decayed by time*. So, our author, in *King Richard III*:
" A beauty-*waining*, and diſtreſſed widow."
JOHNSON.

She, whom the ſpital-houſe, and ulcerous ſores

In the comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, by Middleton and Decker, 1611, I meet with a word very like this, which the reader will eaſily explain for himſelf, when he has ſeen the following paſſage:

"*Moll.* And there you ſhall *wap* with me.
"*Sir B.* Nay, *Moll*, what's that *wap?*
"*Moll. Wappening* and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's Maſque of *Gypſies Metamorphoſed:*

"Boarded at Tappington,
"*Bedded* at *Wapp*ington."

Again, in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610: "*Niggling* is company-keeping with a woman: this word is not uſed now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping*-morts for whores." Again, in one of the *Paſton Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 417: "Deal courteouſly with the Queen, &c. and with Mrs. Anne Hawte for *wappys*" &c.

Mr. Amner obſerves, that "the editor of theſe ſame Letters, to wit, Sir John Fenn, (as perhaps becometh a grave man and a magiſtrate,) profeſſeth not to underſtand this paſſage."

It muſt not, however, be concealed, that Chaucer, in *The Complaint of Annelida*, line 217, uſes the word in the ſenſe in which Dr. Warburton explains it:

"My ſewertye in *waped* countenance."

Wappened, according to the quotations I have already given, would mean—*The widow whoſe curioſity and paſſions had been already gratified.* So, in *Hamlet:*

"The inſtances that ſecond marriage move,
"Are baſe reſpects of *thrift*, but none of *love.*"

And if the word *defunct*, in *Othello*, be explained according to its primitive meaning, the ſame ſentiment may be diſcovered there. There may, however, be ſome corruption in the text. After all, I had rather read—*weeping* widow. So, in the ancient bl. l. ballad entitled, *The little Barley Corne:*

"'Twill make a *weeping widow* laugh,
"And ſoon incline to pleaſure." STEEVENS.

The inſtances produced by Mr. Steevens fully ſupport the text in my apprehenſion, nor do I ſuſpect any corruption. *Unwapper'd* is uſed by Fletcher in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, for *freſh*, the oppoſite of *ſtale*; and perhaps we ſhould read there *unwappen'd.*

Mr. Steevens's interpretation however, is, I think, not quite exact, becauſe it appears to me likely to mislead the reader with reſpect to the general import of the paſſage. Shakſpeare means

Would caſt the gorge at,[9] this embalms and ſpices

not to account for the wappen'd widow's *ſeeking a* huſband, (though " her *curioſity* has been *gratified*,") but for her *finding* one. It is her gold, ſays he, that induces ſome one (more attentive to *thrift* than *love*) to *accept* in marriage the hand of the *experienced* and *o'er-worn* widow.—*Wed* is here uſed for *wedded*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act I. ſc. i:

" In Syracuſa was I born, and *wed*
" Unto a woman, happy but for me."

If *wed* is uſed as a verb, the words mean, *that effects or produces her ſecond marriage*. MALONE.

I believe, *unwapper'd* means undebilitated by venery, i. e. not *halting under crimes many and ſtale*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Tyrwhitt explains *wap'd*, in the line cited from Chaucer, by *ſtupified*; a ſenſe which accords with the other inſtances adduced by Mr. Steevens, as well as with Shakſpeare. The *wappen'd* widow, is one who is no longer alive to thoſe pleaſures, the deſire of which was her firſt inducement to marry. HENLEY.

I ſuſpect that there is another error in this paſſage, which has eſcaped the notice of the editors, and that we ſhould read—" *woo'd* again," inſtead of " *wed* again." That a woman ſhould *wed* again, however wapper'd, [or wappen'd] is nothing extraordinary. The extraordinary circumſtance is, that ſhe ſhould be *woo'd* again, and become an object of deſire. M. MASON.

[9] *She, whom the ſpital-houſe, and ulcerous ſores*
Would caſt the gorge at,] Surely we ought to read:
She, whoſe ulcerous ſores the ſpital houſe
Would caſt the gorge at,——.
Or, ſhould the firſt line be thought deficient in harmony—
She, at whoſe *ulcerous ſores the ſpital-houſe*
Would caſt the gorge up,——.
So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen:*
" And all the way, moſt like a brutiſh beaſt,
" He ſpewed *up* his gorge."
The old reading is nonſenſe.

I muſt add, that Dr. Farmer joins with me in ſuſpecting this paſſage to be corrupt, and is ſatisfied with the emendation I have propoſed. STEEVENS.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we have *honour and death*, for *honourable death*. " The ſpital-houſe and ulcerous ſores," therefore may be uſed for *the contaminated ſpital-houſe*; the ſpital-houſe replete with ulcerous ſores. If it be aſked, how can the ſpital-houſe, or how can ulcerous ſores, *caſt the gorge* at the ſe-

To the April day again.[1] Come, damned earth,

male here deſcribed, let the following paſſages anſwer the queſtion:

" Heaven ſtops the *noſe* at it, and the moon *winks*."
Othello.

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" Whoſe *ſpirit*, with divine ambition puff'd,
" *Makes mouths* at the invincible event."

Again, *ibidem:*

" ——— till our *ground*
" Singing his *pate* againſt the burning zone," &c.

Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" Over thy *wounds* now do I prophecy,—
" Which, like dumb mouths, do *ope their* ruby *lips*,—."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" ——— when the bag-pipe ſings i'the *noſe*,—."

Again, in the play before us:

" —— when our vaults have *wept*
" With drunken ſpilth of wine——."

In the preceding page, all *ſores* are ſaid to lay *ſiege* to nature; which they can no more do, if the paſſage is to be underſtood literally, than they can *caſt the gorge* at the ſight of the perſon here deſcribed.—In a word, the diction of the text is ſo very Shakſpearian, that I cannot but wonder it ſhould be ſuſpected of corruption.

The meaning is,—Her whom the ſpital-houſe, however polluted, would not admit, but reject with abhorrence, this embalms, &c. or, (in a looſer paraphraſe) Her, at the ſight of whom all the patients in the ſpital-houſe, however contaminated, would ſicken and turn away with loathing and abhorrence, diſguſted by the view of ſtill greater pollution, than any they had yet experience of, this embalms and ſpices, &c.

To " caſt the gorge *at*," was Shakſpeare's phraſeology. So, in *Hamlet*, Act V. ſc. i: " How abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my *gorge* riſes *at* it."

To the various examples which I have produced in ſupport of the reading of the old copy, may be added theſe:

" Our *fortune* on the ſea is *out of breath*,
" And ſinks moſt lamentably."
Antony and Cleopatra.

Again, *ibidem:*

" Mine *eyes* did *ſicken* at the ſight."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" Even to the *teeth* and *forehead* of our *faults*."

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'ſt odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.[2]—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a drum?—Thou'rt quick,[3]
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, ſtrong thief,[4]

Again, *ibidem:*

" —— we will fetters put upon this fear,
" Which now goes too *free-footed.*"

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" His *evaſions* have *ears* thus long." MALONE.

[1] *To the* April *day again.*] That is, *to the wedding day,* called by the poet, ſatirically, *April day,* or *fool's day.* JOHNSON.

The *April day* does not relate to *the widow,* but to the other *diſeaſed female,* who is repreſented as the *outcaſt of an hoſpital.* She it is whom gold *embalms and ſpices* to the *April day again:* i. e. gold reſtores her to all the *freſhneſs and ſweetneſs* of youth. Such is the power of gold, that it will—

" —— make black, white; foul, fair;
" Wrong, right;" &c.

A quotation or two may perhaps ſupport this interpretation. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia,* p. 262, edit. 1633: " Do you ſee how the ſpring time is full of flowers, decking itſelf with them, and not aſpiring to the fruits of autumn? What leſſon is that unto you, but that in the *April of your age* you ſhould be like *April.*"

Again, in Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus,* 1607: " He is a young man, and in the *April of his age.*" Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman,* chap. iii. calls *youth* " the *April* of man's life." Shakſpeare's Sonnet entitled *Love's Cruelty,* has the ſame thought:

" Thou art thy mother's glaſs, and ſhe in thee
" Calls back the lovely *April* of her prime."

Daniel's 31ſt Sonnet has, " —the *April* of my years." Maſter Fenton " ſmells *April* and May." TOLLET.

[2] *Do thy right nature.*] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *Thou'rt quick,*] Thou haſt life and motion in thee. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*ſtrong thief,*] Thus, Chaucer, in the *Pardonere's Tale:*

" Men wolden ſay that we were *theeves ſtrong.*"
STEEVENS.

When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand:—
Nay, ſtay thou out for earneſt.

[*Keeping ſome Gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with Drum and Fife, in warlike manner*; PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beaſt, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For ſhowing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thyſelf a man?

Tim. I am *miſanthropos*,[5] and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and ſtrange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not deſire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:[6]
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;

[5] *I am* miſanthropos,] A marginal note in the old tranſlation of Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, furniſhed our author with this epithet: "Antonius followeth the life and example of Timon *Miſanthropus*, the Athenian." MALONE.

[6] ——*gules, gules*:] Might we not repair the defective metre of this line, by adopting a Shakſpearian epithet, and reading—
——*gules*, total *gules*;
as in the following paſſage in *Hamlet*:
"Now is he *total* gules." STEEVENS.

Then what ſhould war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more deſtruction than thy ſword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiſs thee;[7] then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no ſuns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendſhip may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promiſe me friendſhip, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promiſe,[8] the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou doſt perform, confound thee,
For thou'rt a man!

[7] *I will not kiſs thee*;] This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection tranſmitted to another, left the infecter free. I will not, ſays Timon, take the rot from thy lips, by kiſſing thee. Johnson.

Thus, *The Humourous Lieutenant* ſays:

"He has ſome wench, or ſuch a toy, to kiſs over,
"Before he go: 'would I had ſuch another,
"*To draw this fooliſh pain down.*"

See alſo the fourth Satire of Donne. Steevens.

[8] ——— *If*
Thou wilt not promiſe, &c.] That is, however thou may'ſt act, ſince thou art a man, hated man, I wiſh thee evil. Johnson.

Alcib. I have heard in ſome ſort of thy miſeries.

Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them, when I had proſperity.

Alcib. I ſee them now; then was a bleſſed time.[9]

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd ſo regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore ſtill! they love thee not, that uſe thee;
Give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their luſt.
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours: ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs, and baths;[1] bring down roſe-cheeked youth[2]
To the tub-faſt, and the diet.[3]

[9] —— then *was a bleſſed time.*] I ſuſpect, from Timon's anſwer, that Shakſpeare wrote—*thine* was a bleſſed time. Malone.

I apprehend no corruption. *Now,* and *then,* were deſignedly oppoſed to each other. Steevens.

[1] *Be a whore ſtill! they love thee not, that uſe thee;*
Give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their luſt.
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours: &c.] There is here a ſlight tranſpoſition. I would read:

——— *they love thee not that uſe thee.*
Leaving with thee their luſt; give them diſeaſes,
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours, ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs, and baths;——. Johnson.

[2] —— *bring down* roſe-cheeked *youth* —] This expreſſive epithet our author might have found in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander:*

" *Roſe-cheek'd* Adonis kept a ſolemn feaſt." Malone.

[3] *To the* tub-faſt, *and the diet.*] [Old copy—*fub-faſt.*] One might make a very long and vain ſearch, yet not be able to meet

Timan. Hang thee, monſter!

Alcib. Pardon him, ſweet Timandra; for his wits

with this prepoſterous word *fub-faſt*, which has notwithſtanding paſſed current with all the editors. We ſhould read—*tub-faſt*. The author is alluding to the lues venerea and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both caſes the patient was kept up very warm and cloſe; that in the firſt application the ſweat might be promoted; and left, in the other, he ſhould take cold, which was fatal. "The regimen for the courſe of guaiacum (ſays Dr. Friend, in his *Hiſtory of Phyſick*, Vol. II. p. 380,) was at firſt ſtrangely circumſtantial; and ſo rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him ſweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expreſſes it, the bones, and the very man himſelf was macerated." Wiſeman ſays, in England they uſed a *tub* for this purpoſe, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the unction, it was ſometimes continued for thirty-ſeven days, (as he obſerves, p. 375,) and during this time there was neceſſarily an extraordinary *abſtinence* required. Hence the term of the *tub-faſt*. Warburton.

So, in Jaſper Maine's *City Match*, 1639:

"You had better match a ruin'd bawd,

"One ten times cur'd by ſweating, and the *tub*."

Again, in *The Family of Love*, 1608, a doctor ſays: "—O for one of the hoops of my Cornelius' *tub*, I ſhall burſt myſelf with laughing elſe." Again, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606: "Our embaſſage is into *France*, there may be employment for thee: Haſt thou a *tub*?"

The diet was likewiſe a cuſtomary term for the regimen preſcribed in theſe caſes. So, in *Springes to catch Woodcocks*, a collection of Epigrams, 1606:

"Priſcus gave out, &c.——

"Priſcus had tane *the diet* all the while."

Again, in another collection of ancient Epigrams called *The Maſtive*, &c.

"She took not *diet* nor the ſweat in ſeaſon."

Thus, alſo in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*:

"—— whom I *in diet* keep

"Send lower down into the cave,

"And in a *tub* that's heated ſmoaking hot," &c.

Again, in the ſame play:

Are drown'd and loſt in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How curſed Athens, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates,
But for thy ſword and fortune, trod upon them,[4]—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble?
I had rather be alone.

" ——caught us, and put us in a *tub*,
" Where we this two months ſweat, &c.
" This bread and water hath our *diet* been," &c.

STEEVENS.

The preceding lines, and a paſſage in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, fully ſupport the emendation:

" Truly, ſir, ſhe [the bawd] hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is herſelf in the *tub*." MALONE.

In the Latin comedy of *Cornelianum Dolium*, which was probably written by T. Randolph, there is a frontiſpiece repreſenting the ſweating-tub, which from the name of the unfortunate patient, was afterwards called *Cornelius's tub*, as appears from the Dictionaries of Cotgrave and Howel. Some account of the ſweating-tub with a cut of it may be ſeen in Ambroſe Paræus's Works, by Johnſon, p. 48. Another very particular repreſentation of it may be likewiſe found in the *Recueil de Proverbes par Jacques Lagniet*, with the following lines:

" Pour un petit plaiſir je ſoufre mille maux;
" Je ſais contre un hyver deux eſte ci me ſemble:
" Partout le corps je ſue, et ma machoir tremble;
" Je ne croy jamais voir la fin de mes travaux."

For another print of this tub, ſee Holmes's *Academy of Armory*. DOUCE.

[4] —— *trod upon them*,] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—had *trod upon them*. Shakſpeare was not thus minutely accurate. MALONE.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's ſome gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,——

Tim. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cauſe.

Tim. The gods confound them all i'thy conqueſt; and
Thee after, when thou haſt conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,
By killing villains, thou waſt born to conquer
My country.
Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air:[5] Let not thy ſword ſkip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He's an uſurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Herſelf's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

[5] *Be as a planetary plague, when Jove*
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air:] This is wonderfully ſublime and picturesque. Warburton.

We meet with the ſame image in *King Richard II:*
" ——————or ſuppoſe
" Devouring *peſtilence hangs* in our *air*." Malone.

The ſame idea occurs in Chapman's verſion of the ſixth *Iliad:*
" ——and therefore *hangs*, I fear,
" *A plague above* him." Steevens.

Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword;[6] for thoſe milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,[7]

[6] —— *thy* trenchant *ſword*;] So, in Philemon Holland's tranſlation of the ninth Book of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, 1601, p. 237: "—they all to cut and hacke them with their *trenchant* teeth;—." See note on *Macbeth*, Vol. X. p. 289. STEEVENS.

[7] *That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,*] The virgin that ſhows her boſom through the lattice of her chamber. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is almoſt confirmed by the following paſſage in *Cymbeline*:

"——or let her beauty
"*Look through a* caſement *to allure falſe hearts,*
"And be falſe with them."

Shakſpeare at the ſame time might aim a ſtroke at this indecency in the wantons of his own time, which is alſo animadverted on by ſeveral contemporary dramatiſts. So, in the ancient interlude of *The Repentance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567:

"Your garment muſt be worne alway,
"That your *white pappes* may be ſeene if you may.—
"If young gentlemen may ſee your white ſkin,
"It will allure them to love, and ſoon bring them in.
"Both damſels and wives uſe many ſuch feates.
"I know them that will lay out their *faire teates.*"

All this is addreſſed to Mary Magdalen.

To the ſame purpoſe, Jovius Pontanus:

"Nam quid lacteolos ſinus, et ipſas
"Præ te fers ſine linteo papillas?
"Hoc eſt dicere, poſce, poſce, trado,
"Hoc eſt ad Venerem vocare amantes." STEEVENS.

Our author has again the ſame kind of imagery in his *Lover's Complaint*:

"—— ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
"Some *beauty* peep'd through *lattice* of ſear'd age."

I do not believe any particular ſatire was here intended. Lady Suffolk, Lady Somerſet, and many of the celebrated beauties of the time of James I. are thus repreſented in their pictures; nor were they, I imagine, thought more reprehenſible than the ladies of the preſent day, who from the ſame extravagant purſuit of what is called faſhion, run into an oppoſite extreme. MALONE.

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down[8] horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools exhauſt their mercy;[9]
Think it a baſtard,[1] whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat[2] ſhall cut,

I have not hitherto met with any ancient portrait of a modeſt Engliſh woman, in which the *papillæ exertæ* were exhibited as deſcribed on the preſent occaſion by Shakſpeare; for he alludes not only to what he has called in his celebrated Song, "the hills of ſnow," but to the "pinks that grow" upon their ſummits. See Vol. VI. p. 337, n. 7. STEEVENS.

I believe we ſhould read nearly thus:

—— nor *thoſe milk-paps,*
That through the widow's barb *bore at men's eyes,*
Are not within the leaf of pity writ.

The uſe of the doubled negative is ſo common in Shakſpeare that it is unneceſſary to ſupport it by inſtances. The *barbe*, I believe, was a kind of *veil*. Creſſida, in Chaucer, who appears as a *widow*, is deſcribed as wearing a *barbe*. *Troilus and Creſſida*, Book II. v. 110, in which place Caxton's edition (as I learn from the Gloſſary) reads—*wimple*, which certainly ſignifies a *veil*, and was probably ſubſtituted as a ſynonymous word for *barbe*, the more antiquated reading of the manuſcripts. *Unbarbed* is uſed by Shakſpeare for *uncovered*, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. ſc. v:

"Muſt I go ſhow them my *unbarbed* ſconce?"

See alſo Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. V. p. 317, new edit. where the ladies, mourning at the funeral of Queen Mary, are mentioned as having *their barbes above their chinnes*.

TYRWHITT.

[8] *Set them down*—] Old copy, in defiance of metre—
But *ſet them down*. STEEVENS.

[9] —— exhauſt *their mercy*;] For *exhauſt*, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*extort*; but *exhauſt* here ſignifies literally to *draw forth*. JOHNSON.

[1] —— *baſtard*,] An alluſion to the tale of Oedipus. JOHNSON.

[2] —— thy *throat*—] Old copy—*the* throat. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

And mince it ſans remorſe: Swear againſt objects;[3]
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor ſight of prieſts in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy ſoldiers:
Make large confuſion; and, thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thyſelf! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Haſt thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'ſt me,
Not all thy counſel.

Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, heaven's curſe upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us ſome gold, good Timon: Haſt thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd.[4] Hold up, you ſluts,
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll ſwear, terribly ſwear,
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly agues,

[3] *Swear againſt objects*;] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
—— 'gainſt *all objects*.
So, in our author's 152d Sonnet:
"Or made them *ſwear againſt the thing they ſee*."
Steevens.

Perhaps *objects* is here uſed *provincially* for *abjects*.
Farmer.

Againſt objects is, againſt objects of charity and compaſſion. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Ulyſſes ſays:
"For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, ſubſcribes
"To tender *objects*." M. Mason.

[4] *And to make* whores, *a bawd.*] That is, enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores.
Johnson.

The immortal gods that hear you,[5]—ſpare your oaths,
I'll truſt to your conditions:[6] Be whores ſtill;
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoke,
And be no turncoats:[7] Yet may your pains, ſix months,
Be quite contrary:[8] And thatch your poor thin roofs[9]

[5] *The immortal gods that hear you,*] The ſame thought is found in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. ſc. iii:

"Though you with ſwearing *ſhake the throned gods.*"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Though you would ſeek to unſphere the ſtars with oaths." STEEVENS.

[6] *I'll truſt to your conditions:*] You need not ſwear to continue whores, I will truſt to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XII. p. 521, n. 7. MALONE.

Timon, I believe, does not mean their *diſpoſitions* but their *vocations*, and accordingly conjures them *to be whores ſtill.* M. MASON.

[7] *And be no turncoats:*] By an old ſtatute, thoſe women who lived in a ſtate of proſtitution, were, among other articles concerning their dreſs, enjoined to wear their garments, with the *wrong-ſide outward*, on pain of forfeiting them. Perhaps there is in this paſſage a reference to it. HENLEY.

I do not perceive how this explanation of—*turncoat*, will accord with Timon's train of reaſoning; yet the antiquary may perhaps derive ſatisfaction from that which affords no aſſiſtance to the commentator. STEEVENS.

[8] *Yet may your* pains, *ſix months,*
Be quite contrary:] This is obſcure, partly from the ambiguity of the word *pains*, and partly from the generality of the expreſſion. The meaning is this: he had ſaid before, follow conſtantly your trade of debauchery: that is (ſays he) for ſix months in the year. Let the other ſix be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the ſevere diſcipline neceſſary for the repair of thoſe diſorders that your debaucheries occaſion, in order to fit you anew to the trade; and thus let the whole

With burdens of the dead;—ſome that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore ſtill;

year be ſpent in theſe different occupations. On this account he goes on, and ſays, *Make falſe hair*, &c. WARBURTON.

The explanation is ingenious, but I think it very remote, and would willingly bring the author and his readers to meet on eaſier terms. We may read:

——*Yet may your pains ſix months*
Be quite contraried:—.

Timon is wiſhing ill to mankind, but is afraid leſt the whores ſhould imagine that he wiſhes well to them; to obviate which he lets them know, that he imprecates upon them influence enough to plague others, and diſappointments enough to plague themſelves. He wiſhes that they may do all poſſible miſchief, and yet take *pains ſix months* of the year in vain.

In this ſenſe there is a connection of this line with the next. Finding *your pains contraried*, try new expedients, *thatch your thin roofs*, and paint.

To *contrary* is an old verb. Latimer relates, that when he went to court, he was adviſed not to *contrary* the King. JOHNSON.

If Dr. Johnſon's explanation be right, which I do not believe, the preſent words appear to me to admit it, as well as the reading he would introduce. Such unneceſſary deviations from the text ſhould ever be avoided. Dr. Warburton's is a very natural interpretation, which cannot often be ſaid of the expoſitions of that commentator. The words that follow fully ſupport it: "And thatch your poor thin roofs," &c. i. e. after you have loſt the greateſt part of your hair by diſeaſe, and the medicines that for ſix months you have been obliged to take, then procure an artificial covering, &c. MALONE.

I believe this means,—Yet for half the year at leaſt, may you ſuffer ſuch puniſhment as is inflicted on harlots in houſes of correction. STEEVENS.

Theſe words ſhould be incloſed in a parentheſis. Johnſon wiſhes to connect them with the following ſentences, but that cannot be, as they contain an imprecation, and the following lines contain an inſtruction. Timon is giving inſtructions to thoſe women; but, in the middle of his inſtructions, his miſanthropy breaks forth in an imprecation againſt them. I have no objection to the reading of *contraried*, inſtead of *contrary*, but it does not ſeem to be neceſſary. M. MASON.

Paint till a horſe may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold;—What then?—
Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man; ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
And mar men's ſpurring.[1] Crack the lawyer's voice,

[9] ——*thatch your poor thin roofs* &c.] About the year 1595, when the faſhion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a ſingle head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice ſuch as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, which I have often quoted on the article of dreſs. To this faſhion the writers of Shakſpeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608: "—to wear perriwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this againſt kind?"

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:

"And with large ſums they ſtick not to procure
"*Hair from the dead*, yea, and the moſt unclean;
"To help their pride they nothing will diſdain."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 68th Sonnet:

"Before the golden treſſes of the dead,
"The right of ſepulchres, were ſhorn away,
"To live a ſecond life on ſecond head,
"Ere *beauty's dead fleece* made another gay."

Again, in Churchyard's *Tragicall Diſcours of a dolorous Gentlewoman*, 1593:

"The *perwickes* fine muſt curle wher haire doth lack
"The ſwelling grace that fils the empty ſacke."

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, Book IX. ch. xlvii. is likewiſe very ſevere on this faſhion. Stowe informs us, that "women's *periwigs* were firſt brought into England about the time of the maſſacre of Paris." Steevens.

See alſo Vol. VII. p. 314, n. 6.

The *firſt* edition of Stubbes's *Anatomy of Abuſes* quoted above, was in 1583. Drayton's *Mooncalf* did not, I believe, appear till 1627. Malone.

[1] ——*men's* ſpurring.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*ſpar-*

That he may never more falſe title plead,
Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly :[2] hoar the flamen,[3]
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf: down with the noſe,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee,[4]
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;

ring, properly enough, if there be any ancient example of the word. JOHNSON.

Spurring is certainly right. The diſeaſe that enfeebled their *ſhins* would have this effect. STEEVENS.

[2] *Nor ſound his* quillets *ſhrilly :*] *Quillets* are ſubtilties. So, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608: " —a *quillet* well applied!" STEEVENS.

Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, renders *quillet, res frivola recula*. MALONE.

[3] —— hoar *the flamen,*] Mr. Upton would read—*hoarſe*, i. e. make hoarſe; for to be *hoary* claims reverence. " Add to this (ſays he) that *hoarſe* is here moſt proper, as oppoſed to *ſcolds*. It may, however, mean,—Give the flamen the *hoary leproſy*." So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

" —— ſhew like *leproſy*,
" The *whiter* the fouler."

And before, in this play:

" Make the *hoar leproſy* ador'd." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *that his particular to* foreſee,] The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the ſenſe is good. To *foreſee his particular*, is *to provide for his private advantage*, for which *he leaves the right ſcent of publick good*. In hunting, when hares have croſs'd one another, it is common for ſome of the hounds *to ſmell from the general weal, and foreſee their own particular*. Shakſpeare, who ſeems to have been a ſkilful ſportſman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes here to hunting. [Dr. Warburton would read—fore*fend*, i. e. (as he interprets the word) provide for, ſecure.]

To the commentator's emendation it may be objected, that he uſes *forefend* in the wrong meaning. To *forefend* is, I think, never to *provide for*, but to *provide againſt*. The verbs compounded with *for* or *fore* have commonly either an evil or negative ſenſe. JOHNSON.

And let the unſcarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive ſome pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The ſource of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all![5]

Phr. & Timan. More counſel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more miſchief firſt; I have given you earneſt.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon;
If I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.[6]

Alcib. Call'ſt thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it ſuch.[7] Get thee away,

[5] *And ditches* grave *you all!*] To *grave* is to entomb. The word is now obſolete, though ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare and his contemporary authors. So, in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the fourth Book of Virgil's *Æneid:*

"Cinders (think'ſt thou) mind this? or *graved* ghoſtes?"

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the fifteenth *Iliad:*

"——the throtes of dogs ſhall *grave*
"His manleſſe limbs."

To *ungrave* was likewiſe to turn out of a grave. Thus, in Marſton's *Sophonisba:*

"———— and me, now dead,
"Deny a grave; hurl us among the rocks
"To ſtanch beaſts hunger: therefore, thus *ungrav'd,*
"I ſeek ſlow reſt."

See Vol. XI. p. 96, n. 7. Steevens.

[6] *Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.*] Shakſpeare in this as in many other places, appears to allude to the ſacred writings: "Woe unto him of whom all men ſpeak well!" Malone.

[7] ——*find it* ſuch.] For the inſertion of the pronoun—*ſuch,*

And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* Alcibiades, Phrynia, *and* Timandra.

Tim. That nature, being ſick of man's unkindneſs,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt,[8]
Teems, and feeds all; whoſe ſelf-ſame mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeleſs venom'd worm,[9]
With all the abhorred births below criſp heaven[1]

I am anſwerable. It is too frequently uſed on ſimilar occaſions by our author, to need exemplification. Steevens.

[8] *Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt,*] This image is taken from the ancient ſtatues of Diana Epheſia Multimammia, called παναίολος φύσις πάντων μήτηρ; and is a very good comment on thoſe extraordinary figures. See Montfauçon, *l'Antiquité expliqueé*, Lib. III. ch. xv. Heſiod, alluding to the ſame repreſentations, calls the earth, ΓΑΙ' ΕΥΡΥΣΤΕΡΝΟΣ. Warburton.

Whoſe infinite breaſt means no more than *whoſe boundleſs ſurface*. Shakſpeare probably knew nothing of the ſtatue to which the commentator alludes. Steevens.

[9] —— *eyeleſs venom'd worm,*] The ſerpent, which we, from the ſmallneſs of his eyes, call the *blind-worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia*. Johnson.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Adder's ſork, and *blindworm's* ſting." Steevens.

[1] —— *below* criſp *heaven*—] We ſhould read—*cript*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault. Warburton.

Mr. Upton declares for *criſp*, curled, bent, hollow. Johnson.

Perhaps Shakſpeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. In *The Tempeſt*, Ariel talks of riding—

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth ſhine;
Yield him, who all thy human ſons doth hate,[2]
From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root!
Enſear thy fertile and conceptious womb,[3]
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man![4]
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monſters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled manſion[5] all above
Never preſented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;[6]

" On the *curl'd* clouds."
Chaucer, in his *Houſe of Fame*, ſays—
" Her here that was *oundie* and *crips*."
i. e. *wavy* and *curled*.
Again, in *The Philoſopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton:
" Her face as beauteous as the *criſped* morn."
STEEVENS.

[2] ——*who all* thy *human ſons* doth *hate*,] Old copy—*the* human ſons *do* hate. The former word was corrected by Mr. Pope; the latter by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] Enſear *thy fertile and conceptious womb*,] So, in *K. Lear*:
" *Dry up* in her the organs of encreaſe." STEEVENS.

[4] *Let it no more* bring out *ingrateful man!*] It is plain that *bring out* is *bring forth*. JOHNSON.

Neither Dr. Warburton nor Dr. Johnſon ſeem to have been aware of the import of this paſſage. It was the great boaſt of the Athenians that they were αυτοχθονες; *ſprung from the ſoil on which they lived*; and it is in alluſion to this, that the terms *common mother*, and *bring out*, are applied to the *ground*.
HENLEY.

Though Mr. Henley, as a ſcholar, could not be unacquainted with this Athenian boaſt, I fear that Shakſpeare knew no more of it than of the many-breaſted Diana of Epheſus, brought forward by Dr. Warburton in a preceding note. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*the* marbled *manſion*—] So, Milton, B. III. l. 564:
" Through the pure *marble* air——."
Virgil beſtows the ſame epithet on the ſea. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Othello*:
" Now by yon *marble* heaven,——." MALONE.

[6] *Dry up thy* marrows, *vines, and plow-torn leas*;] The

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquoriſh draughts,
And morſels unctuous, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

APEM. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt uſe them.

TIM. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Conſumption catch thee!

APEM. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune.[7] Why this ſpade? this place?
This ſlave-like habit? and theſe looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, lie ſoft;
Hug their diſeas'd perfumes,[8] and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not theſe woods,

ſenſe is this: *O nature! ceaſe* to *produce men, enfear thy womb*; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at leaſt ceaſe to pamper them; *dry up thy marrows,* on which they fatten with *unctuous morſels,* thy *vines,* which give them *liquoriſh draughts,* and thy *plow-torn leas.* Here are effects correſponding with cauſes, *liquoriſh draughts,* with *vines,* and *unctuous morſels* with *marrows,* and the old reading literally preſerved. JOHNSON.

[7] *This is in thee a nature but* affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune.] The old copy reads *infected,* and *change of* future. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

[8] *Hug their diſeas*'d perfumes,] i. e. their diſeas'd perfumed miſtreſſes. MALONE.

So, in *Othello:*

" 'Tis ſuch another fitchew; marry, a *perfum'd* one." STEEVENS.

By putting on the cunning of a carper.[9]
Be thou a flatterer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,[1]
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt obſerve,
Blow off thy cap; praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent: Thou waſt told thus;
Thou gav'ſt thine ears, like tapſters, that bid welcome,[2]
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt juſt,
That thou turn raſcal; had'ſt thou wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould have't. Do not aſſume my likeneſs.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myſelf.

Apem. Thou haſt caſt away thyſelf, being like thyſelf;

[9] —— *the* cunning of a carper.] For the philoſophy of a Cynick, of which ſect Apemantus was; and therefore he concludes:

" ——— Do not aſſume my likeneſs." WARBURTON.

Cunning here ſeems to ſignify *counterfeit appearance.* JOHNSON.

The *cunning of a carper,* is the inſidious art of a critick. Shame not theſe woods, ſays Apemantus, by coming here to find fault. *Maurice Kyffin* in the preface to his tranſlation of Terence's *Andria,* 1588, ſays: " Of the *curious carper* I look not to be favoured." Again, *Urſula* ſpeaking of the ſarcaſms of *Beatrice,* obſerves—

" Why ſure, ſuch *carping* is not commendable."

There is no apparent reaſon why Apemantus (according to Dr. Warburton's explanation) ſhould ridicule his own ſect. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *hinge thy knee,*] Thus, in *Hamlet:*

" To crook the pregnant *hinges* of the *knee.*" STEEVENS.

[2] —— *like tapſters, that* bid *welcome,*] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

" Like ſhrill-tongu'd tapſters anſwering every call,
" Soothing the humour of fantaſtick wits."

The old copy has—*bad* welcome. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

A madman ſo long, now a fool: What, think'ſt
That the bleak air, thy boiſterous chamberlain,
Will put thy ſhirt on warm? Will theſe moſs'd trees,[3]
That have outliv'd the eagle,[4] page thy heels,
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taſte,
To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit? call the creatures,—
Whoſe naked natures live in all the ſpite
Of wreakful heaven; whoſe bare unhouſed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Anſwer mere nature,[5]—bid them flatter thee;

[3] —— moſs'd *trees*,] [Old copy—*moiſt* trees,] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads very elegantly:
——— moſs'd *trees*. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare uſes the ſame epithet in *As you like it*, Act IV:
" Under an oak, whoſe boughs were *moſs*'d with age."
STEEVENS.

So alſo Drayton, in his *Mortimeriados*, no date:
" Even as a buſtling tempeſt rouſing blaſts
" Upon a foreſt of old branching oakes,
" And with his furie teyrs their *moſſy* loaks."
Moſs'd is, I believe, the true reading. MALONE.

I have inſerted this reading in the text, becauſe there is leſs propriety in the epithet—*moiſt*; it being a known truth that trees become more and more *dry*, as they encreaſe in age. Thus, our author, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, obſerves, that it is one of the properties of time—
" To *dry* the *old* oak's ſap——." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *outliv'd the eagle*,] *Aquilæ Senectus* is a proverb. I learn from Turberville's *Book of Falconry*, 1575, that the great age of this bird has been aſcertained from the circumſtance of its always building its *eyrie*, or neſt, in the ſame place.
STEEVENS.

[5] *Anſwer* mere nature,] So, in *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. iii:
" And with preſented nakedneſs outface
" The winds," &c. STEEVENS.

O! thou ſhalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.

Apem. I flatter not; but ſay, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.[6]

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's. Doſt pleaſe thyſelf in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?[7]

Apem. If thou didſt put this four-cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doſt it enforcedly; thou'dſt courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing miſery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:[8]

[6] *To vex thee.*] As the meaſure is here imperfect, we may ſuppoſe, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, our author to have written:
Only *to vex thee.* Steevens.

[7] *What! a* knave *too?*] Timon had juſt called Apemantus *fool,* in conſequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him that he comes *to vex him,* Timon determines that to *vex* is either *the office of a villain or a fool*; that *to vex by deſign* is *villainy, to vex without deſign* is *folly.* He then properly aſks Apemantus whether he takes delight in *vexing,* and when he anſwers, *yes,* Timon replies,—*What! a knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a *fool,* but now I find thee likewiſe a *knave.* Johnson.

[8] —— *is crown'd before:*] Arrives ſooner at *high wiſh*; that is, at the *completion of its wiſhes.* Johnson.

So, in a former ſcene of this play:
"And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are *crown'd,*
"That I account them bleſſings."

The one is filling ſtill, never complete;
The other, at high wiſh: Beſt ſtate, contentleſs,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe than the worſt, content.[9]
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

Tim. Not by his breath,[1] that is more miſerable.
Thou art a ſlave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſp'd;[2] but bred a dog.[3]

Again, more appoſitely, in *Cymbeline:*

" —— my ſupreme *crown* of *grief*." Malone.

[9] *Worſe than the worſt, content.*] Beſt ſtates contentleſs have a wretched being, a being worſe than that of the worſt ſtates that are content. Johnson.

[1] —— *by his breath,*] It means, I believe, by his *counſel,* by his *direction.* Johnson.

By his breath, I believe, is meant his *ſentence.* To *breathe* is as licentiouſly uſed by Shakſpeare in the following inſtance from *Hamlet:*

" Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes,
" The youth you *breathe* of, guilty," &c. Steevens.

By his *breath* means in our author's language, by his *voice* or *ſpeech,* and ſo in fact by his ſentence. Shakſpeare frequently uſes the word in this ſenſe. It has been twice uſed in this play. See p. 108, n. 4. Malone.

[2] *Thou art a ſlave, whom Fortune's tender arm*
With favour never claſp'd;] In a Collection of Sonnets, entitled, *Chloris, or the Complaint of the paſſionate deſpiſed Shepheard,* by William Smith, 1596, a ſimilar image is found:

" Doth any live that ever had ſuch hap,
" That all her actions are of none effect?
" Whom *Fortune never dandled in her lap,*
" But as an abject ſtill doth me reject." Malone.

[3] —— *but bred a* dog.] Alluding to the word *Cynick,* of which ſect Apemantus was. Warburton.

For the etymology of *Cynick,* our author was not obliged to have recourſe to the Greek language. The dictionaries of his time furniſhed him with it. See Cawdrey's *Dictionary of hard Engliſh Words,* octavo, 1604: " Cynical, *Doggiſh,* froward." Again, in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor,* 1616: " Cynical, *Doggiſh,* or curriſh. There was in Greece an old ſect of philo-

Hadſt thou, like us,[4] from our firſt ſwath,[5] proceeded

ſophers ſo called, becauſe they did ever ſharply *barke* at men's vices," &c. After all, however, I believe Shakſpeare only meant, thou wert born in a low ſtate, and uſed from thy infancy to hardſhips. MALONE.

[4] *Hadſt thou, like us,*] There is in this ſpeech a ſullen haughtineſs, and malignant dignity, ſuitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the Earl of Eſſex, juſt before his execution, to another nobleman, a paſſage ſomewhat reſembling this, with which, I believe, every reader will be pleaſed, though it is ſo ſerious and ſolemn that it can ſcarcely be inſerted without irreverence:

" God grant your lordſhip may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned converſion, but that you may never feel the torments I have ſuffered for my long delaying it. *I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I ſaid, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breaſts, they would not have been ſo humble; or if my delights had been once taſted by them, they would not have been ſo preciſe. But your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greateſt fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford.* Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have ſtaked and buoyed all the ways of pleaſure unto you, and left them as ſea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For ſhut your eyes never ſo long, they muſt be open at the laſt, and then you muſt ſay with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly.*" JOHNSON.

A ſimilar thought occurs in a MS. metrical tranſlation of an ancient French romance, preſerved in the Library of King's College, Cambridge. [See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. ſc. x.]:

" For heretofore of hardneſſe hadeſt thou never;
" But were brought forth in bliſſe, as ſwich a burde ought,
" Wyth alle maner gode metes, and to miſſe them now
" It were a botles bale," &c. p. 26, b. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*firſt* ſwath,] From infancy. *Swath* is the dreſs of a new-born child. JOHNSON.

The ſweet degrees [6] that this brief world affords
To ſuch as may the paſſive drugs of it [7]
Freely command,[8] thou would'ſt have plung'd thy-
ſelf
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of luſt;[9] and never learn'd
The icy precepts of reſpect,[1] but follow'd

So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

" No more their cradles ſhall be made their tombs,
" Nor their ſoft *ſwaths* become their winding-ſheets."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of Homer's *Hymn to Apollo*:

" ——— ſwaddled with ſincere
" And ſpotleſs *ſwath*-bands;—." STEEVENS.

[6] The *ſweet degrees*—] Thus the folio. The modern editors have, without authority, read—*Through* &c. but this neglect of the prepoſition was common to many other writers of the age of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[7] *To ſuch as may the* paſſive drugs *of it*—] Though all the modern editors agree in this reading, it appears to me corrupt. The epithet *paſſive* is ſeldom applied, except in a metaphorical ſenſe, to inanimate objects; and I cannot well conceive what Timon can mean by the *paſſive drugs of the world*, unleſs he means *every thing that the world affords*.

But in the firſt folio the words are not " paſſive *drugs*," but " paſſive *drugges*." This leads us to the true reading—*drudges*, which improves the ſenſe, and is nearer to the old reading in the trace of the letters.

Dr. Johnſon ſays in his Dictionary, that a *drug* means a *drudge*, and cites this paſſage as an inſtance of it. But he is ſurely miſtaken; and I think it is better to conſider the paſſage as erroneous, than to acknowledge, on ſuch ſlight authority, that a *drug* ſignifies a drudge. M. MASON.

[8] —— *command*,] Old copy—*command'ſt*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] —— melted *down thy youth*
In different beds of luſt;] Thus, in the *Achilleid* of Statius, II. 394:

" —— tenero nec *fluxa* cubili
" Membra,——." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *precepts of reſpect*,] Of obedience to laws. JOHNSON.

The ſugar'd game before thee. But myſelf,[2]
Who had the world as my confectionary;

Reſpect, I believe, means the *qu'en dira't on?* the regard of Athens, that ſtrongeſt reſtraint on licentiouſneſs: the *icy precepts*, i. e. that cool hot blood; what Mr. Burke, in his admirable *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, has emphatically ſtyled "one of the greateſt controuling powers on earth, the *ſenſe of fame and eſtimation*." STEEVENS.

Timon cannot mean by the word *reſpect*, obedience to the laws, as Johnſon ſuppoſes; for a poor man is more likely to be impreſſed with a reverence for the laws, than one in a ſtation of nobility and affluence. *Reſpect* may poſſibly mean, as Steevens ſuppoſes, a *regard* to the opinion of the world: but I think it has a more enlarged ſignification, and implies a conſideration of conſequences, whatever they may be. In this ſenſe it is uſed by Hamlet:

"——— There's the *reſpect*
"That makes calamity of ſo long life." M. MASON.

"The icy precepts of *reſpect*" mean the cold admonitions of *cautious prudence*, that deliberately weighs the conſequences of every action. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"——— Reaſon and *reſpect*,
"Makes livers pale, and luſtihood deject."

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Then, childiſh fear, avaunt! *debating* die!
"*Reſpect* and reaſon wait on wrinkled age!
"Sad pauſe and deep regard become the ſage."

Hence in *King Richard III.* the King ſays:

"I will converſe with iron-witted fools,
"And *unreſpective boys*; none are for me,
"That look into me with *conſiderate* eyes." MALONE.

[2] ——*But myself.*] The connection here requires ſome attention. *But* is here uſed to denote oppoſition; but what immediately precedes is not oppoſed to that which follows. The adverſative particle refers to the two firſt lines:

Thou art a ſlave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſp'd; but bred a dog.
——— *But myſelf,*
Who had the world as my confectionary; &c.

The intermediate lines are to be conſidered as a parentheſis of paſſion. JOHNSON.

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;[3]
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's bruſh
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare[4]
For every ſtorm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burden:
Thy nature did commence in ſufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: What haſt thou given?
If thou wilt curſe,—thy father, that poor rag,[5]

[3] —— *than I could frame employment*;] i. e. frame employment *for*. Shakſpeare frequently writes thus. See Vol. XV. p. 196, n. 4; and Vol. XVI. p. 145, n. 3. MALONE.

[4] —— *with one winter's bruſh*
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare &c.] So, in Maſſinger's *Maid of Honour*:

" O ſummer friendſhip,
" Whoſe flatt'ring leaves that ſhadow'd us in our
" Proſperity, with the leaſt guſt drop off
" In the autumn of adverſity." STEEVENS.

Somewhat of the ſame imagery is found in our author's 73d Sonnet:

" That time of year thou may'ſt in me behold,
" When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
" Upon thoſe boughs which ſhake againſt the cold,
" Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the ſweet birds ſang."
MALONE.

[5] —— *that poor* rag.] If we read—*poor rogue*, it will correſpond rather better to what follows. JOHNSON.

In *King Richard III.* Margaret calls Gloſter *rag* of honour; in the ſame play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned; and John Florio ſpeaks of a " tara-*rag* player." STEEVENS.

We now uſe the word *ragamuffin* in the ſame ſenſe.
M. MASON.

The term is yet uſed. The loweſt of the people are yet denominated—Tag, *rag*, &c. So, in *Julius Cæſar*: " —if the

Muſt be thy ſubject; who, in ſpite, put ſtuff
To ſome ſhe beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadſt not been born the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt been a knave, and flatterer.[6]

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now;
Were all the wealth I have, ſhut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a Root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feaſt.
[*Offering him ſomething.*

tag-rag people did not clap him and hiſs him,—I am no true man." Malone.

[6] *Thou hadſt been a* knave, *and flatterer.*] Dryden has quoted two verſes of Virgil to ſhow how well he could have written ſatires. Shakſpeare has here given a ſpecimen of the ſame power by a line bitter beyond all bitterneſs, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worſt* by *loweſt*, which ſomewhat weakens the ſenſe, and yet leaves it ſufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the ſubtilty of diſcrimination with which Shakſpeare diſtinguiſhes the preſent character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now reſemble. Johnson.

Knave is here to be underſtood of a man who endeavours to recommend himſelf by a hypocritical appearance of attention, and ſuperfluity of fawning officiouſneſs; ſuch a one as is called in *King Lear*, a *finical ſuperſerviceable rogue*.—If he had had virtue enough to attain the profitable vices, he would have been profitably vicious. Steevens.

Tim. Firſt mend my company,[7] take away thyſelf.[8]

Apem. So I ſhall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'ſt thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold; look, ſo I have.

Apem. Here is no uſe for gold.

Tim. The beſt, and trueſt; For here it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'ſt o'nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.[9] Where feed'ſt thou o'days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my ſtomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where would'ſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſauce thy diſhes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never

[7] *Firſt mend* my *company,*] The old copy reads—*mend* thy *company*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[8] —— *take away thyſelf.*] This thought ſeems to have been adopted from Plutarch's *Life of Antony*. It ſtands thus in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation: "Apemantus ſaid unto the other, O, here is a trimme banket, *Timon. Timon* aunſwered, yea, ſaid he, *ſo thou wert not here.*" STEEVENS.

[9] Apem. *Where ly'ſt o'nights, Timon?*
Tim. *Under that's above me.*] So, in *Coriolanus*:
"3 *Serv.* Where dwell'ſt thou?
"*Cor.* Under the canopy." STEEVENS.

kneweſt, but the extremity of both ends: When thou waſt in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curioſity;[1] in thy rags thou knoweſt none, but art deſpiſed for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Doſt hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.[2]

Apem. An thou hadſt hated medlers ſooner, thou ſhould'ſt have loved thyſelf better now. What man didſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without thoſe means thou talkeſt of, didſt thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myſelf.

[1] ——*for too much* curioſity;] i. e. for too much finical delicacy. The Oxford editor alters it to *courteſy*. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton has explained the word juſtly. So, in Jervas Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1606: "—for all thoſe eye-charming graces, of which with ſuch *curioſity* ſhe had boaſted." Again, in Hobby's tranſlation of Caſtiglione's *Cortegiano*, 1556: "A waiting gentlewoman ſhould flee *affection* or *curioſity*." *Curioſity* is here inſerted as a ſynonyme to *affection*, which means *affectation*. *Curioſity* likewiſe ſeems to have meant *capriciouſneſs*. Thus, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "Pharicles hath ſhewn me ſome curteſy, and I have not altogether requited him with *curioſity*: he hath made ſome ſhew of love, and I have not wholly ſeemed to miſlike." Steevens.

[2] *Ay, though it look like thee.*] Timon here ſuppoſes that an objection againſt hatred, which through the whole tenor of the converſation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have anſwered—

Yes, *for it looks like thee.*

The old edition, which always gives the pronoun inſtead of the affirmative particle, has it—

I, *though it look like thee.*

Perhaps we ſhould read:

I thought *it* look'd *like thee.* Johnson.

Tim. I underſtand thee; thou hadſt ſome means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canſt thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt; but men, men are the things themſelves. What would'ſt thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'ſt thou have thyſelf fall in the confuſion of men, and remain a beaſt with the beaſts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beaſtly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would ſuſpect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accuſed by the aſs: if thou wert the aſs, thy dulneſs would torment thee; and ſtill thou livedſt but as a breakfaſt to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee, and oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn,[3] pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own ſelf the conqueſt of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'ſt be killed by the horſe; wert thou a horſe, thou would'ſt be ſeized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert

[3] —— *the unicorn,* &c.] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as ſoon as the lion ſees the unicorn he betakes himſelf to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the ſwiftneſs of his courſe, running at him, ſticks his horn faſt in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him. Geſner *Hiſt. Animal.* Hanmer.

See a note on *Julius Cæſar,* Vol. XVI. p. 305, n. 2.

Steevens.

german to the lion,[4] and the ſpots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy ſafety were remotion;[5] and thy defence, abſence. What beaſt could'ſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a beaſt? and what a beaſt art thou already, that ſeeſt not thy loſs in transformation?

Apem. If thou could'ſt pleaſe me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a foreſt of beaſts.

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou ſhalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.[6]

[4] —— *thou wert german to the lion,*] This ſeems to be an alluſion to Turkiſh policy:

"Bears, like the *Turk,* no brother near the throne."
Pope.

See Vol. XII. p. 222, n. 3. Steevens.

[5] —— *were* remotion;] i. e. removal from place to place. So, in *King Lear:*

"'Tis the *remotion* of the duke and her." Steevens.

Remotion means, I apprehend, not a frequent removal from place to place, but merely *remoteneſs,* the being placed at a diſtance from the lion. See Vol. VI. p. 213, n. 7; and Vol. XI. p. 371, n. 1. Malone.

[6] *Thou art the cap* &c.] The *top,* the *principal.* The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit. Johnson.

Dr. Johnſon's explication is, I think, right; but I believe our author had alſo the *fool's cap* in his thoughts. Malone.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curſe.[7]

Tim. All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.[8]

Apem. There is no leproſy but what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee,—but I ſhould infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I ſwoon to ſee thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'ſt burſt!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am ſorry, I ſhall loſe
A ſtone by thee. [*Throws a Stone at him.*

Apem. Beaſt!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[Apemantus *retreats backward, as going.*

In *All's well that ends well,* "the *cap* of the time," apparently means—the *foremoſt* in the faſhion. Steevens.

[7] Apem. *A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curſe.*] Thus, the old copies, and, I think, rightly. Mr. Theobald, however, is of a contrary opinion; for, according to the preſent regulation, ſays he, Apemantus is "made to curſe Timon, and immediately to ſubjoin that he was too bad to curſe." He would therefore give the former part of the line to Timon. Steevens.

[8] *All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.*] The ſame ſentiment is repeated in *King Lear:*

"Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
"When others are more wicked." Steevens.

I am ſick of this falſe world; and will love nought
But even the mere neceſſities upon it.
Then, Timon, preſently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the ſea may beat
Thy grave-ſtone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the Gold.*
'Twixt natural ſon and ſire![9] thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's pureſt bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow
That lies on Dian's lap![1] thou viſible god,
That ſolder'ſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with every tongue,
To every purpoſe! O thou touch of hearts![2]
Think, thy ſlave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere ſo;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll ſay, thou haſt gold:

[9] *'Twixt natural ſon and ſire!*]
" Διὰ τοῦτον ἐκ ἀδελφοῦς
" Διὰ τοῦτον ὁ τοκῆες." *Anac.* Johnson.

[1] *Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow*
That lies on Dian's lap!] The imagery is here exquiſitely beautiful and ſublime. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton might have ſaid—Here is a very elegant turn given to a thought more coarſely expreſſed in *King Lear*:
" ——— yon ſimpering dame,
" Whoſe face *between her forks* preſages ſnow."
Steevens.

[2] —— *O thou* touch *of hearts!*] *Touch*, for *touchſtone*. So, in *King Richard III*:
" O, Buckingham, now do I play the *touch*,
" To try if thou be'ſt current gold——." Steevens.

Thou will be throng'd to ſhortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy miſery!

Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo die!—I am quit.—
[*Exit* Apemantus.
More things like men?[3]—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.[4]

1 *Thief.* Where ſhould he have this gold? It is ſome poor fragment, ſome ſlender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is noiſed, he hath a maſs of treaſure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the aſſay upon him; if he

[3] *More things like men?*] This line, in the old edition, is given to Apemantus, but it apparently belongs to Timon. Sir Thomas Hanmer has tranſpoſed the foregoing dialogue according to his own mind, not unſkilfully, but with unwarrantable licence. Johnson.

I believe, as the name of Apemantus was prefixed to this line, inſtead of Timon, ſo the name of Timon was prefixed to the preceding line by a ſimilar miſtake. That line ſeems more proper in the mouth of Apemantus; and the words—*I am quit,* ſeem to mark his *exit.* Malone.

The words—*I am quit,* in my opinion, belong to *Timon,* who means that he is *quit* or clear, has at laſt got *rid* of Apemantus; is delivered from his company. This phraſe is yet current among the vulgar. Steevens.

[4] *Enter* Thieves.] The old copy reads,—*Enter the* Banditti. Steevens.

care not for't, he will ſupply us eaſily; If he covetouſly reſerve it, how ſhall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his deſcription.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's ſons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greateſt want is, you want much of meat.[5]

[5] —— *you want much of* meat.] Thus both the player and poetical editor have given us this paſſage; quite *ſand-blind*, as honeſt Launcelot ſays, to our author's meaning. If theſe poor Thieves wanted *meat*, what greater want could they be curſed with, as they could not live on graſs, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant the poet wrote:

—— *you much want of* meet.

i. e. Much of what you *ought to be*; much of the qualities *befitting* you as human creatures. Theobald.

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

—— *you want much of* men.

They have been all buſy without neceſſity. Obſerve the ſeries of the converſation. The Thieves tell him, that they are *men that much do want*. Here is an ambiguity between *much want*, and *want* of *much*. Timon takes it on the wrong ſide, and tells them that their *greateſt want is*, that, like other men, *they want much of meat*; then telling them where meat may be had, he aſks, *Want? why want?* Johnson.

Why ſhould you want? Behold, the earth hath
roots;[6]
Within this mile break forth a hundred ſprings:
The oaks bear maſt, the briars ſcarlet hips;
The bounteous houſewife, nature, on each buſh
Lays her full meſs before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on graſs, on berries, water,
As beaſts, and birds, and fiſhes.

Tim. Nor on the beaſts themſelves, the birds, and fiſhes;
You muſt eat men. Yet thanks I muſt you con,[7]
That you are thieves profeſs'd; that you work not
In holier ſhapes: for there is boundleſs theft
In limited profeſſions.[8] Raſcal thieves,

Perhaps we ſhould read:

Your greateſt want is, you want much of me.

rejecting the two laſt letters of the word. The ſenſe will then be—your greateſt want is that you expect ſupplies of *me* from whom you can reaſonably expect nothing. Your neceſſities are indeed deſperate, when you apply for relief to one in my ſituation. Dr. Farmer, however, with no ſmall probability, would point the paſſage as follows:

Your greateſt want is, you want much. Of meat
Why ſhould you want? Behold, &c. Steevens.

[6] —— *the earth hath roots*; &c.]

"Vile olus, & duris hærentia mora rubetis,
"Pugnantis ſtomachi compoſuere famem:
"Flumine vicino ſtultus ſitit."

I do not ſuppoſe theſe to be imitations, but only to be ſimilar thoughts on ſimilar occaſions. Johnson.

[7] —— *Yet* thanks *I muſt you* con,] To *con thanks* is a very common expreſſion among our old dramatick writers. So, in *The Story of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

"Yea and well ſaid, I *con you* no thanke."

Again, in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, by Naſh, 1592: "It is well done to practiſe my wit; but I believe our lord will *con thee little thanks* for it." Steevens.

[8] *In* limited *profeſſions,*] *Limited*, for legal. Warburton.

Here's gold: Go, ſuck the ſubtle blood of the grape,
Till the high fever ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo 'ſcape hanging: truſt not the phyſician;
His antidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, ſince you profeſs to do't,[9]
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The ſun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vaſt ſea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the ſun:
The ſea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves
The moon into ſalt tears:[1] the earth's a thief,

Regular, orderly, profeſſions. So, in *Macbeth*:

" For 'tis my *limited* ſervice."

i. e. my appointed ſervice, preſcribed by the neceſſary duty and *rules* of my office. MALONE.

[9] ——*ſince you* profeſs *to do't,*] The old copy has—*proteſt.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[1] *The ſea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves*
The moon *into ſalt tears:*] The *moon* is ſuppoſed to be humid, and perhaps a ſource of humidity, but cannot be *reſolved* by the *ſurges* of the ſea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery deſcribed: The ſun, moon, and ſea, all rob, and are robbed. JOHNSON.

He ſays ſimply, that the *ſun*, the *moon*, and the *ſea*, rob one another by turns, but the *earth* robs them all: the ſea, i. e. *liquid ſurge*, by ſupplying the *moon* with moiſture, robs her in turn of the *ſoft* tears of *dew* which the poets always fetch from this planet. *Soft* for *ſalt* is an eaſy change. In this ſenſe Milton ſpeaks of *her moiſt continent. Paradiſe Loſt*, Book V. l. 422. And, in *Hamlet*, Horatio ſays:

" ——— the *moiſt* ſtar
" Upon whoſe influence Neptune's empire ſtands."

STEEVENS.

We are not to attend on ſuch occaſions merely to philoſophical truth; we are to conſider what might have been the received or vulgar notions of the time.—The populace, in the days of Shakſpeare, might poſſibly have conſidered the waining of the moon

That feeds and breeds by a compoſture [2] ſtolen

as a gradual diſſolution of it, and have attributed to this melting of the moon, the increaſe of the ſea at the time ſhe diſappears. They might, it is true, be told, that there is a ſimilar increaſe in the tides when the moon becomes full; but when popular notions are once eſtabliſhed, the reaſons urged againſt them are but little attended to. It may alſo be obſerved, that the moon, when viewed through a teleſcope, has a humid appearance, and ſeems to have drops of water ſuſpended from the rim of it; to which circumſtance Shakſpeare probably alludes in *Macbeth*, where Hecate ſays:

" Upon the corner of the *moon*
" There hangs a *vaporous* drop," &c. M. Mason.

Shakſpeare knew that the moon was the cauſe of the tides, [See *The Tempeſt*, Vol. IV. p. 169,] and in that reſpect the liquid ſurge, that is, the waves of the ſea, riſing one upon another, in the progreſs of the tide, may be ſaid to *reſolve the moon into ſalt tears*; the moon, as the poet chooſes to ſtate the matter, loſing ſome part of her humidity, and the accretion to the ſea, in conſequence of her tears, being the cauſe of the *liquid ſurge*. Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather; which, together with what has been already ſtated, probably induced our author here and in other places to allude to the *watry* quality of that planet. In *Romeo and Juliet*, he ſpeaks of her " *watry beams*."

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the *watry moon*."

Again, more appoſitely, in *King Richard III*:

" That I, being *govern'd* by the *watry moon*,
" May bring forth plenteous *tears*, to drown the world."

Salt is ſo often applied by Shakſpeare to *tears*, that there can be no doubt that the original reading is the true one: nor had the poet, as I conceive, *dew*, at all in his thoughts. So, in *All's well that ends well*: " —your *ſalt tears'* head—." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" Diſtaſted with the *ſalt* of broken *tears*."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

" Thoſe eyes of thine from mine have drawn *ſalt tears*."

Again, more appoſitely, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

" ——————— to drain
" Upon his face an *ocean* of *ſalt tears*."

Mr. Tollet idly conjectures, (for conjecture is always idle where there is little difficulty,) that we ſhould read—The *main*, i. e. the main land or continent. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II.

From general excrement: each thing's a thief;

Act III. ſc. i: "The continent melt itſelf into the ſea." An obſervation made by this gentleman in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Vol. VII. p. 129, had he recollected it, might have prevented him from attempting to diſturb the text here: "No alteration ſhould be made in theſe lines that deſtroys the artificial ſtructure of them."—In the firſt line the ſun is the *thief*; in the ſecond he is himſelf *plundered* by that thief, the moon. The moon is ſubjected to the ſame fate, and, from being a *plunderer*, is herſelf *robbed* of moiſture (line 4th and 5th) by the ſea.

MALONE.

I cannot ſay for a certainty whether *Albumazar* or this play was firſt written, as *Timon* made its earlieſt appearance in the folio, 1623. Between *Albumazar* and *The Alchymiſt* there has been likewiſe a conteſt for the right of elderſhip. The original of *Albumazar* was an Italian comedy called *Lo Astrologo*, written by Battiſta Porta, the famous phyſiognomiſt of Naples, and printed at Venice in 1606. The tranſlator is ſaid to have been a Mr. Tomkis, of Trinity College, Cambridge. *The Alchymiſt* was brought on in 1610, which is four years before *Albumazar* was performed for the entertainment of King James; and Ben Jonſon in his title-page boldly claims the merit of having introduced a new ſubject and new characters on the ſtage:

"——*petere inde coronam*
"*Unde prius nulli velarint tempora muſæ.*"

The play of *Albumazar* was not entered on the books of the Stationers' Company till April 28, 1615. In *Albumazar*, however, ſuch examples of thievery likewiſe occur:

"The world's a theatre of theft: Great rivers
"Rob ſmaller brooks; and them the ocean.
"And in this world of ours, this microcoſm,
"Guts from the ſtomach ſteal; and what they ſpare
"The meſeraicks filch, and lay't i'the liver;
"Where (leſt it ſhould be found) turn'd to red nectar,
"'Tis by a thouſand thieviſh veins convey'd,
"And hid in fleſh, nerves, bones, muſcles, and ſinews,
"In tendons, ſkin, and hair; ſo that the property
"Thus alter'd, the theft can never be diſcover'd.
"Now all theſe pilferies, couch'd, and compos'd in order,
"Frame thee and me: Man's a quick maſs of thievery."

STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, quotes ſome one of a "reaſonable good facilitie in tranſlation, who

The laws, your curb and whip,[3] in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourſelves; away;
Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open ſhops; nothing can you ſteal,[4]
But thieves do loſe it: Steal not leſs,[5] for this
I give you; and gold confound you howſoever!
Amen. [TIMON *retires to his Cave.*

finding *certaine* of Anacreon's Odes very well tranſlated by Ronſard the French poet—comes our minion, and tranſlates the ſame out of French into Engliſh:" and his ſtrictures upon him evince the publication. Now this identical ode is to be met with in Ronſard; and as his works are in few hands, I will take the liberty of tranſcribing it:

" La terre les eaux va boivant;
" L'arbre la boit par ſa racine,
" La mer ſalee boit le vent,
" Et le ſoleil boit la marine.
" Le ſoleil eſt beu de la lune,
" Tout boit ſoit en haut ou en bas:
" Suivant ceſte reigle commune,
" Pourquoy donc ne boirons-nous pas?"

Edit. fol. p. 507.
FARMER.

The name of the wretched plagiariſt ſtigmatized by Puttenham, was *John Southern*, as appears from the only copy of his Poems that has hitherto been diſcovered. He is mentioned by Drayton in one of his Odes. See alſo the *European Magazine*, for June 1778. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *ly a* compoſture —] i. e. compoſition, compoſt. STEEVENS.

[3] *The laws, your curb and whip,*] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" —— moſt biting *laws*,
" The needful *bits* and *curbs* for headſtrong ſteeds."

MALONE.

[4] —— *nothing can you ſteal,*] To complete the meaſure I would read:

—— where *nothing can you ſteal*,—. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *Steal* not *leſs*,] *Not*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

3 *Thief.* He has almoſt charmed me from my profeſſion, by perſuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our myſtery.[6]

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us firſt ſee peace in Athens: There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true.[7]

[*Exeunt* Thieves.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon deſpis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly beſtow'd!
What an alteration of honour has

[6] *'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.*] The reaſon of his advice, ſays the Thief, is *malice to mankind,* not any kindneſs to us, or deſire *to have us thrive in our mystery.* Johnson.

[7] *Let us firſt ſee peace in Athens: There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true*] [Dr. Warburton divides this line between the two thieves.] This and the concluding little ſpeech have in all the editions been placed to one ſpeaker: But, it is evident, the latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the *ſecond* Thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his trade. Warburton.

The ſecond Thief has juſt ſaid, he'll give over his trade. It is time enough for that, ſays the firſt Thief: let us wait till Athens is at peace. There is no hour of a man's life ſo wretched, but he always has it in his power to become a *true,* i. e. an honeſt man. I have explained this eaſy paſſage, becauſe it has, I think, been miſunderſtood.

Our author has made Mrs. Quickly utter nearly the ſame exhortation to the dying Falſtaff: "—Now I bid him not think of God; *there was time enough* for that yet." Malone.

Deſperate want made![8]
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends!
How rarely[9] does it meet with this time's guiſe,
When man was wiſh'd to love his enemies:[1]
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do![2]
He has caught me in his eye: I will preſent
My honeſt grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still ſerve him with my life.—My deareſt maſter!

TIMON *comes forward from his Cave.*

TIM. Away! what art thou?
FLAV. Have you forgot me, ſir?

[8] *What an alteration of honour has*
Deſperate want made!] *An alteration of honour,* is an *alteration* of an *honourable ſtate* to a ſtate of diſgrace. JOHNSON.

[9] *How* rarely *does it meet*—] *Rarely* for fitly; not for ſeldom. WARBURTON.

How curiouſly; how happily. MALONE.

[1] *When man was* wiſh'd *to love his enemies:*] We ſhould read—*will'd.* He forgets his Pagan ſyſtem here again. WARBURTON.

Wiſh'd is right. It means *recommended.* See Vol. VI. p. 79, n. 6; and Vol. IX. p. 45, n. 4. REED.

[2] *Grant, I may ever love, and rather* woo
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do!] It is plain, that in this whole ſpeech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for thoſe who *profeſs friendſhip* and *profeſs enmity*; for the *friend* is ſuppoſed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the *enemy.* The ſenſe is, *Let me rather woo or careſs thoſe that* would *miſchief, that* profeſs to mean me miſchief, *than thoſe* that really *do* me *miſchief, under falſe profeſſions of kindneſs.* The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb: *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myſelf.* This proverb is a ſufficient comment on the paſſage. JOHNSON.

Tim. Why doſt aſk that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'ſt thou'rt man,[3] I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honeſt poor ſervant of yours.

Tim. Then
I know thee not: I ne'er had honeſt man
About me, I; all that[4] I kept were knaves,[5]
To ſerve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witneſs,
Ne'er did poor ſteward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, doſt thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I love thee,
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty mankind; whoſe eyes do never give,
But thorough luſt, and laughter. Pity's ſleeping:[6]

[3] —— *thou'rt man,*] Old copy—*thou'rt* a *man.* Steevens.

[4] —— *that*—] I have ſupplied this pronoun, for the metre's ſake. Steevens.

[5] —— *knaves,*] *Knave* is here in the compound ſenſe of a *ſervant* and a *raſcal.* Johnson.

[6] —— *Pity's ſleeping:*] I do not know that any correction is neceſſary, but I think we might read:

———— *eyes do never give,*
But thorough luſt and laughter, pity *ſleeping:*——.

Eyes never flow (to *give* is to diſſolve, as ſaline bodies in moiſt weather,) *but by luſt* or *laughter,* undiſturbed *by* emotions of *pity.* Johnson.

Johnſon certainly is right in reading—*Pity ſleeping.* The following line proves it:

"*Alcib.* ——on thy low grave, on faults forgiven."

Surely Theobald's punctuation is preferable to Malone's.

M. Mason.

—— *Pity's ſleeping:*] So, in Daniel's ſecond Sonnet, 1594:

"Waken her *ſleeping pity* with your crying."

Malone.

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your ſteward ſtill.

Tim. Had I a ſteward ſo true, ſo juſt, and now
So comfortable? It almoſt turns
My dangerous nature wild.[7] Let me behold

[7] ——— *It almoſt turns*
My dangerous nature wild.] i. e. It almoſt turns my dangerous nature to a dangerous nature; for, by *dangerous nature* is meant *wildneſs*. Shakſpeare wrote:
It almoſt turns my dangerous nature mild.
i. e. It almoſt reconciles me again to mankind. For fear of that, he puts in a caution immediately after, that he makes an exception but for one man. To which the Oxford editor ſays, *rectè*.
WARBURTON.

This emendation is ſpecious, but even this may be controverted. To *turn wild* is *to diſtract*. An appearance ſo unexpected, ſays Timon, *almoſt turns my ſavageneſs* to diſtraction. Accordingly he examines with nicety left his phrenzy ſhould deceive him:
" ——— Let me behold
" Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman—."
And to this ſuſpected diſorder of the mind he alludes:
" Perpetual-*ſober* gods!"
Ye powers whoſe intellects are out of the reach of perturbation.
JOHNSON.

He who is ſo much diſturbed as to have no command over his actions, and to be *dangerous* to all around him, is already diſtracted, and therefore it would be idle to talk of *turning* ſuch " a dangerous nature wild:" it is wild already. Beſides; the baſeneſs and ingratitude of the world might very properly be mentioned as driving Timon into frenzy: (So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" The *ingratitude* of this Seleucus does
" Even make me *wild*.")
but ſurely the kindneſs and fidelity of his Steward was more likely to ſoften and compoſe him; that is, to render his danger-

Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptleſs rathneſs,
Perpetual-ſober[8] gods! I do proclaim
One honeſt man,—miſtake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a ſteward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thyſelf: But all, ſave thee,
I fell with curſes.
Methinks, thou art more honeſt now, than wiſe;
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I muſt ever doubt, though ne'er ſo ſure,)
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
If not a uſuring[9] kindneſs; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

ous nature *mild*. I therefore ſtrongly incline to Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

[8] *Perpetual-ſober*—] Old copy, unmetrically—
You *perpetual* &c. STEEVENS.

[9] If not *a uſuring*—] *If not* ſeems to have ſlipt in here, by an error of the preſs, from the preceding line. Both the ſenſe and metre would be better without it. TYRWHITT.

I do not ſee any need of change. Timon aſks—*Has not thy kindneſs ſome covert deſign? Is it not propoſed with a view to gain ſome* equivalent *in return, or rather to gain* a great deal more *than thou offereſt? Is it not at leaſt the offspring of avarice,* if not *of ſomething worſe, of uſury?* In this there appears to me no difficulty. MALONE.

My opinion moſt perfectly coincides with that of Mr. Tyrwhitt. The ſenſe of the line, with or without the conteſted words, is nearly the ſame; yet, by the omiſſion of them, the metre would become ſufficiently regular. STEEVENS.

Flav. No, my moſt worthy maſter, in whoſe breaſt
Doubt and ſuſpect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did feaſt:
Suſpect ſtill comes where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhow, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and liying: and, believe it,
My moſt honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or preſent, I'd exchange
For this one wiſh, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourſelf.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis ſo!—Thou ſingly honeſt man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my miſery
Have ſent thee treaſure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou ſhalt build from men;[1]
Hate all, curſe all: ſhow charity to none;
But let the famiſh'd fleſh ſlide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'ſt to men; let priſons ſwallow them,
Debts wither them:[2] Be men like blaſted woods,
And may diſeaſes lick up their falſe bloods!
And ſo, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me ſtay,

[1] —— *from men ;*] Away from human habitations. Johnson.

[2] *Debts wither them :*] Old copy:
Debts wither them to nothing:——
I have omitted the redundant words, not only for the ſake of metre, but becauſe they are worthleſs. Our author has the ſame phraſe in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" Age cannot *wither* her,—." Steevens.

And comfort you, my maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt
Curſes, ſtay not; fly, whilſt thou'rt bleſs'd and free:
Ne'er ſee thou man, and let me ne'er ſee thee.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame. Before Timon's *Cave.*

Enter Poet *and* Painter ;[3] Timon *behind, unſeen.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

[3] *Enter* Poet *and* Painter ;] The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have ſeen Timon, ſince Apemantus, ſtanding by him could ſee them: But the ſcenes of the Thieves and Steward have paſſed before their arrival, and yet paſſed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be ſuſpected, that ſome ſcenes are tranſpoſed, for all theſe difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter firſt, and the Thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the ſcenes muſt keep their preſent order, for the Painter alludes to the Thieves when he ſays, *he likewiſe enriched poor ſtraggling ſoldiers with great quantity.* This impropriety is now heightened by placing the Thieves in one Act, and the Poet and Painter in another: but it muſt be remembered, that in the original edition this play it not divided into ſeparate Acts, ſo that the preſent diſtribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration. Johnson.

In the immediately preceding ſcene, Flavius, Timon's ſteward, has a conference with his maſter, and receives gold from him. Between this and the preſent ſcene, a ſingle minute cannot be

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is ſo full of gold?

ſuppoſed to paſs; and yet the Painter tells his companion:—*'Tis ſaid he gave* his ſteward *a mighty ſum.*—Where was it ſaid? Why in Athens, whence, it muſt therefore ſeem, they are but newly come. Here then ſhould be fixed the commencement of the fifth Act, in order to allow time for Flavius to return to the city, and for rumour to publiſh his adventure with Timon. But how are we in this caſe to account for Apemantus's announcing the approach of the Poet and Painter in the laſt ſcene of the preceding Act, and before the Thieves appear? It is poſſible, that when this play was abridged for repreſentation, all between this paſſage, and the entrance of the Poet and Painter, may have been omitted by the players, and theſe words put into the mouth of Apemantus to introduce them; and that when it was publiſhed at large, the interpolation was unnoticed. Or, if we allow the Poet and Painter to ſee Apemantus, it may be conjectured that they did not think his preſence neceſſary at their interview with Timon, and had therefore returned back into the city. Ritson.

I am afraid, many of the difficulties which the commentators on our author have employed their abilities to remove, ariſe from the negligence of Shakſpeare himſelf, who appears to have been leſs attentive to the connection of his ſcenes, than a leſs haſty writer may be ſuppoſed to have been. On the preſent occaſion I have changed the beginning of the Act. It is but juſtice to obſerve, that the ſame regulation has already been adopted by Mr. Capell. Reed.

I perceive no difficulty. It is caſy to ſuppoſe that the Poet and Painter, after having been ſeen at a diſtance by Apemantus, have wandered about the woods ſeparately in ſearch of Timon's habitation. The Painter might have heard of Timon's having given gold to Alcibiades, &c. before the Poet joined him; for it does not appear that they ſet out from Athens together; and his intelligence concerning the *Thieves* and the *Steward* might have been gained in his rambles: Or, having ſearched for Timon's habitation in vain, they might, after having been deſcried by Apemantus, have returned again to Athens, and the Painter alone have heard the particulars of Timon's bounty.—But Shakſpeare was not very attentive to theſe minute particulars; and if *he* and the *audience* knew of the ſeveral perſons who had partaken of Timon's wealth, he would not ſcruple to impart this knowledge

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewiſe enriched poor ſtraggling ſoldiers with great quantity: 'Tis ſaid, he gave unto his ſteward a mighty ſum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing elſe: you ſhall ſee him a palm in Athens again, and flouriſh[4] with the higheſt. Therefore, 'tis not amiſs, we tender our loves to him, in this ſuppoſed diſtreſs of his: it will ſhow honeſtly in us; and is very likely to load our purpoſes with what they travel for, if it be a juſt and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to preſent unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my viſitation: only I will promiſe him an excellent piece.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the beſt. Promiſing is the very air o'the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people, the deed of ſaying is quite out of uſe.[5] To promiſe is moſt

to perſons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it. See Vol. XIV. p 167, n. 5.

The news of the Steward's having been enriched by Timon, though that event happened only in the end of the preceding ſcene, has, we here find, reached the Painter; and therefore here undoubtedly the fifth Act ought to begin, that a proper interval may be ſuppoſed to have elapſed between this and the laſt. Malone.

[4] —— *a* palm—*and* flouriſh *&c.*] This alluſion is ſcriptural, and occurs in *Pſalm* xcii. 11: "The righteous ſhall *flouriſh* like a *palm*-tree." Steevens.

[5] —— *the deed* of ſaying *is quite out of uſe.*] *The* doing *of that which we have* ſaid *we would do, the accompliſhment and*

courtly and faſhionable: performance is a kind of will, or teſtament, which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canſt not paint a man ſo bad as is thyſelf.

Poet. I am thinking, what I ſhall ſay I have provided for him: It muſt be a perſonating of himſelf:[6] a ſatire againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity; with a diſcovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Muſt thou needs ſtand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do ſo, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's ſeek him:
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day ſerves,[7] before black-corner'd night,[8]
Find what thou want'ſt by free and offer'd light.
Come.

performance of our promiſe, is, except among the lower claſſes of mankind, quite out of uſe. So, in *King Lear:*

" ——— In my true-heart
" I find ſhe names my very *deed of love.*"

Again, more appoſitely, in *Hamlet:*

" As he, in his peculiar act and force,
" May give his *ſaying deed.*"

Mr. Pope rejected the words—*of ſaying,* and the four following editors adopted his licentious regulation. Malone.

I claim the merit of having reſtored the old reading. Steevens.

[6] *It muſt be a* perſonating *of himſelf:*] *Perſonating,* for repreſenting ſimply. For the ſubject of this projected ſatire was Timon's *caſe,* not his *perſon.* Warburton.

[7] *When the day ſerves,* &c.] Theobald with ſome probability aſſigns theſe two lines to the Poet. Malone.

[8] ——— *before* black-corner'd *night,*] An anonymous corre-

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worſhipp'd in a baſer temple,
Than where ſwine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plough'ſt the foam;
Settleſt admired reverence in a ſlave:
To thee be worſhip! and thy ſaints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Fit I do meet them.[9] [*Advancing.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble maſter.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whoſe thankleſs natures—O abhorred ſpirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whoſe ſtar-like nobleneſs gave life and influence

ſpondent ſent me this obſervation: "As the ſhadow of the earth's body, which is round, muſt be neceſſarily conical over the hemiſphere which is oppoſite to the ſun, ſhould we not read *black-coned?* See *Paradiſe Loſt*, Book IV."

To this obſervation I might add a ſentence from Philemon Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, B. II: "Neither is the night any thing elſe but the ſhade of the earth. Now the figure of this ſhadow reſembleth a pyramis pointed forward, or a top turned upſide down."

I believe, nevertheleſs, that Shakſpeare, by this expreſſion, meant only, Night which is as obſcure as a *dark corner*. In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Lucio calls the Duke, "*a duke of dark corners*." Mr. M. Maſon propoſes to read—"black-*cown'd* night;" another correſpondent, "black-*cover'd* night."

STEEVENS.

[9] *'Fit I* do *meet them.*] For the ſake of harmony in this hemiſtich, I have ſupplied the auxiliary verb. STEEVENS.

To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monſtrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any ſize of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better:
You, that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen, and known.

Pain. He, and myſelf,
Have travell'd in the great ſhower of your gifts,
And ſweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honeſt men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our ſervice.

Tim. Moſt honeſt men! Why, how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you ſervice.

Tim. You are honeſt men: You have heard that I have gold;
I am ſure, you have: ſpeak truth: you are honeſt men.

Pain. So it is ſaid, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honeſt men:—Thou draw'ſt a counterfeit [1]
Beſt in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the beſt;
Thou counterfeit'ſt moſt lively.

Pain. So, ſo, my lord.

[1] —— *a* counterfeit—] It has been already obſerved, that a *portrait* was ſo called in our author's time:

" ——— What find I here?
" Fair Portia's *counterfeit!*" *Merchant of Venice.*

STEEVENS.

Tim. Even ſo, ſir, as I ſay:—And, for thy fiction, [*To the* Poet.
Why, thy verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honeſt-natur'd friends,
I muſt needs ſay, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monſtrous in you; neither wiſh I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beſeech your honour,
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Moſt thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but truſts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, ſee him diſſemble,
Know his groſs patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your boſom: yet remain aſſur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.[2]

Pain. I know none ſuch, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.[3]

[2] —— *a* made-up *villain.*] That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite. Johnson.

A *made-up* villain, may mean a *complete,* a *finiſhed* villain. M. Mason.

[3] *Nor I.*] As it may be ſuppoſed (perhaps I am repeating a remark already made on a ſimilar occaſion) that our author deſigned his Poet's addreſs to be not leſs reſpectful than that of his

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me theſe villains from your companies:
Hang them, or ſtab them, drown them in a draught,[4]
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:[5]—

Painter, he might originally have finiſhed this defective verſe, by writing:

Nor I, my lord. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *in a* draught,] That is, in the *jakes*. JOHNSON.

So, in Holinſhed, Vol. II. p. 735: "—he was then ſitting on a *draught*." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *but two in company:*] This is an imperfect ſentence, and is to be ſupplied thus, *But two in company* ſpoils all. WARBURTON.

This paſſage is obſcure. I think the meaning is this: *but two in company*, that is, ſtand apart, *let only two be together*; for even when each ſtands ſingle there are two, he himſelf and a villain. JOHNSON.

This paſſage may receive ſome illuſtration from another in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:* "My maſter is a kind of knave; but that's all one, if he be but *one knave*." The ſenſe is, each man is *a double villain*, i. e. a villain with more than a ſingle ſhare of guilt. See Dr. Farmer's note on the third Act of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, &c. Again, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578: "Go, *and a knave with thee*." Again, in *The Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

"——— if you needs will go away,
"Take *two knaves* with you by my faye."

There is a thought not unlike this in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher:—"Take to your chamber when you pleaſe, there goes a black one with you, lady." STEEVENS.

There are not two words more frequently miſtaken for each other, in the printing of theſe plays, than *but* and *not*. I have no doubt but that miſtake obtains in this paſſage, and that we ſhould read it thus:

Each man apart, all ſingle and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains ſhall not be,
[*To the* Painter.
Come not near him.—If thou would'ſt not reſide
[*To the* Poet.
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye ſlaves:
You have done work for me, there's payment:[6]
Hence!
You are an alchymiſt, make gold of that:—
Out, raſcal dogs!
[*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

—— not *two in company:*
Each man apart,——. M. Mason.

You that way, and you this, but two in company:
Each man apart, all ſingle, and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.] The firſt of theſe lines has been rendered obſcure by falſe pointing; that is, by connecting the words, "but two in company," with the ſubſequent line, inſtead of connecting them with the preceding hemiſtich. The ſecond and third line are put in appoſition with the firſt line, and are merely an illuſtration of the aſſertion contained in it. Do you (ſays Timon) go that way, and you this, and yet ſtill *each* of you will have *two* in your company: each of you, though ſingle and alone, will be *accompanied* by an arch-villain. Each man, being himſelf a villain, will *take a villain along with him,* and ſo each of you will have two in company. It is a mere quibble founded on the word *company.* See the former ſpeech, in which Timon exhorts *each* of them to "hang or ſtab *the villain* in his *company,*" i. e. himſelf. The paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Promos and Caſſandra,* puts the meaning beyond a doubt. Malone.

[6] *You have* done *work* &c.] For the inſertion of the word *done,* which, it is manifeſt, was omitted by the negligence of the compoſitor, I am anſwerable. Timon in this line addreſſes

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter FLAVIUS, *and Two* Senators.

FLAV. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with Timon;
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing but himſelf, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *SEN.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promiſe to the Athenians,
To ſpeak with Timon.

2 *SEN.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

FLAV. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and ſpeak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their moſt reverend ſenate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

the Painter, whom he before called "excellent *workman*;" in the next the Poet. MALONE.

I had rather read:
You've work'd for me, there is your *payment: Hence!*
STEEVENS.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn![7]—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a bliſter! and each falſe
Be as a caut'rizing[8] to the root o'the tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,——

Tim. Of none but ſuch as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The ſenators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would ſend them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are ſorry for ourſelves in thee.
The ſenators, with one conſent of love,[9]

[7] *Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn!*] "Thine eyes," ſays King Lear to Regan, "do comfort, and not burn."

A ſimilar wiſh occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"O, *ſun*,
"*Burn* the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in!" STEEVENS.

[8] —— *a* caut'rizing —] The old copy reads—*cantherizing*; the poet might have written, *cancering*. STEEVENS.

To *cauterize* was a word of our author's time; being found in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, octavo, 1616, where it is explained, "To burn to a ſore." It is the word of the old copy, with the *u* changed to an *n*, which has happened in almoſt every one of theſe plays. MALONE.

[9] —— *with one* conſent *of love*,] With one united voice of affection. So, in Sternhold's tranſlation of the 100th *Pſalm:*

"With one *conſent* let all the earth."

All our old writers ſpell the word improperly, *conſent*, without regard to its etymology, *concentus*. See Vol. XII. p. 217, n. 5; and p. 333, n. 2. MALONE.

This ſenſe of the word conſent, or *concent*, was originally

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On ſpecial dignities, which vacant lie
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confeſs,
Toward thee, forgetfulneſs too general, groſs:
Which now the publick body,[1]—which doth ſeldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itſelf
A lack of Timon's aid, hath ſenſe withal
Of its own fall,[2] reſtraining aid to Timon;[3]

pointed out and aſcertained in a note on the firſt ſcene of *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* See Vol. XIII. p. 6, n. 4. Steevens.

[1] Which *now the publick body,*] Thus the old copy, ungrammatically certainly; but our author frequently thus begins a ſentence, and concludes it without attending to what has gone before: for which perhaps the careleſſneſs and ardour of colloquial language may be an apology. See Vol. IV. p. 13, n. 6. So afterwards in the third ſcene of this Act:

" *Whom,* though in general part we were oppos'd,
" Yet our old love made a particular force,
" And made us ſpeak like friends."

See alſo the Poet's third ſpeech in p. 190.—Sir Thomas Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors read here more correctly—*And* now the publick body, &c. but by what overſight could *Which* be printed inſtead of *And?* Malone.

The miſtake might have been that of the tranſcriber, not the printer. Steevens.

[2] *Of its own* fall,] The Athenians *had ſenſe,* that is, felt the danger *of their own fall,* by the arms of Alcibiades. Johnson.

I once ſuſpected that our author wrote—Of its own *fail,* i. e. failure. So, in *Coriolanus:*

" That if you *fail* in our requeſt, the blame
" May hang upon your hardneſs."

But a ſubſequent paſſage fully ſupports the reading of the text:

" ——— In, and prepare:
" Ours is the *fall,* I fear, our foes the ſnare."

Again, in ſc. iv:

" Before proud Athens he's ſet down by this,
" Whoſe *fall* the mark of his ambition is." Malone.

[3] —— reſtraining *aid to Timon*;] I think it ſhould be *refrain-*

And ſend forth us, to make their ſorrowed render,[4]
Together with a recompenſe more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;[5]
Ay, even ſuch heaps and ſums of love and wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe comforts, worthy ſenators.

ing aid, that is, with-holding aid that ſhould have been given *to* Timon. Johnson.

Where is the difference? To *reſtrain*, and to *refrain*, both mean to with-hold. M. Mason.

[4] —— *ſorrowed* render,] Thus the old copy. *Render* is *confeſſion*. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV. ſc. iv:

" —— may drive us to a *render*
" Where we have liv'd."

The modern editors read—*tender*. Steevens.

[5] *Than their offence can weigh down by the dram*;] This, which was in the former editions, can ſcarcely be right, and yet I know not whether my reading will be thought to rectify it. I take the meaning to be, We will give thee a recompenſe that our offences cannot outweigh, *heaps of wealth down by the dram*, or delivered according to the exacteſt meaſure. A little diſorder may perhaps have happened in tranſcribing, which may be reformed by reading:

——— *Ay, ev'n ſuch heaps,*
And ſums of love and wealth, down by the dram,
As ſhall to thee——. Johnson.

The ſpeaker means, a recompenſe that ſhall more than counterpoiſe their offences, though weighed with the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs. M. Mason.

A recompenſe ſo large, that the offence they have committed, though every dram of that offence ſhould be put into the ſcale, cannot counterpoiſe it. The recompenſe will outweigh the offence, which, inſtead of *weighing down* the ſcale in which it is placed, will kick the beam. Malone.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, ſo pleaſe thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours,) to take
The captainſhip, thou ſhalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with abſolute power,[6] and thy good name
Live with authority:—ſo ſoon we ſhall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too ſavage, doth root up[7]
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And ſhakes his threat'ning ſword
Againſt the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, ſir, I will; therefore, I will, ſir; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he ſack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the ſtain
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon ſpeaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chooſe but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him tak't at worſt; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to anſwer: for myſelf,

[6] Allow'd *with abſolute power,*] *Allowed* is *licenſed, privileged, uncontrolled.* So of a buffoon, in *Love's Labour's Loſt,* it is ſaid, that he is *allowed,* that is, at liberty to ſay what he will, a privileged ſcoffer. Johnson.

[7] —— *like a* boar, *too* ſavage, *doth* root up—] This image might have been caught from *Pſalm* lxxx. 13: "The *wild boar* out of the wood doth *root* it *up,*" &c. Steevens.

There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,[8]
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'ſt throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the proſperous gods,[9]
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be ſeen to-morrow; My long ſickneſs [1]
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And laſt ſo long enough!

1 *Sen.* We ſpeak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,

[8] *There's not a* whittle *in the unruly camp,*] A *whittle* is ſtill in the midland counties the common name for a pocket claſp knife, ſuch as children uſe. Chaucer ſpeaks of a "Sheffield *thwittell.*" Steevens.

[9] ——*of the* proſperous *gods,*] I believe *proſperous* is uſed here with our poet's uſual laxity, in an active, inſtead of a paſſive, ſenſe: *the gods who are the authors of the proſperity of mankind.* So, in *Othello:*

"To my unfolding lend a *proſperous* ear."

I leave you, ſays Timon, to the protection of the gods, the great diſtributors of proſperity, that they may *ſo* keep and guard you, as jailors do thieves; i. e. for final puniſhment. Malone.

I do not ſee why the epithet—*proſperous*, may not be employed here with its common ſignification, and mean—the gods who are *proſperous in all their undertakings.* Our author, elſewhere, has *bleſſed* gods, *clear* gods, &c. nay, Euripides, in a chorus to his *Medea*, has not ſcrupled to ſtyle theſe men of Athens—ΘΕΩΝ παῖδες MAKAPΩN. Steevens.

[1] ——*My long ſickneſs*—] The diſeaſe of life begins to promiſe me a period. Johnson.

As common bruit[2] doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well ſpoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 *Sen.* Theſe words become your lips as they paſs through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triúmphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to eaſe them of their griefs,
Their fears of hoſtile ſtrokes, their aches, loſſes,
Their pangs of love,[3] with other incident throes
That nature's fragile veſſel doth ſuſtain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will ſome kindneſs do them:[4]
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree,[5] which grows here in my cloſe,

[2] —— *bruit*—] i. e. report, rumour. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III:

"The *bruit* whereof will bring you many friends."

Steevens.

[3] *Their pangs of love,* &c.] Compare this part of Timon's ſpeech with part of the celebrated ſoliloquy in *Hamlet.*

Steevens.

[4] —— *I will ſome kindneſs &c.*] i. e. I will do them ſome kindneſs, for ſuch, elliptically conſidered, will be the ſenſe of theſe words, independent of the ſupplemental—*do them,* which only ſerves to derange the metre, and is, I think, a certain interpolation. Steevens.

[5] *I have a tree,* &c.] Perhaps Shakſpeare was indebted to Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's* Prologue, for this thought. He might, however, have found it in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure,* Tom. I. Nov. 28, as well as in ſeveral other places. Steevens.

Our author was indebted for this thought to Plutarch's *Life of Antony:* "It is reported of him alſo, that this Timon on a time,

That mine own uſe invites me to cut down,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the ſequence of degree,[6]
From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
To ſtop affliction, let him take his haſte,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himſelf:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but ſay to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion
Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood;
Which once a day[7] with his emboſſed froth[8]

(the people being aſſembled in the market-place, about diſpatch of ſome affaires,) got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly uſe to ſpeake unto the people; and ſilence being made, everie man liſteneth to hear what he would ſay, becauſe it was a wonder to ſee him in that place, at length he began to ſpeak in this manner: 'My lordes of Athens, I have a little yard in my houſe where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themſelves; and becauſe I meane to make ſome building upon the place, I thought good to let you all underſtand it, that before the figge tree be cut downe, if any of you be deſperate, you may there in time go hang yourſelves."
MALONE.

[6] —— *in the ſequence of degree,*] Methodically, from higheſt to loweſt. JOHNSON.

[7] Which *once a day* —] Old copy—*Who*. For the correction [*whom*] I am anſwerable. *Whom* refers to Timon. All the modern editors (following the ſecond folio) read—*Which* once &c.
MALONE.

Which, in the ſecond folio, (and I have followed it) is an apparent correction of—*Who*. Surely, it is the *everlaſting manſion*, or the *beach* on which it ſtands, that our author meant to cover with the foam, and not the corpſe of *Timon*. Thus we often ſay that the grave in a churchyard, and not the body within it, is trodden down by cattle, or overgrown with weeds.
STEEVENS.

[8] —— emboſſed *froth*—] When a deer was run hard, and

The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your oracle.—
Lips, let ſour words go by, and language end:
What is amiſs, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Exit* TIMON.

1 *Sen.* His diſcontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.[9]

2 *Sen.* It requires ſwift foot. [*Exeunt.*

foamed at the mouth, he was ſaid to be *emboſſed.* See Vol. IX. p. 16, n. 9. The thought is from Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure,* Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

Emboſſed froth, is ſwollen froth; from *boſſe,* Fr. a tumour. The term *emboſſed,* when applied to deer, is from *emboçar,* Span. to caſt out of the mouth. MALONE.

[9] *In our* dear *peril.*] So the folios, and rightly. The Oxford editor alters *dear* to *dread,* not knowing that *dear,* in the language of that time, ſignified *dread,* and is ſo uſed by Shakſpeare in numberleſs places. WARBURTON.

Dear, in Shakſpeare's language, is *dire, dreadful.* So, in *Hamlet:*

" Would I had met my *deareſt* foe in heaven."

MALONE.

Dear may, in the preſent inſtance, ſignify *immediate,* or *imminent.* It is an enforcing epithet with not always a diſtinct meaning. To enumerate each of the ſeemingly various ſenſes in which it may be ſuppoſed to have been uſed by our author, would at once fatigue the reader and myſelf.

In the following ſituations, however, it cannot ſignify either *dire* or *dreadful:*

" Conſort with me in loud and *dear* petition."

Troilus and Creſſida.

SCENE III.

The Walls of Athens

Enter Two Senators, *and a* Meſſenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou haſt painfully diſcover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have ſpoke the leaſt:
Beſides, his expedition promiſes
Preſent approach.

2 *Sen.* We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier,[1] one mine ancient friend;[2]—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like friends:[3]—this man was riding

" ——————— Some *dear* cauſe
" Will in concealment wrap me up a while." *King Lear.* STEEVENS.

[1] —— *a* courier,] The players read—a *currier*. STEEVENS.

[2] —— one *mine ancient friend*;] Mr. Upton would read—*once* mine ancient friend. STEEVENS.

[3] Whom, *though in general part we were oppos'd,*
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak *like friends:*] Our author, hurried away by ſtrong conceptions, and little attentive to minute accuracy, takes great liberties in the conſtruction of ſentences. Here he means, *Whom*, though we were on oppoſite ſides in the publick cauſe, yet the force of our old affection wrought ſo much *upon*,

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowſhip i'the cauſe againſt your city,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter Senators *from* TIMON.

1 *SEN.* Here come our brothers.

3 *SEN.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful ſcouring
Doth choke the air with duſt: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the ſnare.
[*Exeunt.*

as to make *him ſpeak to me* as a friend. See Vol. XVI. p. 188, n. 5. MALONE.

I am fully convinced that this and many other paſſages of our author to which ſimilar remarks are annexed, have been irretrieveably corrupted by tranſcribers or printers, and could not have proceeded, in their preſent ſtate, from the pen of Shakſpeare; for what we cannot underſtand in the cloſet, muſt have been wholly uſeleſs on the ſtage.—The aukward repetition of the verb—*made*, very ſtrongly countenances my preſent obſervation. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

The Woods. Timon's *Cave, and a Tomb-ſtone ſeen.*

Enter a Soldier, *ſeeking* TIMON.

Sold. By all deſcription this ſhould be the place.
Who's here? ſpeak, ho!—No anſwer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outſtretch'd his ſpan:
Some beaſt rear'd this; there does not live a man.[4]

[4] *Some beaſt* rear'd *this*; *there does not live a man.*] [Old copy—*read* this.] Some beaſt *read* what? The Soldier had yet only ſeen the rude pile of earth heaped up for Timon's grave, and not the *inſcription* upon it. We ſhould read:

Some beaſt rear'd *this*;——.

The Soldier ſeeking, by order, for Timon, ſees ſuch an irregular mole, as he concludes muſt have been the workmanſhip of ſome beaſt inhabiting the woods; and ſuch a cavity as muſt either have been ſo over-arched, or happened by the caſual falling in of the ground. WARBURTON.

"The Soldier (ſays Theobald) had *yet* only ſeen the rude pile of earth heaped up for Timon's grave, and not the *inſcription* upon it." In ſupport of his emendation, which was ſuggeſted to him by Dr. Warburton, he quotes theſe lines from Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge:*

"Here is no food, nor beds; nor any *houſe*
"Built by a better architect than *beaſts*." MALONE.

Notwithſtanding this remark, I believe the old reading to be the right. *The ſoldier had only ſeen the rude heap of earth.* He had evidently ſeen ſomething that told him *Timon was dead*; and what could tell that but his tomb? The tomb he ſees, and the inſcription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peeviſhly, *ſome leaſt read this*, for it muſt be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.

Dead, ſure; and this his grave.—
What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character

There is ſomething elaborately unſkilful in the contrivance of ſending a Soldier, who cannot read, to take the epithet in wax, only that it may cloſe the play by being read with more ſolemnity in the laſt ſcene. JOHNSON.

It is evident, that the Soldier, when he firſt ſees the heap of earth, does not know it to be a *tomb*. He concludes Timon muſt be dead, becauſe he receives *no anſwer*. It is likewiſe evident, that when he utters the words *ſome beaſt*, &c. he has *not* ſeen the inſcription. And Dr. Warburton's emendation is therefore, not only juſt and happy, but abſolutely neceſſary. *What can this heap of earth be?* ſays the Soldier; *Timon is certainly dead: ſome beaſt muſt have* erected *this, for here does not live a man to do it. Yes, he is dead, ſure enough,* and this muſt be his grave. What is this writing upon it? RITSON.

I am now convinced that the emendation made by Mr. Theobald is right, and that it ought to be admitted into the text:—Some beaſt *rear'd* this. Our poet certainly would not make the Soldier call on a beaſt to read the inſcription, *before* he had informed the audience that he could not read it himſelf; which he does *afterwards*.

Beſides; from the time he aſks, "What is this?" [i. e. what is this cave, tomb, &c. not what is this *inſcription?*] to the words, "What's on this tomb,"—the obſervation evidently relates to Timon himſelf, and his grave; whereas, by the erroneous reading of the old copy, "Some beaſt *read* this,"—the Soldier is firſt made to call on a beaſt to read the inſcription, without aſſigning any reaſon for ſo extraordinary a requiſition;—then to talk of Timon's death and of his grave; and, at laſt, to inform the audience that he cannot read the inſcription. Let me add, that a beaſt being as unable to read as the Soldier, it would be abſurd to call on one for aſſiſtance; whilſt on the other hand, if a den or cave, or any rude heap of earth reſembling a tomb, be found where *there does not live a man,* it is manifeſt that it muſt have been formed by a beaſt.

A paſſage in *King Lear* alſo adds ſupport to the emendation:

"————— this hard *houſe,*
"More hard than are the ſtones whereof 'tis *rais'd.*"

MALONE

The foregoing obſervations are acute in the extreme, and I have not ſcrupled to adopt the reading they recommend.

STEEVENS.

I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure ſkill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets ſound. Enter ALCIBIADES, *and Forces.*

ALCIB. Sound to this coward and laſcivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A Parley ſounded.*

Enter Senators *on the Walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of juſtice; till now, myſelf, and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms,[5] and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly: Now the time is fluſh,[6]
When crouching marrow, in the bearer ſtrong,
Cries, of itſelf, *No more:*[7] now breathleſs wrong

[5] —— travers'd *arms,*] Arms acroſs. JOHNSON.

The ſame image occurs in *The Tempeſt:*
" His *arms* in this ſad *knot.*" STEEVENS.

[6] —— *the time is* fluſh,] A bird is *fluſh* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the neſt. *Fluſh* is *mature.* JOHNSON.

[7] *When crouching marrow, in the bearer ſtrong,*
Cries, of itſelf, No more:] The marrow was ſuppoſed to

Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe;
And purſy inſolence ſhall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy firſt griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe of fear,
We ſent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.[8]

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd means;[9]

be the original of ſtrength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who riſes immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. Warburton.

Pliny ſays, that the camel will not carry more than his accuſtomed and uſual load. Holland's tranſlation, B. VIII. c. xviii. Reed.

The image may as juſtly be ſaid to be taken from a porter or coal-heaver, who when there is as much laid upon his ſhoulders as he can bear, will certainly cry, *no more*. Malone.

I wiſh the reader may not find himſelf affected in the ſame manner by our commentaries, and often concur in a ſimilar exclamation. Steevens.

[8] *Above* their *quantity.*] *Their* refers to *rages*. Warburton.

Their refers to *griefs*. "To give thy rages balm," muſt be conſidered as parenthetical. The modern editors have ſubſtituted *ingratitudes* for *ingratitude*. Malone.

[9] *So did we woo*
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd means;] *Promis'd means* muſt import the recruiting of his ſunk fortunes; but this is not all. The ſenate had wooed him with humble meſſage, and promiſe of general reparation. This ſeems included in the ſlight change which I have made:

——— *and by promis'd* mends. Theobald.

Dr. Warburton agrees with Mr. Theobald, but the old reading may well ſtand. Johnson.

We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of war.

1 *Sen.* Theſe walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs:[1] nor are they ſuch,
That theſe great towers, trophies, and ſchools ſhould fall
For private faults in them.[2]

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you firſt went out;[3]
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in exceſs
Hath broke their hearts.[4] March, noble lord,

By promis'd means, is by promiſing him a competent ſubſiſtence. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "Your *means* are very ſlender, and your waſte is great." Malone.

[1] *You have receiv'd your* griefs:] The old copy has—*grief*; but as the Senator in his preceding ſpeech uſes the plural, *grief* was probably here an error of the preſs. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[2] *For private faults in* them.] That is, in the perſons from whom you have received your griefs. Malone.

[3] —— *the* motives *that you firſt went out*;] i. e. thoſe who made the motion for your exile. This word is as perverſely employed in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"————her wanton ſpirits look out
"At every joint and *motive* of her body." Steevens.

[4] *Shame, that they wanted* cunning, *in exceſs*
Hath broke their hearts.] Shame in exceſs (i. e. extremity of ſhame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not wiſe enough not to baniſh you) hath broke their hearts. Theobald.

I have no wiſh to diſturb the manes of Theobald, yet think ſome emendation may be offered that will make the conſtruction leſs harſh, and the ſentence more ſerious. I read:

Shame that they wanted, coming *in exceſs,*
Hath broke their hearts.

Shame which they had ſo long *wanted, at laſt* coming in *its utmoſt* exceſs. Johnson.

Into our city with thy banners ſpread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the deſtin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the ſpotted die,
Let die the ſpotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare,[5] to take,
On thoſe that are, revenges:[6] crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle,[7] and thoſe kin,
Which, in the bluſter of thy wrath, muſt fall
With thoſe that have offended: like a ſhepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.[8]

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope;
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay, thou'lt enter friendly.

I think that Theobald has, on this occaſion, the advantage of Johnſon. When the old reading is clear and intelligible, we ſhould not have recourſe to correction.—*Cunning* was not, in Shakſpeare's time, confined to a bad ſenſe, but was uſed to expreſs knowledge or underſtanding. M. Mason.

[5] —— *not ſquare,*] Not regular, not equitable. Johnson.

[6] —— *revenges:*] Old copy—*revenge.* Corrected by Mr. Steevens. See the preceding ſpeech. Malone.

[7] —— *thy* Athenian cradle,] Thus Ovid, *Met.* VIII. 99:
" —— Jovis incunabula Crete." Steevens.

[8] *But kill not* all together.] The old copy reads—*altogether.* Mr. M. Maſon ſuggeſted the correction I have made.
Steevens.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the wars as thy redreſs,
And not as our confuſion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Deſcend, and open your uncharged ports;[9]
Thoſe enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,[1]—not a man
Shall paſs his quarter,[2] or offend the ſtream
Of regular juſtice in your city's bounds,
But ſhall be remedied,[3] to your publick laws
At heavieſt anſwer.

[9] —— uncharged *ports:*] That is, *unguarded* gates. Johnson.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

"That keep'ſt the *ports* of ſlumber open wide."

Steevens.

Uncharged means *unattacked,* not *unguarded.* M. Mason.

Mr. M. Maſon is right. So, in Shakſpeare's 70th Sonnet:

"Thou haſt paſs'd by the ambuſh of young days,
"Either not aſſail'd, or victor, being *charg'd.*"

Malone.

[1] —— *to* atone *your fears*
With my more noble meaning,] i. e. to *reconcile* them to it. So, in *Cymbeline:* "I was glad I did *atone* my countryman and you." Steevens.

[2] ——— *not a man*
Shall paſs his quarter,] Not a ſoldier ſhall quit his ſtation, or be let looſe upon you; and, if any commits violence, he ſhall anſwer it regularly to the law. Johnson.

[3] *But ſhall be* remedied,] The conſtruction is, But he ſhall be remedied; but Shakſpeare means, that his offence ſhall be remedied, the word offence being included in *offend* in a former line. The editor of the ſecond folio, for *to,* in the laſt line but

Both. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.

Alcib. Deſcend, and keep your words.[4]

The Senators *deſcend, and open the Gates.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the ſea:
And, on his grave-ſtone, this inſculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whoſe ſoft impreſſion
Interprets for my poor ignorance.[5]

Alcib. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corſe, of wretched ſoul bereft:*
Seek not my name: A plague conſume you wicked caitiffs left![6]
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill; but paſs, and ſtay not here thy gait.

one of this ſpeech, ſubſtituted *by*, which all the ſubſequent editors adopted. Malone.

I profeſs my inability to extract any determinate ſenſe from theſe words as they ſtand, and rather ſuppoſe the reading in the ſecond folio to be the true one. To be remedied *by*, affords a glimpſe of meaning: to be remedied *to*, is "the blanket of the dark." Steevens.

[4] Deſcend, *and keep your words.*] Old copy—*Defend.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[5] ——*for my* poor *ignorance.*] *Poor* is here uſed as a diſſyllable, as *door* is in *The Merchant of Venice.* Malone.

[6] ——*caitiffs left!*] This epitaph is found in Sir T. North's tranſlation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* inſtead of *caitiffs.* Steevens.

This epitaph is formed out of two diſtinct epitaphs which Shakſpeare found in Plutarch. The firſt couplet is ſaid by Plu-

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhorr'dſt in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dſt our brain's flow,[7] and thoſe our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven.[8] Dead

tarch to have been compoſed by Timon himſelf as his epitaph; the ſecond to have been written by the poet Callimachus.

Perhaps the ſlight variation mentioned by Mr. Steevens, aroſe from our author's having another epitaph before him, which is found in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrammes*, 1577, and in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, Vol. I. Nov. 28:

" TIMON HIS EPITAPHE.

" My wretched *caitiffe* daies expired now and paſt,
" My carren corps enterred here, is graſpt in ground,
" In weltring waves of ſwelling ſeas by ſourges caſte;
" My name if thou deſire, the gods thee doe confound!"

MALONE.

[7] —— *our* brain's *flow*,] Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read,—*brine's* flow. *Our brains flow* is *our tears*; but we may read, *our* brine's *flow*, our *ſalt tears*. Either will ſerve. JOHNSON.

Our brain's *flow* is right. So, in *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:

" I ſhed not the tears of my *brain*."

Again, in *The Miracles of Moſes*, by Drayton:

" But he from *rocks* that fountains can command,
" Cannot yet ſtay the *fountains of his brain*."

STEEVENS.

[8] —— on *faults forgiven*.] Alcibiades's whole ſpeech is in breaks, betwixt his reflections on Timon's death, and his addreſſes to the Athenian Senators: and as ſoon as he has commented on the place of Timon's grave, he bids the Senate ſet forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their faults; and promiſes to uſe them with mercy. THEOBALD.

I ſuſpect that we ought to read:

—— One *fault's forgiven*.—*Dead*
Is noble Timon; &c.

Is noble Timon; of whoſe memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will uſe the olive with my ſword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war;[9] make each
Preſcribe to other, as each other's leech.[1]—
Let our drums ſtrike. [*Exeunt.*[2]

One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, i. e. exempted from puniſhment by the death of the injured perſon. TYRWHITT.

The old reading and punctuation appear to me ſufficiently intelligible. Mr. Theobald aſks, "why ſhould Neptune weep over Timon's faults, or indeed what fault had he committed?" The faults that Timon committed, were, 1. that boundleſs prodigality which his Steward ſo forcibly deſcribes and laments; and 2. his becoming a *Miſanthrope,* and abjuring the ſociety of all men for the crimes of a few.—Theobald ſuppoſes that Alcibiades bids the Senate ſet forward, aſſuring them at the ſame time that he forgives the wrongs they have done him. *On:—Faults forgiven.* But how unlikely is it, that he ſhould deſert the ſubject immediately before him, and enter upon another quite different ſubject, in theſe three words; and then return to Timon again? to ſay nothing of the ſtrangeneſs of the phraſe—*faults forgiven,* for "faults *are* forgiven." MALONE.

[9] ——ſtint *war*;] i. e. ſtop it. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen:*

"——'gan the cunning thief
"Perſuade us die, to *ſtint* all further ſtrife."

STEEVENS.

[1] ——*leech.*] i. e. phyſician. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen:*

"Her words prevail'd, and then the learned *leech*
"His cunning hand 'gan to his wounds to lay——."

STEEVENS.

[2] The play of *Timon* is a domeſtick tragedy, and therefore ſtrongly faſtens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The cataſtrophe affords a very powerful warning againſt that oſtentatious liberality, which ſcatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendſhip.

In this tragedy, are many paſſages perplexed, obſcure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promiſe myſelf that my endeavours ſhall be much applauded.

JOHNSON.

This play was altered by Shadwell, and brought upon the ſtage in 1678. In the *modeſt* title-page he calls it *Timon of Athens, or the Man-hater, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre,* made *into a Play.* STEEVENS.

OTHELLO.*

* Othello.] The ſtory is taken from *Cynthio's Novels.* Pope.

I have not hitherto met with any tranſlation of this novel (the ſeventh in the third decad) of ſo early a date as the age of Shakſpeare; but undoubtedly many of theſe little pamphlets have periſhed between his time and ours.

It is highly probable that our author met with the name of *Othello* in ſome tale that has eſcaped our reſearches; as I likewiſe find it in Reynolds's *God's Revenge againſt Adultery*, ſtanding in one of his Arguments as follows: "She marries *Othello*, an old German ſoldier." This Hiſtory (the eighth) is profeſſed to be an *Italian* one. Here alſo occurs the name of *Iago*.

It is likewiſe found, as Dr. Farmer obſerves, in "The Hiſtory of the famous Euordanus Prince of Denmark, with the ſtrange Adventures of Iago Prince of Saxonie; bl. l. 4to. London, 1605."

It may indeed be urged that theſe names were adopted from the tragedy before us: but I truſt that every reader who is converſant with the peculiar ſtyle and method in which the work of honeſt John Reynolds is compoſed, will acquit him of the ſlighteſt familiarity with the ſcenes of Shakſpeare.

This play was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 6, 1621, by Thomas Walkely. Steevens.

I have ſeen a French tranſlation of *Cynthio*, by Gabriel Chappuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I ſuſpect, through this medium the work came into Engliſh. Farmer.

This tragedy I have aſcribed (but on no very ſure ground) to the year 1611. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II. Malone.

The time of this play may be aſcertained from the following circumſtances: Selymus the Second formed his deſign againſt Cyprus in 1569, and took it in 1571. This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon that iſland after it came into the hands of the Venetians, (which was in the year 1473,) wherefore the time muſt fall in with ſome part of that interval. We learn from the play that there was a junction of the Turkiſh fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invaſion of Cyprus, that it firſt came ſailing towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another ſquadron, and then reſumed its way to Cyprus. Theſe are real hiſtorical facts which happened when Muſtapha, Selymus's general, attacked Cyprus in May, 1570, which therefore is the true period of this performance. See Knolles's *Hiſtory of the Turks*, p. 838, 846, 867. Reed.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice.
Brabantio, *a Senator.*
Two other Senators.
Gratiano, *Brother to* Brabantio.
Lodovico, *Kinſman to* Brabantio.
Othello, *the Moor:*
Caſſio, *his Lieutenant*;
Iago, *his Ancient.*
Roderigo, *a* Venetian *Gentleman.*
Montano, Othello's *Predeceſſor in the Government of* Cyprus.[1]
Clown, Servant to Othello.
Herald.

Deſdemona, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to* Othello.
Emilia, *Wife to* Iago.
Bianca, *a Courtezan, Miſtreſs to* Caſſio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the firſt Act, in Venice; *during the reſt of the Play, at a Sea-Port in* Cyprus.

[1] Though the rank which Montano held in Cyprus cannot be exactly aſcertained, yet from many circumſtances, we are ſure he had not the powers with which Othello was ſubſequently inveſted.

Perhaps we do not receive any one of the *Perſonæ Dramatis* to Shakſpeare's plays, as it was originally drawn up by himſelf. Theſe appendages are wanting to all the quartos, and are very rarely given in the folio. At the end of this play, however, the following enumeration of perſons occurs:

"The names of the actors.—Othello, *the Moore.*—Brabantio, *Father to Deſdemona.*—Caſſio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.*—Iago, *a Villaine.*—Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.*—*Duke of Venice.*—*Senators.*—Montano, *Governour of Cyprus.*—*Gentlemen of Cyprus.*—Lodovico, *and* Gratiano, *two noble Venetians.*—*Saylors.*—*Clowne.*—Deſdemona, *Wife to Othello.*—Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*—Bianca, *a Curtezan.*" STEEVENS.

OTHELLO,

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO.

Rod. Tuſh, never tell me,[2] I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine,—ſhould'ſt know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:[3]—
If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Deſpiſe me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,

[2] *Tuſh, never tell me,*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio omits the interjection—*Tuſh.* STEEVENS.

[3] 'Sblood, *but you will not* &c.] Thus the quarto: the folio ſuppreſſes this oath. STEEVENS.

Oft capp'd to him;[4]—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſes,
Evades them, with a bombaſt circumſtance,[5]
Horribly ſtuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in concluſion, nonſuits
My mediators; *for, certes,*[6] ſays he,
I have already choſe my officer.
And what was he?
Forſooth, a great arithmetician,[7]

[4] Oft *capp'd to him*;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,—*Off*-capp'd to him. STEEVENS.

In ſupport of the folio, *Antony and Cleopatra* may be quoted:

" I have ever held my *cap off* to thy fortunes."

This reading I once thought to be the true one. But a more intimate knowledge of the quarto copies has convinced me that they ought not without very ſtrong reaſon to be departed from. MALONE.

To *cap* is to ſalute by taking off the cap. It is ſtill an academick phraſe. M. MASON.

[5] —— *a bombaſt* circumſtance,] *Circumſtance* ſignifies *circumlocution*. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*:

" You put us to a needleſs labour, ſir,
" To run and wind about for *circumſtance*,
" When the plain word, I thank you, would have ſerv'd."

Again, in Maſſinger's *Picture*:

" And therefore, without *circumſtance*, to the point,
" Inſtruct me what I am."

Again, in Knolles's *Hiſtory of the Turks*, p. 576: " —wherefore I will not uſe many words to perſuade you to continue in your fidelity and loyalty; neither long *circumſtance* to encourage you to play the men." REED.

[6] —— *certes*,] i. e. certainly, in truth. Obſolete. So, Spenſer, in *The Fairy Queen*, Book IV. c. ix:

" *Certes*, her loſſe ought me to ſorrow moſt." STEEVENS.

[7] *Forſooth, a great* arithmetician,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio ſays: " —one that fights by the book of *arithmetick*." STEEVENS.

Iago, however, means to repreſent Caſſio, not as a perſon

One Michael Caſſio, a Florentine,[8]
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife;[9]

whoſe arithmetick was "*one, two,* and the *third* in your boſom," but as a man merely converſant with *civil* matters, and who knew no more of a ſquadron than the *number* of men it contained. So afterwards he calls him this *counter-caſter.*

MALONE.

[8] —— *a* Florentine,] It appears from many paſſages of this play (rightly underſtood) that Caſſio was a Florentine, and Iago a Venetian. HANMER.

[9] *A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife*;] Sir Thomas Hanmer ſuppoſed that the text muſt be corrupt, becauſe it appears from a following part of the play that Caſſio was an unmarried man. Mr. Steevens has clearly explained the words in a ſubſequent note: I have therefore no doubt that the text is right; and have not thought it neceſſary to inſert Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, in which he propoſed to read—"a fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair *life*." Shakſpeare, he conceived, might allude to the judgment denounced in the goſpel againſt thoſe *of whom all men ſpeak well.*

MALONE.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture is ingenious, but cannot be right; for the malicious Iago would never have given Caſſio the higheſt commendation that words can convey, at the very time that he wiſhes to depreciate him to Roderigo; though afterwards, in ſpeaking to himſelf, [Act V. ſc. i.] he gives him his juſt character.

M. MASON.

That Caſſio was *married* is not ſufficiently implied in the words, *a fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife,* ſince they mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expreſſing himſelf, no more than a man *very near being married.* This ſeems to have been the caſe in reſpect of Caſſio.—Act IV. ſc. i, Iago ſpeaking to him of Bianca, ſays,—*Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.* Caſſio acknowledges that ſuch a report had been raiſed, and adds, *This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and ſelf flattery, not out of my promiſe.* Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally circulates it in his preſent converſation with Roderigo. If Shakſpeare, however, deſigned *Bianca* for a courtezan of *Cyprus,* (where Caſſio had not yet been, and had therefore never ſeen her,) Iago cannot be ſuppoſed to allude to the report concerning his marriage with her, and conſequently this part of my argument muſt fall to the ground.

Had Shakſpeare, conſiſtently with Iago's character, meant to

That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,

make him ſay that Caſſio was *actually damn'd in being married to a handſome woman,* he would have made him ſay it *outright,* and not have interpoſed the palliative *almoſt.* Whereas what he ſays at preſent amounts to no more than that (however near his marriage) he is not yet *completely damned,* becauſe he is not *abſolutely married.* The ſucceeding parts of Iago's converſation ſufficiently evince, that the poet thought no mode of conception or expreſſion too brutal for the character. STEEVENS.

There is no ground whatſoever for ſuppoſing that Shakſpeare deſigned Bianca for a courtezan of Cyprus. Caſſio, who was a Florentine, and Othello's lieutenant, ſailed from Venice in a ſhip belonging to Verona, at the ſame time with the Moor; and what difficulty is there in ſuppoſing that Bianca, who, Caſſio himſelf informs us, " haunted him every where," took her paſſage in the ſame veſſel with him; or followed him afterwards? Othello, we may ſuppoſe, with ſome of the Venetian troops, ſailed in another veſſel; and Deſdemona and Iago embarked in a third.

Iago, after he has been at Cyprus but one day, ſpeaks of Bianca, (Act IV. ſc. i.) as one whom he had long known: he muſt therefore (if the poet be there correct) have known her at *Venice:*

" Now will I queſtion Caſſio of *Bianca,*
" *A huſwife, that, by ſelling her deſires,*
" *Buys herſelf bread and clothes: it is a creature,*
" *That dotes on Caſſio*;—as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague,
" To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one."

MALONE.

Ingenious as Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture may appear, it but ill accords with the context. Iago is enumerating the diſqualifications of Caſſio for his new appointment; but ſurely his *being well ſpoken of by all men* could not be one of them. It is evident from what follows that a report had prevailed at Venice of Caſſio's being ſoon to be married " to the moſt *fair* Bianca." Now as ſhe was in Shakſpeare's language " a cuſtomer," it was with a view to ſuch a connection that Iago called the new Lieutenant *a fellow almoſt damned.* It may be gathered from various circumſtances that an intercourſe between Caſſio and Bianca had exiſted before they left Venice; for Bianca is not only well known to Iago at Cyprus, but ſhe upbraids Caſſio (Act III. ſc. iv.) with having been abſent a week from her, when he had not been *two days* on the iſland. Hence, and from what Caſſio himſelf re-

Nor the diviſion of a battle knows

lates, (Act IV. ſc. i.) *I was the other day talking on the* SEA-BANK WITH CERTAIN VENETIANS, *and* THITHER *comes the bauble; by this hand, ſhe falls thus about my neck*;—it may be preſumed ſhe had ſecretly followed him to Cyprus: a concluſion not only neceſſary to explain the paſſage in queſtion, but to preſerve the conſiſtency of the fable at large.—The *ſea-bank* on which Caſſio was converſing with certain Venetians, was at Venice; for he had never till the day before been at Cyprus: he ſpecifies thoſe with whom he converſed as *Venetians*, becauſe he was himſelf a *Florentine*; and he mentions the behaviour of Bianca in their preſence, as tending to corroborate the report ſhe had ſpread that he was ſoon to marry her. HENLEY.

I think, as I have already mentioned, that Bianca was a Venetian courtezan: but the *ſea-bank* of which Caſſio ſpeaks, may have been the ſhore of Cyprus. In ſeveral other inſtances beſide this, our poet appears not to have recollected that the perſons of his play had only been one day at Cyprus. I am aware, however, that this circumſtance may be urged with equal force againſt the concluding part of my own preceding note; and the term ſea-*bank* certainly adds ſupport to what Mr. Henley has ſuggeſted, being the very term uſed by Lewkenor, in his account of the *Lito maggior* of *Venice*. See p. 242, n. 8. MALONE.

Thus far our commentaries on this obſcure paſſage are arranged as they ſtand in the very ſuccinct edition of Mr. Malone. Yet I cannot prevail on myſelf, in further imitation of him, to ſuppreſs the note of my late friend Mr. Tyrwhitt, a note that ſeems to be treated with civilities that degrade its value, and with a neglect that few of its author's opinions have deſerved. My inability to offer ſuch a defence of his preſent one, as he himſelf could undoubtedly have ſupplied, is no reaſon why it ſhould be prevented from exerting its own proper influence on the reader.

STEEVENS.

The poet has uſed the ſame mode of expreſſion in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act I. ſc. i:

" O my Antonio, I do know of thoſe
" Who therefore only are reputed wiſe,
" For ſaying nothing; who, I'm very ſure,
" If they ſhould ſpeak, would *almoſt damn* thoſe ears,
" Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools."

And there the alluſion is evident to the goſpel-judgment againſt

More than a ſpinſter; unleſs the bookiſh theorick,[1]

thoſe, who call their brothers fools. I am therefore inclined to believe, that the true reading here is:

A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair life;

and that Shakſpeare alludes to the judgment denounced in the goſpel againſt thoſe *of whom all men ſpeak well.*

The character of Caſſio is certainly ſuch, as would be very likely to draw upon him all the peril of this denunciation, literally underſtood. Well-bred, eaſy, ſociable, good natured; with abilities enough to make him agreeable and uſeful, but not ſufficient to excite the envy of his equals, or to alarm the jealouſy of his ſuperiors. It may be obſerved too, that Shakſpeare has thought it proper to make Iago, in ſeveral other paſſages, bear his teſtimony to the amiable qualities of his rival. In Act V. ſc. i. he ſpeaks thus of him:

" ——— if Caſſio do remain,
" He hath *a daily beauty in his life,*
" That makes me ugly."

I will only add, that, however hard or far-fetched this alluſion (whether Shakſpeare's or only mine) may ſeem to be, Archbiſhop Sheldon had exactly the ſame conceit, when he made that ſingular compliment, as the writer calls it, [*Biograph. Britan.* Art. TEMPLE,] to a nephew of Sir William Temple, that " he had the curſe of the goſpel, becauſe all men ſpoke well of him."

TYRWHITT.

That Mr. Tyrwhitt has given us Shakſpeare's genuine word and meaning I have not the leaſt doubt. Bianca is evidently a courtezan of Cyprus, and Caſſio, of courſe, not yet acquainted with her. But even admitting that ſhe might have followed him thither, and got comfortably ſettled in a " houſe," ſtill, I think, the improbability of his having any intention to marry her is too groſs for conſideration. What! the gallant Caſſio, the friend and favourite of his general, to marry a " cuſtomer," a " fitchew," a " huſwife who by ſelling her deſires buys herſelf bread and clothes!" Iago, indeed, pretends that ſhe had given out ſuch a report, but it is merely with a view to make Caſſio laugh the louder. There can be no reaſon for his practiſing any ſimilar impoſition upon Roderigo. RITSON.

[1] ——*theorick,*] *Theorick,* for *theory.* So, in *The Proceedings againſt Garnet on the Powder-Plot:* " — as much deceived in the *theoricke* of truſt, as the lay diſciples were in the practicke of conſpiracie." STEEVENS.

This was the common language of Shakſpeare's time. See Vol. VIII. p. 354, n. 7. MALONE.

Wherein the toged conſuls [2] can propoſe
As maſterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,[3]
Is all his ſoldierſhip. But, he, ſir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
Chriſtian and heathen,—muſt be be-lee'd and calm'd [4]

[2] *Wherein the toged* conſuls—] *Conſuls,* for *counſellors.* WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *council.* Mr. Theobald would have us read, *counſellors.* Venice was originally governed by *conſuls:* and *conſuls* ſeems to have been commonly uſed for *counſellors,* as afterwards in this play. In *Albion's Triumph,* a Maſque, 1631, the Emperor Albanact is ſaid to be "attended by fourteen *conſuls.*" Again: "—the habits of the *conſuls* were after the ſame manner." Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Matthew Paris after him, call both dukes and earls, *conſuls.* STEEVENS.

The *rulers of the ſtate,* or civil governours. The word is uſed by Marlowe, in the ſame ſenſe, in *Tamburlaine,* a tragedy, 1590:

"Both we will raigne as *conſuls* of the earth."

MALONE.

By *toged* perhaps is meant *peaceable,* in oppoſition to the *warlike* qualifications of which he had been ſpeaking. He might have formed the word in alluſion to the Latin adage,—*Cedant arma togæ.* STEEVENS.

[3] *More than a ſpinſter; unleſs the* bookiſh *theorick,*
Wherein the toged conſuls can propoſe
As maſterly as he: *mere prattle without practice,*] This play has many redundant lines, like the firſt and third of the foregoing. I cannot help regarding the words diſtinguiſhed by the Roman character, as interpolations. In the opening ſcene of *King Henry V.* Shakſpeare thought it unneceſſary to join an epithet to *theorick*; and if the monoſyllables—*as he,* were omitted, would Iago's meaning halt for want of them?

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*muſt be* be-lee'd *and calm'd*—] The old quarto—*led.* The firſt folio reads, *be-lee'd:* but that ſpoils the meaſure. I read, *let,* hindered. WARBURTON.

Be-lee'd ſuits to *calm'd,* and the meaſure is not leſs perfect than in many other places. JOHNSON.

By debitor[5] and creditor, this counter-caſter;[6]

Be-lee'd and *be-calm'd* are terms of navigation.

I have been informed that one veſſel is ſaid to be in the *lee* of another, when it is ſo placed that the wind is intercepted from it. Iago's meaning therefore is, that Caſſio had got the wind of him, and *be-calm'd* him from going on.

To *be-calm* (as I learn from Falconer's *Marine Dictionary*,) is likewiſe to obſtruct the current of the wind in its paſſage to a ſhip, by any contiguous object. STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1622, reads:

——— *muſt be* led *and calm'd*—.

I ſuſpect therefore that Shakſpeare wrote—muſt be *lee'd* and calm'd. The *lee* ſide of a ſhip is that on which the wind blows. To *lee*, or to be *lee'd*, may mean, to fall to leeward, or to loſe the advantage of the wind.

The reading of the text is that of the folio. I doubt whether there be any ſuch ſea-phraſe as to *be-lee*; and ſuſpect the word *be* was inadvertently repeated by the compoſitor of the folio.

Mr. Steevens has explained the word *be-calm'd*, but where is it found in the text? MALONE.

Mr. Malone is unfortunate in his preſent explanation. The *lee*-ſide of a ſhip is directly *contrary to that* on which the wind blows, if I may believe a ſkilful navigator whom I have conſulted on this occaſion.

Mr. Malone aſks where the word *be-calm'd* is to be found in the text. To this queſtion I muſt reply by another. Is it not evident, that the prefix—*be* is to be continued from the former naval phraſe to the latter? Shakſpeare would have written *be*-calm'd as well as *be*-lee'd, but that the cloſe of his verſe would not admit of a diſſyllable.—Should we ſay that a ſhip was *lee'd*, or *calm'd*, we ſhould employ a phraſe unacknowledged by ſailors. STEEVENS.

[5] *By* debitor—] All the modern editors read—By *debtor*; but *debitor* (the reading of the old copies) was the word uſed in Shakſpeare's time. So, in Sir John Davies's *Epigrams*, 1598:

"There ſtands the conſtable, there ſtands the whore,—
"There by the ſerjeant ſtands the *debitor*."

See alſo the paſſage quoted from *Cymbeline*, n. 6. MALONE.

[6] ——— *this* counter-caſter;] It was anciently the practice to reckon up ſums with *counters*. To this Shakſpeare alludes again in *Cymbeline*, Act V: "—it ſums up thouſands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor, but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge. Your neck, ſir, is pen, book, and

He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bleſs the mark![7]) his Moor-ſhip's[8] ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſervice;
Preferment goes by letter,[9] and affection,
Not by the old gradation,[1] where each ſecond
Stood heir to the firſt. Now, ſir, be judge yourſelf,

counters;" &c. Again, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "I wyl caſt my *counters*, or with *counters* make all my reckenynges." STEEVENS.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "—fifteen hundred ſhorn,—What comes the wool to?—I cannot do't without *counters*." MALONE.

[7] —— *bleſs the mark!*] Kelly, in his comments on Scots proverbs, obſerves, that the Scots, when they compare perſon to perſon, uſe this exclamation.

I find, however, this phraſe in Churchyard's *Tragical Diſcourſe of a dolorous Gentlewoman*, &c. 1593:

"Not beauty here I claime by this my talke,
"For browne and blacke I was, *God bleſſe the marke!*
"Who calls me fair dooth ſcarce know cheeſe from chalke:
"For I was form'd when winter nights was darke,
"And nature's workes tooke light at little ſparke;
"For kinde in ſcorne had made a moulde of jette,
"That ſhone like cole, wherein my face was ſet."

It is ſingular that both Churchyard and Shakſpeare ſhould have uſed this form of words with reference to a black perſon. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *his* Moorſhip's—] The firſt quarto reads—his *worſhip's*. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *by letter,*] *By recommendation* from powerful friends. JOHNSON.

[1] *Not by the old gradation,*] *Old gradation*, is *gradation* eſta bliſheby *ancient* practice. JOHNSON.

Whether I in any juſt term am affin'd[2]
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, ſir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old, caſhier'd;[3]
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves:[4] Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
And, throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themſelves homage: theſe fellows have ſome ſoul;
And ſuch a one do I profeſs myſelf.
For, ſir,[5]

[2] *Whether I in any juſt term am* affin'd—] *Affin'd* is the reading of the third quarto and the firſt folio. The ſecond quarto and all the modern editions have *aſſign'd.* The meaning is, —*Do I ſtand* within *any ſuch* terms *of propinquity,* or *relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him?* Johnson.

The original quarto, 1622, has *aſſign'd,* but it was manifeſtly an error of the preſs. Malone.

[3] *For nought but provender*; and, *when* he's *old, caſhier'd*;] Surely, this line was originally ſhorter. We might ſafely read—
For nought but provender; *when old, caſhier'd.*
Steevens.

[4] ——*honeſt* knaves:] *Knave* is here for *ſervant,* but with a ſly mixture of contempt. Johnson.

[5] *For, ſir,*] Theſe words, which are found in all the ancient copies, are omitted by Mr. Pope, and moſt of our modern editors. Steevens.

It is as ſure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myſelf;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern,[6] 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve
For daws to peck at:[7] I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,[8]

[6] *In compliment* extern,] In that which I do only for an outward ſhow of civility. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Albovine*, 1629:

" ——— that in ſight *extern*
" A patriarch ſeems." STEEVENS.

[7] *For* daws &c.] The firſt quarto reads,—For *doves*—. STEEVENS.

I have adhered to the original copy, becauſe I ſuſpect Shakſpeare had in his thoughts a paſſage in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580: " As all coynes are not good that have the image of Cæſar, nor all gold that is coyned with the kings ſtampe ſo all is not truth that beareth the ſhew of godlineſſe, nor all friends that beare a faire face. If thou pretend ſuch love to Euphues, carry *thy heart on the backe of thy hand*, and thy tongue in thy palme, that I may ſee what is in thy minde, and thou with thy finger claſpe thy mouth.—I can better take a bliſter of a nettle, than a pricke of a roſe; more willing that a raven ſhould peck out mine eyes, than a *turtle peck at* them." MALONE.

I read with the folio. Iago certainly means to ſay, he would expoſe his heart as a prey to the moſt worthleſs of birds, i. e. *daws*, which are treated with univerſal contempt. Our author would ſcarcely have degraded the amiable tribe of *doves* to ſuch an office; nor is the mention of them at all ſuitable to the harſh turn of Iago's ſpeech. STEEVENS.

[8] *What a* full fortune *does the thick-lips* owe,] *Full fortune* is, I believe, a complete piece of good fortune, as in another

If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouſe him: make after him, poiſon his delight,
Proclaim him in the ſtreets; incenſe her kinſmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.

Rod. Here is her father's houſe; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpied in populous cities.[9]

ſcene of this play a *full ſoldier* is put for a complete ſoldier. So, in *Cymbeline:*

" Our pleaſure his *full fortune* doth confine."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the fourth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey,* we have—

" Jove did not only his *full fate* adorn,
" When he was wedded."

To *owe,* is in ancient language, to *own,* to poſſeſs.

STEEVENS.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— not the imperious ſhow
" Of the *full fortun'd* Cæſar—."

Full is uſed by Chaucer in the ſame ſenſe in his *Troilus,* B. L:

" Sufficeth this, my *full* friend Pandare,
" That I have ſaid—."

See alſo Vol. XVII. p. 189, n. 3. MALONE.

[9] *As when, by night and negligence, the fire*
Is ſpied in populous cities.] The particle is uſed equivocally: the ſame liberty is taken by writers more correct:

" The wonderful creature! a woman of reaſon!
" Never grave *out of* pride, never gay *out of* feaſon."

JOHNSON.

By night and negligence means, during the time of night and negligence. M. MASON.

The meaning, as Mr. Edwards has obſerved, is, " not that the fire was ſpied by negligence, but the fire, which came by night

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! ſignior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above, at a Window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?[1]

Bra. Why? wherefore aſk you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, ſir, you are robb'd; for ſhame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burſt,[2] you have loſt half your ſoul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe.[3] Ariſe, ariſe;

and negligence, was ſpied. And this double meaning to the ſame word is common to Shakſpeare with all other writers, eſpecially where the word is ſo familiar a one, as this is in queſtion. Ovid ſeems even to have thought it a beauty inſtead of a defect." MALONE.

[1] *Are* your *doors lock'd?*] The firſt quarto reads—*Are* all *doors lock'd?* STEEVENS.

[2] —— *is* burſt,] i. e. broken. *Burſt* for *broke* is uſed in our author's *King Henry IV.* P. II: "——and then he *burſt* his head for crouding among the marſhal's men." See Vol XII. p. 152, n. 5. STEEVENS.

See alſo Vol. IX. p. 13, n. 5; and p. 126, n. 6. MALONE.

[3] —— tupping *your white ewe.*] In the north of England a ram is called a *tup.* MALONE.

I had made the ſame obſervation in the third Act of this play, ſcene iii. STEEVENS.

Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the devil will make a grandſire of you:
Ariſe, I ſay.

Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?

Rod. Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worſe welcome:
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering draughts,[4]
Upon malicious bravery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.

Rod. Sir, ſir, ſir, ſir,——

Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good ſir.

Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My houſe is not a grange.[5]

——*your* white ewe.] It appears from a paſſage in Decker's *O per ſe O*, 4to. 1612, that this was a term in the cant language uſed by vagabonds: "As the men haue nicke-names, ſo likewiſe haue the women: for ſome of them are called *the white ewe*, the lambe," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] ——diſtempering *draughts*,] To be diſtempered with liquor, was, in Shakſpeare's age, the phraſe for intoxication. In *Hamlet* the King is ſaid to be "marvellous *diſtempered* with wine." MALONE.

See Vol. XII. p. 334, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*this is Venice*;
My houſe is not a grange.] That is, "you are in a populous

Rod. Moſt grave Brabantio,
In ſimple and pure ſoul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, ſir, you are one of thoſe, that will not ſerve God, if the devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horſe; you'll have your nephews neigh to you:[6] you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germans.[7]

city, not in a *lone houſe*, where a robbery might eaſily be committed." *Grange* is ſtrictly and properly the farm of a monaſtery, where the religious repoſited their corn. *Grangia*, Lat. from *Granum*. But in Lincolnſhire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone houſe, or farm which ſtands ſolitary, a *grange*. T. Warton.

So, in T. Heywood's *Engliſh Traveller*, 1633:

" ——— to abſent himſelf from home,
" And make his father's houſe but as a *grange?*" &c.

Again, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1599:

" —— ſoon was I train'd from court
" To a *ſolitary grange*," &c.

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: " —at the moated *grange* reſides this dejected Mariana." Steevens.

[6] ——*your* nephews *neigh to you:*] *Nephew*, in this inſtance, has the power of the Latin word *nepos*, and ſignifies a grandſon, or any lineal deſcendant, however remote. So, A. of Wyntown, in his *Cronykil*, B. VIII. ch. iii v. 119:

" Hyr ſwne may be cald *newu:*
" This is of that word the wertu."

Thus, alſo, in Spenſer:

" And all the ſons of theſe five brethren reign'd
" By due ſucceſs, and all their *nephews* late,
" Even thrice eleven deſcents the crown obtain'd."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the *Odyſſey*, B. XXIV. Laertes ſays of Telemachus his *grandſon:*

" ——— to behold my ſon
" And *nephew* cloſe in ſuch contention."

Sir W. Dugdale very often employs the word in this ſenſe; and without it, it would not be very eaſy to ſhow how *Brabantio* could have *nephews* by the marriage of his *daughter*. Ben Jon-

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?[8]

Iago. I am one, ſir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs.[9]

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a ſenator.

ſon likewiſe uſes it with the ſame meaning. The alliteration in this paſſage cauſed Shakſpeare to have recourſe to it. Steevens.

See Vol. XIV. p. 426, n. 1. Malone.

[7] ——gennets *for germans,*] A *jennet* is a Spaniſh horſe. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece,* 1630:

" —— there ſtays within my tent
" A winged *jennet.*" Steevens.

[8] *What* profane *wretch art thou?*] That is, *what wretch of groſs and licentious language?* In that ſenſe Shakſpeare often uſes the word profane. Johnson.

It is ſo uſed by other writers of the ſame age:

" How far off dwells the houſe-ſurgeon?
" ——You are a *profane* fellow, i'faith."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub:*

" By the fly juſtice, and his clerk *profane.*"

James Howell, in a dialogue prefixed to his edition of Cotgrave's *Dictionary,* in 1673, has the following ſentence: " J'aimerois mieux eſtre trop ceremonieux, que trop *prophane:*" which he thus alſo angliciſes—" I had rather be too ceremonious, than too *prophane.*" Steevens.

[9] ——*your daughter and the Moor are now making* the beaſt with two backs.] This is an ancient proverbial expreſſion in the French language, whence Shakſpeare probably borrowed it; for in the *Dictionaire des Proverbes Françoiſes,* par G. D. B. Bruſſelles, 1710, 12mo. I find the following article: " Faire la bête a deux dos," pour dire, faire l'amour." Percy.

In the *Dictionaire Comique,* par le Roux, 1750, this phraſe is more particularly explained under the article *Bete:* " *Faire la bete a deux dos.*—Maniere de parler qui ſignifie etre couché avec une femme; faire le deduit."—" Et faiſoient tous deux ſouvent enſemble *la bete a deux dos* joyeuſement." *Rabelais,* Liv. I. There was a tranſlation of *Rabelais* publiſhed in the time of Shakſpeare. Malone.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,

[If't be your pleaſure,[1] and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o'the night,[2]
Tranſported—with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,—
To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious Moor,—

[1] [*If't be your pleaſure,* &c.] The lines printed in crotchets are not in the firſt edition, but in the folio of 1623. JOHNSON.

[2] *At this* odd-even *and dull watch o'the night,*] The *even* of *night* is *midnight,* the time when night is divided into *even* parts. JOHNSON.

Odd is here ambiguouſly uſed, as it ſignifies *ſtrange, uncouth,* or *unwonted*; and as it is oppoſed to *even.*

But this expreſſion, however explained, is very harſh. STEEVENS.

This ODD EVEN is ſimply the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning. HENLEY.

By this ſingular expreſſion,—" this *odd-even* of the night," our poet appears to have meant, that it was juſt approaching to, or juſt paſt, that it was doubtful whether at that moment it ſtood at the point of midnight, or at ſome other leſs equal diviſion of the twenty-four-hours; which a few minutes either before or after midnight would be.

So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——What is the *night?*

" *Lady M.* Almoſt at *odds with morning, which is which.*"

Shakſpeare was probably thinking of his boyiſh ſchool-play, *odd or even.* MALONE.

Surely, " almoſt *at odds* with morning" ſignifies, almoſt *entering into conflict* with it. Thus, in *Timon of Athens:*

" 'Tis honour, with moſt lands to be *at odds,*—."

In *King Henry VI.* P. III. we find an idea ſimilar to that in *Macbeth:*

" ——like the *morning's war,*

" When dying clouds *contend* with growing light." STEEVENS

If this be known to you, and your allowance,[3]
We then have done you bold and ſaucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the ſenſe of all civility,[4]
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant [5] and wheeling ſtranger,[6]
Of here and every where: Straight ſatisfy yourſelf:]
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the juſtice of the ſtate

[3] —— *and your* allowance,] i. e. done with your *approbation.* See Vol. XV. p. 321, n. 4; and Vol. XVII. p. 435, n. 6. MALONE.

[4] *That,* from *the ſenſe of all civility,*] That is, *in oppoſition to,* or *departing from,* the ſenſe of all civility. So, in *Twelfth-Night:*

" But this is *from* my commiſſion—."

Again, in *The Mayor of Quinborough,* by Middleton, 1661:

" But this is *from* my buſineſs." MALONE.

[5] *In an* extravagant —] *Extravagant* is here uſed in its Latin ſignification, for *wandering.* Thus, in *Hamlet:* " The *extravagant,* and erring ſpirit,—." STEEVENS.

[6] *Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,*
In *an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger,*] Thus the old copies, for which the modern editors, following Mr. Pope, have ſubſtituted—*To* an extravagant &c. In *King Lear,* we find—" And hold our lives *in* mercy;" (not *at* mercy;) in *The Winter's Tale*—" he was torn to pieces *with* a *bear,*" not " *by* a bear;" and in *Hamlet:*

" To let this canker of our nature come
" *In* further evil."

So, in the next ſcene, we have " —— *in* your part," not " —— *on* your part." We might ſubſtitute modern for ancient phraſeology in all theſe paſſages with as much propriety as in the preſent. We yet ſay, " ſhe is *wrapp'd up in* him." MALONE.

For thus deluding you.[7]

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already:—
Light, I ſay! light! [*Exit, from above.*

Iago. Farewell; for I muſt leave you:
It ſeems not meet, nor wholeſome to my place,
To be produc'd[8] (as, if I ſtay, I ſhall,)
Againſt the Moor: For, I do know, the ſtate,—
However this may gall him with ſome check,[9]—
Cannot with ſafety caſt him;[1] for he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now ſtand in act,) that, for their ſouls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their buſineſs: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhow out a flag and ſign of love,
Which is indeed but ſign. That you ſhall ſurely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary[2] the rais'd ſearch;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.
[*Exit.*

[7] *For* thus deluding you.] The firſt quarto reads,—For *this deluſion*. Steevens.

[8] *To be* produc'd—] The folio reads,—*produced*. Steevens.

[9] ——*ſome* check,] Some rebuke. Johnson.

[1] ——caſt *him*;] That is, *diſmiſs* him; *reject* him. We ſtill ſay, a *caſt* coat, and a *caſt* ſerving-man. Johnson.

[2] ——*the* Sagittary—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads,—the *Sagittar*—. I have choſen the unclipped reading. Steevens.

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, *and* Servants *with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone ſhe is ;
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,[3]
Is nought but bitterneſs.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didſt thou ſee her ?—O, unhappy girl !—
With the Moor, ſay'ſt thou ?—Who would be a father ?—
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe ?—O, thou deceiv'ſt me
Paſt thought ![4]—What ſaid ſhe to you ?—Get more tapers ;
Raiſe all my kindred.—Are they married think you ?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven !—How got ſhe out !—O treaſon of the blood !—

[3] *And what's to come of my* deſpiſed *time,*] *Deſpiſed time,* is *time of no value* ; time in which—

" There's nothing ſerious in mortality,
" The wine of life is drawn, and the mere dregs
" Are left this vault to brag of." *Macbeth.* JOHNSON.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet :*

" ——— expire the term
" Of a *deſpiſed* life clos'd in my breaſt."

As the quotation in the preceding note belongs to our ſteady moraliſt, Dr. Johnſon, it could not have been more uncharacteriſtically vitiated, than by the compoſitor, in Mr. Malone's edition, where it appears thus :

" There's nothing ſerious in *morality.*" STEEVENS.

[4] —— *O, thou deceiv'ſt me*
Paſt thought !] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio, 1623, and the quartos, 1630 and 1655, read :

—— *O, ſhe deceives me*
Paſt thought !——

I have choſen the apoſtrophe to his abſent daughter, as the moſt ſpirited of the two readings. STEEVENS.

Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters' minds
By what you ſee them act.—Are there not charms,[5]
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd ?[6] Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of ſome ſuch thing ?

Rod. Yes, ſir; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, ſome another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor ?

Rod. I think, I can diſcover him; if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on.[7] At every houſe I'll call;
I may command at moſt;—Get weapons, ho!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of night.[8]—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deſerve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*

[5] —— Are *there not charms,*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt, and the quarto, ungrammatically read,—*Is* there not &c. Mr. Malone follows the oldeſt copies, and obſerves that the words —*Is* there not charms, &c. mean—Is there not *ſuch a thing as* charms ? Steevens.

[6] *By which the property of youth and maidhood*
May be abus'd ?] By which the faculties of a young virgin may be infatuated, and made ſubject to illuſions and falſe imagination :

" —— wicked dreams *abuſe*
" The curtain'd ſleep." *Macbeth.* Johnson.

—— *and* maidhood —] The quartos read—and *manhood*—. Steevens.

[7] *Pray* you, lead on.] The firſt quarto reads,—Pray lead *me* on. Steevens.

[8] —— *of* night.] Thus the original quarto, 1622; for which the editor of the folio ſubſtituted—officers of *might*; a reading which all the modern editors have adopted. I have more than once had occaſion to remark that the quarto readings were

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Attendants.

IAGO. Though in the trade of war I have ſlain men,

ſometimes changed by the editor of the folio, from ignorance of our poet's phraſeology or meaning.

I have no doubt that Shakſpeare, before he wrote this play, read *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, tranſlated from the Italian by Lewes Lewkenor, and printed in quarto, 1599; a book prefixed to which we find a copy of verſes by Spenſer. This treatiſe furniſhed our poet with the knowledge of thoſe *officers* of night, whom Brabantio here deſires to be called to his aſſiſtance.

"For the greater expedition thereof, of theſe kinds of judgements, the heades or chieftaines of *the officers by night* do obtaine the authority of which the advocators are deprived. Theſe *officers of the night* are ſix, and ſix likewiſe are thoſe meane officers, that have only power to correct baſe vagabonds and trifling offences.

"Thoſe that do execute this office are called heades of the tribes of the city, becauſe out of every tribe, (for the city is divided into ſix tribes,) there is elected an *officer of the night*, and a head of the tribe.—The duty of eyther of theſe officers is, to keepe a watch every other night by turn, within their tribes; and, now the one, and then the other, to make rounds about his quarter, till the dawning of the day, being always guarded and attended on with weaponed officers and ſerjeants, and to ſee that there be not any diſorder done in the darkneſs of the night, which alwaies emboldeneth men to naughtineſſe; and that there be not any houſes broken up, nor theeves nor rogues lurking in corners with intent to do violence." *Commonwealth of Venice*, pp. 97, 99. MALONE.

It has been obſerved by Mr. Malone, in *Romeo and Juliet*, (See Act V. ſc. iii. Vol. XX.) that there is no *watch* in Italy. How does that aſſertion quadrate with the foregoing account of *officers of the night?*" STEEVENS.

Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o'the conſcience,[9]
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me ſervice: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,[1]
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your honour,
That, with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, ſir,
Are you faſt married? for, be ſure of this,—
That the magnifico[2] is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's;[3] he will divorce you;

[9] ——ſtuff *o'the* conſcience,] This expreſſion to common readers appears harſh. *Stuff* of the *conſcience* is, *ſubſtance* or *eſſence* of the conſcience. *Stuff* is a word of great force in the Teutonick languages. The elements are called in Dutch, *Hoefd ſtoffen*, or *head ſtuffs*. Johnson.

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

" You're full of heavenly *ſtuff*," &c.

Friſch's *German Dictionary* gives this explanation of the word *ſtoff*: " —materies ex qua aliquid fieri poterit." Steevens.

Shakſpeare in *Macbeth* uſes this word in the ſame ſenſe, and in a manner yet more harſh:

" Cleanſe the *ſtuff'd boſom* of that perilous *ſtuff*."

Holt White.

[1] ——*he prated,*] Of whom is this ſaid? Of Roderigo? Steevens.

[2] ——*the* magnifico—] " The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *Magnifici*, i. e. *magnificoes*." Minſheu's *Dictionary*. See too *Volpone*. Tollet.

[3] ——*a voice potential*
As double *as the duke's:*] It appears from Thomas's *Hiſtory of Italy*, 4to. 1560, to have been a popular opinion, though a falſe one, that the duke of Venice had a *double* voice: " Whereas," ſays he, " many have reported, the duke in ballotyng ſhould

Or put upon you what reſtraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)

have *two voices*; it is nothinge ſo; for in giving his voice he hath but one ballot, as all others have." Shakſpeare, therefore, might have gone on this received opinion, which he might have found in ſome other book. Suppoſing, however, that he had learned from this very paſſage that the duke had *not* a double voice in the Council of Seven, yet as he has a vote in each of the various councils of the Venetian ſtate, (a privilege which no other perſon enjoys,) our poet might have thought himſelf juſtified in the epithet which he has here uſed; and this circumſtance, which he might have found in a book already quoted, Contareno's *Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, 4to. 1599, was, I believe, here in his thoughts.

"The *duke* himſelf alſo, if he will, may uſe the authority of an advocator or preſident, and make report to the councell of any offence, and of any amercement or puniſhment that is thereupon to be inflicted;—for *ſo great is the prince's authoritie, that he may, in whatſoever court,* ADJOINE *himſelfe to the magiſtrate therein, being preſident, as his colleague and companion, and have* EQUAL POWER WITH THE OTHER PRESIDENTS, that he might ſo by this means be able to look into all things," p. 41. Again, *ibidem.* p. 42: "Beſides this, this prince [i. e. the *duke,*] hath in *every councell* equal authoritie with any of them, for one ſuffrage or lotte." Thus we ſee, though he had not a double voice in any one aſſembly, yet as he had a vote in all the various aſſemblies, his voice, thus *added* to the voice of each of the preſidents of thoſe aſſemblies, might with ſtrict propriety be called *double*, and *potential.—Potential*, Dr. Johnſon thinks, means operative, having the *effect*, (by *weight* and *influence*,) without the external actual property. It is uſed, he conceives, "in the ſenſe of ſcience; a cauſtick is called *potential* fire." I queſtion whether Shakſpeare meant more by the word than *operative*, or *powerful*. MALONE.

Double and *ſingle* anciently ſignified *ſtrong* and *weak*, when applied to liquors, and perhaps to other objects. In this ſenſe the former epithet may be employed by Brabantio, and the latter by the Chief Juſtice ſpeaking to Falſtaff: "Is not your wit *ſingle?*" When Macbeth alſo talks of his "*ſingle* ſtate of man," he may mean no more than his *weak* and debile ſtate of mind.

"———— *a voice* potential
"*As* double *as the duke's*,"

may therefore only ſignify, that Brabantio's voice, as a magni-

Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his ſpite:
My ſervices, which I have done the ſigniory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate,[4]) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal ſiege;[5] and my demerits[6]

ſico, was as forcible as that of the duke. See Vol. X. p. 49, n. 6; and Vol. XII. p. 37, n. 2. Steevens.

The double *voice* of Brabantio refers to the opinion, which (as being a *magnifico*, he was no leſs entitled to, than the duke himſelf,) either, of nullifying the marriage of his daughter, contracted without his conſent; or, of ſubjecting Othello to fine and impriſonment, for having ſeduced an heireſs. Henley.

[4] ——— *'Tis yet to know,*
(Which, when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate,)] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—

" ——— 'Tis yet to know
" That boaſting is an honour.
" I ſhall promulgate, I fetch," &c.

Some words certainly were omitted at the preſs; and perhaps they have been ſupplied in the wrong place. Shakſpeare might have written—

" ——— 'Tis yet to know
" That boaſting is an honour; which when I know,
" I ſhall promulgate, I fetch my life," &c.

I am yet to learn that boaſting is honourable, which when I have learned, I ſhall proclaim to the world *that* I fetch my life &c. Malone.

I am perfectly ſatisfied with the reading in the text, which appears not to have been ſuſpected of diſarrangement by any of our predeceſſors. Steevens.

[5] —— *men of royal* ſiege;] Men who have ſat upon royal *thrones*.

The quarto has—*men of royal* height. *Siege* is uſed for *ſeat* by other authors. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 575: " there was ſet up a throne or *ſiege royall* for the king."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. vii:

" A ſtately *ſiege* of ſoveraigne majeſtye." Steevens.

May ſpeak, unbonneted,[7] to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,

So, in Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 443: "Incontinent after that he was placed in the *royal ſiege*," &c. MALONE.

[6] ——*and my* demerits—] *Demerits* has the ſame meaning in our author, and many others of that age, as *merits*:

"Opinion, that ſo ſticks on Martius, may
"Of his *demerits* rob Cominius." *Coriolanus.*

Again, in Dugdale's *Warwickſhire*, p. 850, edit. 1730: "Henry Conway, eſq. for his ſingular *demerits* received the dignity of knighthood."

Mereo and *demereo* had the ſame meaning in the Roman language. STEEVENS.

[7] *May ſpeak*, unbonneted,] Thus all the copies read. It ſhould be—*unbonneting*, i. e. without putting off the bonnet. POPE.

I do not ſee the propriety of Mr. Pope's emendation, though adopted by Dr. Warburton. *Unbonneting* may as well be, *not putting on*, as *not putting off*, the bonnet. Hanmer reads *e'en* bonneted. JOHNSON.

To ſpeak *unbonnetted*, is to ſpeak *with the cap off*, which is directly oppoſite to the poet's meaning. Othello means to ſay, that his birth and ſervices ſet him upon ſuch a rank, that he may ſpeak to a ſenator of Venice with his hat *on*; i. e. without ſhowing any marks of deference or inequality. I therefore am inclined to think Shakſpeare wrote—

May ſpeak, and, bonnetted, *&c.* THEOBALD.

Bonneter (ſays Cotgrave) is to *put off one's* cap. So, in *Coriolanus*: "Thoſe who are ſupple and courteous to the people, *bonneted* without any further deed to heave them at all into their eſtimation." *Unbonneted* may therefore ſignify, *without taking the cap off*. We might, I think, venture to read *imbonneted*. It is common with Shakſpeare to make or uſe words compounded in the ſame manner. Such are *impawn*, *impaint*, *impale*, and *immaſk*. Of all the readings hitherto propoſed, that of Mr. Theobald is, I think, the beſt. STEEVENS.

The objection to Mr. Steevens's explanation of *unbonneted*, i. e. *without taking the cap off*, is, that Shakſpeare has himſelf uſed the word in *King Lear*, Act III. ſc. i. with the very contrary ſignification, namely, for *one whoſe cap is off*:

"———— *Unbonneted* he runs,
"And bids what will take all."

But that I love the gentle Deſdemona,
I would not my unhouſed[8] free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine
For the ſea's worth.[9] But, look! what lights come yonder?

He might, however, have employed the word here in a different ſenſe. MALONE.

Unbonneted, is uncovered, revealed, made known. In the ſecond Act and third ſcene of this play we meet with an expreſſion ſimilar to this: "—you *unlace* your reputation;" and another in *As you like it,* Act IV. ſc. i: "Now *unmuzzle* your wiſdom." A. C.

Mr. Fuſeli (and who is better acquainted with the ſenſe and ſpirit of our author?) explains this conteſted paſſage as follows:

"*I am his equal or ſuperior in rank; and were it not ſo, ſuch are my demerits, that,* unbonneted, *without the addition of patrician or ſenatorial dignity, they may ſpeak to as proud a fortune* &c.

"At Venice, the *bonnet,* as well as the toge, is a badge of ariſtocratick honours to this day." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*unhouſed*—] Free from *domeſtick* cares. A thought natural to an adventurer. JOHNSON.

Othello talking as a ſoldier, *unhouſed* may ſignify the having no ſettled houſe or habitation. WHALLEY.

[9] *For the ſea's worth.*] I would not marry her, though ſhe were as rich as the Adriatick, which the Doge annually marries. JOHNSON.

As the gold ring annually thrown by the Doge into the Adriatick, cannot be ſaid to have much enriched it, I believe the common and obvious meaning of this paſſage is the true one.

The ſame words occur in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Cruel Brother,* 1630:

"——he would not loſe that privilege
"*For the ſea's worth.*"

Perhaps the phraſe is proverbial.

Pliny the naturaliſt has a chapter on *the riches of the ſea.*

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"——for all the ſun ſees, or
"The cloſe earth wombs, or *the profound ſea hides*
"*In unknown fathoms,*" &c.

Again, in *King Henry V.* Act I:

Enter CASSIO, *at a diſtance, and certain Officers with Torches.*

IAGO. Theſe are the raiſed father, and his friends:
You were beſt go in.

OTH. Not I: I muſt be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect ſoul,
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?

IAGO. By Janus, I think no.

OTH. The ſervants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends![1]
What is the news?

CAS. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haſte-poſt-haſte appearance,[2]
Even on the inſtant.

OTH. What is the matter, think you?

CAS. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat: the gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers[3]

" ——— As rich with praiſe,
" As is the ooze, and *bottom of the ſea*,
" With ſunken wreck, and ſumleſs treaſuries."
STEEVENS.

[1] *The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends!*] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" The beſt and wholeſomeſt ſpirits of the night
" Envellop you, good Provoſt!" STEEVENS.

[2] ——*your haſte-poſt-haſte appearance,*] The comma, hitherto placed after *haſte*, ſhould be a hyphen. *Your haſte-poſt-haſte appearance* is your immediate appearance. The words "*Haſte, poſt, haſte*," were in our author's time uſually written on the cover of packets, or letters, ſent expreſs. RITSON.

[3] —— ſequent *meſſengers*—] The firſt quarto reads—*frequent* meſſengers. STEEVENS.

This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the conſuls,[4] rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The ſenate hath ſent about[5] three ſeveral queſts,
To ſearch you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;[6]

[4] —— *the conſuls,*] See p. 227, n. 2. Steevens.

[5] *The ſenate hath ſent* about —] The early quartos, and all the modern editors, have—

The ſenate ſent above *three ſeveral queſts,*—

The folio—

The ſenate hath *ſent* about *&c.*

That is, *about* the city. I have adopted the reading of the folio. Johnson.

Queſts are, on this occaſion, ſearches. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"Now, if in all his *queſts*, he be witheld."

An ancient MS. entitled "The Boke of Huntyng that is cleped Mayſter of Game," has the following explanation of the word *queſt*: "This word *queſt* is a terme of herte hunters of beyonde the ſee; and is thus moche to ſay as whan the hunter goth to fynde of the hert and to herborow him." Steevens.

[6] —— *a land* carack;] A *carack* is a ſhip of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a *galleon.* Johnson.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*:

"—————— they'll be freighted;
"They're made like *caracks*, all for ſtrength and ſtowage."
Steevens.

The firſt ſhips that came richly laden from the Weſt Indies to Europe were thoſe from the Caraccas, part of the Spaniſh ſettle-

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not underſtand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who ?[7]

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go ?

Oth. Have with you.[8]

ments; and ſome years ago a Caracca ſhip generally proved a very rich prize. M. Mason.

A *carack*, or *carick*, (for ſo it was more frequently written in Shakſpeare's time,) is of higher origin, and was denominated from the Spaniſh word, *caraca*, which ſignifies a veſſel of great bulk, conſtructed to carry a heavy burthen. The Spaniſh *caraca*, Minſheu thinks, may have been formed from the Italian *carico*, a lading, or freight. Malone.

[7] *To who ?*] It is ſomewhat ſingular that Caſſio ſhould aſk this queſtion. In the 3d ſcene of the 3d Act, *Iago* ſays :

" Did Michael Caſſio, when you woo'd my lady,
" Know of your love ?
" Oth. *From firſt to laſt.*"

He who was acquainted with the object courted by his friend, could have little reaſon for doubting to whom he would be married. Steevens.

Caſſio's ſeeming ignorance of Othello's courtſhip or marriage might only be affected; in order to keep his friend's ſecret, till it became publickly known. Blackstone.

Or he might fear that Othello had proved falſe to the gentle Deſdemona, and married another. Malone.

How far this ſuſpicious apprehenſion would have become the benevolent Caſſio, the intimate friend of Othello, let the reader judge. Steevens.

[8] *Have with you.*] This expreſſion denotes readineſs. So, in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date :

" And ſaw that Glotony wold nedys begone;
" *Have with thee*, Glotony, quoth he anon,
" For I muſt go wyth thee."

See Vol. XIV. p. 380, n. 1. Steevens.

Cas. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, *and Officers of night, with Torches and Weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio :—general, be advis'd ;[9]
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! ſtand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both ſides.*

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, ſir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt them.—
Good ſignior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid—ſo tender, fair, and happy;
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,[1]

[9] ——*be* advis'd ;] That is, be *cool*; be *cautious*; be *diſcreet*. Johnson.

[1] *The wealthy* curled *darlings of our nation,*] *Curled* is *elegantly and oſtentatiouſly dreſſed*. He had not the hair particularly in his thoughts. Johnson.

On another occaſion Shakſpeare employs the ſame expreſſion, and evidently alludes to *the hair:*

" If ſhe firſt meet the *curled* Antony," &c.

Sir W. D'Avenant uſes the ſame expreſſion in his *Juſt Italian*, 1630:

" The *curl'd* and ſilken nobles of the town."

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the ſooty boſom
Of ſuch a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.[2]
[Judge me the world,[3] if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,

Again:

"Such as the *curled* youth of Italy."

I believe Shakſpeare has the ſame meaning in the preſent inſtance. Thus, Turnus, in the 12th *Æneid*, ſpeaking of Æneas:

"———fœdare in pulvere *crines*
"*Vibratos calido ferro*,——." STEEVENS.

That Dr. Johnſon was miſtaken in his interpretation of this line, is aſcertained by our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, where the hair is not merely alluded to, but expreſsly mentioned, and the epithet *curled* is added as characteriſtick of a perſon of the higheſt rank:

"Let him have time to tear his *curled hair*."

Tarquin, a king's ſon, is the perſon ſpoken of. Edgar, when he was "proud in heart and mind," *curled his hair*. MALONE.

[2] *Of ſuch a thing as thou; to* fear, *not to delight.*] To *fear*, in the preſent inſtance, may mean—to *terrify*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all."

The line ſpoken by Brabantio is redundant in its meaſure. It might originally have ran—

Of ſuch as thou; to fear, not to delight.

Mr. Rowe, however, ſeems to have ſelected the words I would omit, as proper to be put into the mouth of Horatio, who applies them to Lothario:

"To be the prey of ſuch *a thing* as thou art."

STEEVENS.

——*to* fear, *not to delight.*] To one more likely to terrify than delight her. So, in the next ſcene (Brabantio is again the ſpeaker):

"To fall in love with what *ſhe fear'd* to look on."

Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes *fear* to be a verb here, uſed in the ſenſe of to *terrify*; a ſignification which it formerly had. But *fear*, I apprehend, is a ſubſtantive, and poetically uſed for the *object* of fear. MALONE.

[3] [*Judge me the world*, &c.] The lines following in crotchets are not in the firſt edition, [1622.] POPE.

That waken motion :[4]—I'll have it diſputed on ;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

[4] *Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,*
That waken motion :] [Old copy—*weaken.*] Hanmer reads with probability :
That waken motion :——. JOHNSON.

Motion in a ſubſequent ſcene of this play is uſed in the very ſenſe in which Sir Thomas Hanmer would employ it :—" But we have reaſon to cool our raging *motions,* our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts." STEEVENS.

To *weaken motion* is, to *impair the faculties.* It was till very lately, and may with ſome be ſtill an opinion, that philtres or love potions have the power of perverting, and of courſe weakening or impairing both the ſight and judgment, and of procuring fondneſs or dotage toward any unworthy object who adminiſters them. And by *motion,* Shakſpeare means the ſenſes which are depraved and weakened by theſe faſcinating mixtures. RITSON.

The folio, where alone this paſſage is found, reads :
That weaken *motion :*——.
I have adopted Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation, becauſe I have a good reaſon to believe that the words *weaken* and *waken* were in Shakſpeare's time pronounced alike, and hence the miſtake might eaſily have happened. *Motion* is elſewhere uſed by our poet preciſely in the ſenſe required here. So, in *Cymbeline :*
" ——— for there's no *motion*
" That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
" It is the woman's part."
Again, in *Hamlet :*
" ——— ſenſe ſure you have,
" Elſe could you not have *motion.*"
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure :*
" ——— one who never feels
" The wanton ſtings and *motions* of the ſenſe."
So alſo, in *A Mad World my Maſters,* by Middleton, 1608 :
" And in myſelf ſooth up adulterous *motions,*
" And ſuch an appetite as I know damns me."
We have in the play before us—*waken'd wrath,* and I think in ſome other play of Shakſpeare—*waken'd love.* So, in our poet's 117th Sonnet :
" But ſhoot not at me in your *waken'd hate.*"
Ben Jonſon in his preface to *Volpone* has a ſimilar phraſeology :

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,]

" —— it being the office of the comick poet to *ſtirre up gentle affections.*"

Mr. Theobald reads—That weaken *notion*, i. e. ſays he, her right conception and idea of things; underſtanding, judgment.

This reading, it muſt be acknowledged, derives ſome ſupport from a paſſage in *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. iv :—" either his *notion weakens*, or his diſcernings are lethargy'd." But the objection to it is, that no opiates or intoxicating potions or powders of any ſort can diſtort or pervert the *intellects*, but by deſtroying them for a time; nor was it ever at any time believed by the moſt credulous, that *love-powders*, as they were called, could *weaken the underſtanding*, though it was formerly believed that they could *faſcinate* the *affections*: or in other words, *waken* motion.

Brabantio afterwards aſſerts :

" That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the *blood*
" He wrought upon her."

(Our poet, it ſhould be remembered, in almoſt all his plays uſes *blood* for *paſſion*. See Vol. XVIII. p. 275, n. 7; and Vol. XV. p. 314, n. 5; and Vol. XIX. p. 127, n. 3.) And one of the Senators aſks Othello, not, whether he had *weaken'd* Deſdemona's *underſtanding*, but whether he did—

" —— by indirect and forced courſes
" Subdue and *poiſon* this young maid's *affections*."

The notion of the efficacy of love-powders was formerly ſo prevalent, that in the parliament ſummoned by King Richard the Third, on his uſurping the throne, it was publickly urged as a charge againſt lady Grey, that ſhe had bewitched King Edward the Fourth, " by ſtrange potions and amorous *charms*." See Fabian, p. 495; Speed, p. 913, edit. 1632; and Habington's *Hiſtory of King Edward the Fourth*, p. 35. MALONE.

In the paſſages adduced by Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone, to prove that *motion* ſignifies *luſtful deſires*, it may be remarked that the word derives this *peculiar meaning*, either from ſome epithet, or reſtrictive mode of expreſſion, with which it ſtands connected. But, had it been uſed *abſolutely*, in *that ſenſe*, with what conſiſtency could Brabantio attribute the emotions of luſt in his daughter, to the irritation of thoſe very philtres, which he, in the ſelf-ſame breath, repreſents as abating it?

The *drugs or minerals*, with which Othello is charged as having *abuſed the delicate youth* of Deſdemona, were ſuppoſed to have accompliſhed his purpoſe, by

" Charming her blood with pleaſing heavineſs,"

For an abuſer of the world,[5] a practiſer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant :—
Lay hold upon him ; if he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt :
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To anſwer this your charge ?

Bra. To priſon : till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct ſeſſion,
Call thee to anſwer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?
How may the duke be therewith ſatisfied ;
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the ſtate,
To bring[6] me to him ?

Off. 'Tis true, moſt worthy ſignior,
The duke's in council ; and your noble ſelf,
I am ſure, is ſent for.

thereby *weakening* MOTION, that is, *ſubduing her* MAIDEN PUDENCY, *and lulling her* WONTED COYNESS *into a ſtate of acquieſcence.*

That this is the ſenſe of the paſſage, is further evident from what follows ; for ſo baſhful was ſhe of diſpoſition,

" ——————— that her MOTION
" Bluſh'd at herſelf :"

and, therefore, adds Brabantio :

" ——————— I vouch again,
" That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
" Or with ſome dram conjur'd to this effect,
" He wrought upon her." HENLEY.

[5] For *an abuſer* &c.] The firſt quarto reads—*Such* an abuſer &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *To* bring—] The quartos read—To *bear*. STEEVENS.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cauſe: the duke himſelf,
Or any of my brothers of the ſtate,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaves, and pagans,[7] ſhall our ſtateſmen be.
[*Exeunt.*

[7] *Bond-ſlaves and* pagans,] Mr. Theobald alters *pagans* to *pageants*, for this reaſon, "That pagans are as ſtrict and moral all the world over, as the moſt regular Chriſtians, in the preſervation of private property." But what then? The ſpeaker had not this high opinion of pagan morality, as is plain from hence, that this important diſcovery, ſo much to the honour of paganiſm, was firſt made by our editor. Warburton.

The meaning of theſe expreſſions of Brabantio ſeem to have been miſtaken. I believe the morality of either chriſtians or pagans was not in our author's thoughts. He alludes to the common condition of all blacks, who come from their own country both *ſlaves* and *pagans*; and uſes the word in contempt of Othello and his complexion.—If this Moor is now ſuffered to eſcape with impunity, it will be ſuch an encouragement to his black countrymen, that we may expect to ſee all the firſt offices of our ſtate filled up by the *pagans* and *bond-ſlaves* of Africa.
Steevens.

In our author's time *pagan* was a very common expreſſion of contempt. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:
"What *pagan* may that be?"
See Vol. XII. p. 69, n. 3. Malone.

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Council-Chamber.

The Duke, *and* Senators, *ſitting at a Table; Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no compoſition[8] in theſe news,[9]
That gives them credit.

1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are diſproportion'd;
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a juſt account,
(As in theſe caſes, where the aim reports,[1]

[8] *There is no* compoſition —] *Compoſition,* for *conſiſtency, concordancy.* Warburton.

[9] —— theſe *news,*] Thus the quarto, 1622, and ſuch was frequently the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy,* 1610:

" The *news are* more delightful to his ſoul,——."

See alſo Vol. XIII. p. 301, n. 8. The folio reads—*this* news. Malone.

[1] *As in theſe caſes, where* the *aim reports,*] The folio has—*the* aim reports. But, *they aim reports,* [the reading of the quarto] has a ſenſe ſufficiently eaſy and commodious. Where men *report* not by certain knowledge, but by *aim* and conjecture. Johnson.

To *aim* is to conjecture. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" But fearing leſt my jealous *aim* might err."

Again, in the manuſcript known by the title of *William and the Werwolf,* in the library of King's College, Cambridge: " No man upon mold, might *ayme* the number." P. 56. Steevens.

—— *where the* aim *reports,*] In theſe caſes where conjecture

'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkiſh fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgment;
I do not ſo ſecure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful ſenſe.

Sailor. [*Within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, *with a* Sailor.

Off. A meſſenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the buſineſs?

Sail. The Turkiſh preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the ſtate,
By ſignior Angelo.[2]

Duke. How ſay you by this change?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no aſſay of reaſon;[3] 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in falſe gaze: When we conſider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourſelves again but underſtand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile queſtion[4] bear it,

or ſuſpicion tells the tale. *Aim* is again uſed as a ſubſtantive, in this ſenſe, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" What you would work me to, I have ſome *aim.*"

Malone.

[2] *By ſignior Angelo.*] This hemiſtich is wanting in the firſt quarto. Steevens.

[3] *By no* aſſay *of reaſon;*] Bring it to the *teſt,* examine it by reaſon as we examine metals by the *aſſay,* it will be found counterfeit by all trials. Johnson.

[4] —— *with more facile* queſtion —] *Queſtion* is for the *act of ſeeking.* With more *eaſy endeavour.* Johnson.

For that it ſtands not[5] in ſuch warlike brace,[6]
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dreſs'd in:—if we make thought of this,
We muſt not think, the Turk is ſo unſkilful,
To leave that lateſt which concerns him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitleſs.[7]

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due courſe toward the iſle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought:[8]—How many, as you gueſs?

So may he with more facile queſtion *bear it,*] That is, he may carry it with leſs diſpute, with leſs oppoſition. I don't ſee how the word *queſtion* can ſignify the *act of ſeeking*, though the word *queſt* may. M. Mason.

[5] *For that it ſtands not* &c.] The ſeven following lines are added ſince the firſt edition. Pope.

[6] —— *warlike* brace,] State of defence. To arm was called to *brace on* the armour. Johnson.

[7] *To wake, and* wage, *a danger profitleſs.*] To *wage* here, as in many other places in Shakſpeare, ſignifies to fight, to combat.

Thus, in *King Lear:*

" To *wage* againſt the enmity of the air."

It took its riſe from the common expreſſion, to *wage war.* Steevens.

[8] *Ay, ſo* &c.] This line is not in the firſt quarto. Steevens.

Mess. Of thirty ſail: and now do they re-ſtem[9]
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſervitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.[1]

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccheſé,[2] is he not in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wiſh him[3] poſt-poſt-haſte: deſpatch.[4]

1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

[9] —— *do they* re-ſtem —] The quartos mean to read,—*re-ſterne*, though in the firſt of them the word is miſspelt. Steevens.

[1] *And prays you to* believe *him.*] He entreats you not to doubt the truth of this intelligence. Johnson.

[2] *Marcus* Luccheſé,] The old copies have *Luccicos.* Mr. Steevens made the correction. Malone.

[3] —— *wiſh him* —] i. e. recommend, deſire him. See Vol. VI. p. 79, n. 6, and other places. Reed.

[4] —— *wiſh him poſt*-poſt-haſte: deſpatch.] i. e. tell him we wiſh him to make all *poſſible haſte. Poſt-haſte* is before in this play uſed adjectively:

"And he requires your haſte-*poſt-haſte appearance.*"

All meſſengers in the time of Shakſpeare were enjoined, "*Haſte haſte; for thy life, poſt haſte.*"

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:

Write from us to him, *poſt, poſt-haſte, diſpatch.*

Malone.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Officers.*

DUKE. Valiant Othello, we muſt ſtraight employ you
Againſt the general enemy Ottoman.[5]
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior;
[*To* BRABANTIO.
We lack'd your counſel and your help to night.

BRA. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care[6]

[5] *Valiant Othello, we muſt ſtraight employ you*
Againſt the general enemy Ottoman.] It is part of the policy of the Venetian ſtate never to entruſt the command of an army to a native. "To exclude, therefore, (ſays Contareno, as tranſlated by Lewkenor, 4to. 1599,) out of our eſtate the danger or occaſion of any ſuch ambitious enterpriſes, our anceſtors held it a better courſe to defend the dominions on the continent with foreign mercenary ſoldiers, than with their homebred citizens:" Again: "Their charges and yearly occaſions of diſburſement are likewiſe very great; for alwaies they do entertain in honourable ſort with great proviſion a *captaine generall*, who alwaies is *a ſtranger borne*." MALONE.

It was uſual for the Venetians to employ ſtrangers and even Moors in their wars. See *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, Act V. ſc. i. See alſo Howell's *Letters*, B. I. S. 1. Letter xxviii. REED.

[6] —— *general* care —] The word *care*, which encumbers the verſe, was probably added by the players. Shakſpeare uſes *the general* as a ſubſtantive, though, I think, not in this ſenſe. JOHNSON.

The word *general*, when uſed by Shakſpeare as a ſubſtantive, always implies the populace, not the publick: and if it were uſed here as an adjective, without the word *care*, it muſt refer to *grief* in the following line, a word which may properly denote

Take hold[7] on me; for my particular grief
Is of ſo flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And it is ſtill itſelf.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, ſtol'n from me, and corrupted
By ſpells and medicines bought of mountebanks:[8]

a private ſorrow, but not the alarm which a nation is ſuppoſed to feel on the approach of a formidable enemy. M. Mason.

I ſuppoſe the author wrote:

Rais'd me from bed; nor doth the general care——.

and not—

Hath *rais'd me from* my *bed*; &c.

The words in the Roman character I regard as playhouſe interpolations, by which the metre of this tragedy is too frequently deranged. Steevens.

——*general care*—]

"——juvenumque prodis,
"*Publica cura.*" Hor. Steevens.

[7] *Take hold*—] The firſt quarto reads—Take *any* hold. Steevens.

[8] *By ſpells and medicines bought of mountebanks:*] Rymer has ridiculed this circumſtance as unbecoming (both for its weakneſs and ſuperſtition,) the gravity of the accuſer, and the dignity of the tribunal: but his criticiſm only expoſes his own ignorance. The circumſtance was not only exactly in character, but urged with the greateſt addreſs, as the thing chiefly to be inſiſted on. For, by the Venetian law, the giving love potions was very criminal, as Shakſpeare, without queſtion well underſtood. Thus the law, *Dei maleficii et herbarie*, cap. xvii. of the code, intitled, "Della promiſſion del maleficio." "Statuimo etiamdio, che-ſe alcun homo, o femina, harra fatto maleficii, iquali ſe dimandano vulgarmente *amatorie*, o veramente alcuni altri maleficii, che alcun homo o femina ſe haveſſon in odio, ſia fruſta et

For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe,[9]
Sans witchcraft could not [1]——

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herſelf,

bollado, et che hara conſegliado patiſca ſimile pena." And therefore in the preceding ſcene Brabantio calls them:

" —— arts inhibited, and out of warrant."

WARBURTON.

Though I believe Shakſpeare knew no more of this Venetian law than I do, yet he was well acquainted with the edicts of that ſapient prince, King James the Firſt, againſt—

" ———— practiſers
" Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant." STEEVENS.

See p. 253, n. 4. MALONE.

[9] *Being not* &c.] This line is wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[1] *For nature ſo prepoſterouſly* to *err*,——
Sans witchcraft could not—] The grammar requires we ſhould read:
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly err, &c.
without the article *to*; and then the ſentence will be complete. M. MASON.

Were I certain that our author deſigned the ſentence to be complete, and not to be cut ſhort by the Duke's interruption, I ſhould readily adopt the amendment propoſed by Mr. M. Maſon. STEEVENS.

Omiſſion is at all times the moſt dangerous mode of emendation, and here aſſuredly is unneceſſary. We have again and again had occaſion to obſerve, that Shakſpeare frequently begins to conſtruct a ſentence in one mode, and ends it in another. See Vol. XVIII. p. 94, n. 9. Here he uſes *could not*, as if he had written, *has not the power or capacity* to, &c. It is not in nature ſo *to* err; ſhe knows not how to do it. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's opinion relative to omiſſions, is contradicted by an ancient canon of criticiſm,—*Præferatur lectio brevior.* I think it, in reſpect to Shakſpeare, of all other modes of emendation the leaſt reprehenſible. See the Advertiſement prefixed to this edition of our author, and Vol. IV. p. 71, n. 2. STEEVENS.

And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall yourſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe; yea, though our proper ſon
Stood in your action.[2]

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it ſeems,
Your ſpecial mandate, for the ſtate affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke & Sen. We are very ſorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you ſay to this? [*To* Othello.

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending[3]
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſet phraſe of peace;[4]

[2] *Stood in your action.*] Were the man expoſed to your *charge* or *accuſation*. Johnson.

[3] *The very* head *and* front *of my offending*—] The *main*, the *whole*, unextenuated. Johnson.

"*Frons* cauſæ non ſatis honeſta eſt," is a phraſe uſed by Quintilian. Steevens.

A ſimilar expreſſion is found in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"The man that in the *forehead* of his fortunes
"Beares figures of renowne and miracle."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
"As ſmiles upon the *forehead* of this action."

Malone.

[4] *And little bleſs'd with the* ſet *phraſe of peace*;] *Soft* is the reading of the folio. Johnson.

This apology, if addreſſed to his miſtreſs, had been well ex-

For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years' pith,
Till now ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action [5] in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf: Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd [6] tale deliver

preſſed. But what he wanted, in ſpeaking before a Venetian ſenate, was not the *ſoft* blandiſhments of ſpeech, but the art and method of maſculine eloquence. The old quarto reads it, therefore, as I am perſuaded Shakſpeare wrote:

——— *the* ſet *phraſe of peace.* WARBURTON.

Soft may have been uſed for *ſtill* and *calm,* as oppoſed to the clamours of war. So, in *Coriolanus:*

" ——————— Say to them,
" Thou art their *ſoldier,* and, being bred in *broils,*
" Haſt not the *ſoft* way, which thou doſt confeſs
" Were fit for thee to uſe."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——————— 'Tis a worthy deed,
" And ſhall become you well, to entreat your captain
" To *ſoft* and gentle ſpeech." MALONE.

[5] *Their* deareſt *action* —] That is, *dear,* for which much is paid, whether money or labour; *dear action,* is action performed at great expence, either of eaſe or ſafety. JOHNSON.

Their deareſt *action* is their moſt *important* action. See p. 202, n. 9. MALONE.

Inſtead of their *deareſt action,* we ſhould ſay in modern language, their *beſt exertion.* STEEVENS.

I ſhould give theſe words a more natural ſignification, and ſuppoſe that they mean—their *favourite* action, the action moſt dear to them. Othello ſays afterwards:

" ——————— I do agnize
" A natural and prompt alacrity
" I find in hardneſs." M. MASON.

[6] ——*unvarniſh'd* —] The ſecond quarto reads—*unraviſhed.* STEEVENS.

Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.[7]

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at herſelf;[8] And ſhe,—in ſpite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſs—perfection ſo could err
Againſt all rules of nature; and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,

[7] *I won his daughter with.*] [The firſt quarto and folio—*I won his daughter.*] i. e. I won his daughter *with*: and ſo all the modern editors read, adopting an interpolation made by the editor of the ſecond folio, who was wholly unacquainted with our poet's metre and phraſeology. In *Timon of Athens* we have the ſame elliptical expreſſion:

"Who had the world as my confectionary,
"The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
"At duty, more than I could frame *employment* [*for*]."

See alſo Vol. XVIII. p. 647, n. 2, where ſeveral other inſtances of a ſimilar phraſeology are collected. Malone.

As my ſentiments concerning the merits of the ſecond folio are diametrically oppoſite to Mr. Malone's opinion of it, I have not diſplaced a grammatical to make room for an ungrammatical expreſſion.

What Mr. Malone has ſtyled "ſimilar phraſeology," I ſhould not heſitate to call, in many inſtances, congeniality of omiſſions and blunders made by tranſcribers, players, or printers.

The more I am become acquainted with the ancient copies, leſs confidence I am diſpoſed to place in their authority, as often as they exhibit anomalous language, and defective metre.

Steevens.

[8] *Bluſh'd at* herſelf;] Mr. Pope reads—at *itſelf*, but without neceſſity. Shakſpeare, like other writers of his age, frequently uſes the *perſonal*, inſtead of the *neutral* pronoun. Steevens.

That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;[9]
Without more certain and more overt teſt,[1]
Than theſe thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern ſeeming,[2] do prefer againſt him.

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, ſpeak;—
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?

Oth. I do beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,[3]
And let her ſpeak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,

[9] *To vouch* &c.] The firſt folio unites this ſpeech with the preceding one of *Brabantio*; and inſtead of *certain* reads *wider*. Steevens.

[1] ——*overt teſt,*] Open proofs, external evidence. Johnson.

[2] —— *thin habits,——*
Of modern *ſeeming,*] Weak ſhow of ſlight appearance. Johnson.

So *modern* is generally uſed by Shakſpeare. See Vol. VIII. p. 276, n. 5; and Vol. X. p. 245, n. 5. Malone.

The firſt quarto reads:
" *Theſe* are thin habits, and poore likelyhoods
" Of modern *ſeemings you* prefer againſt him."
Steevens.

[3] —— *the* Sagittary,] So the folio here and in a former paſſage. The quarto in both places reads—the *Sagittar.* Malone.

The *Sagittary* means the ſign of the fictitious creature ſo called, i. e. an animal compounded of man and horſe, and armed with a bow and quiver. See Vol. XV. p. 461, n. 7. Steevens.

The truſt, the office, I do hold of you,[4]
Not only take away, but let your ſentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Deſdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you beſt know the place.—

[*Exeunt* Iago *and Attendants.*

And, till ſhe come, as truly[5] as to heaven
I do confeſs[6] the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I'll preſent
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year; the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſs'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyiſh days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth ſcapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's hiſtory:[7]

[4] *The truſt,* &c.] This line is wanting in the firſt quarto. Steevens.

[5] —— *as* truly —] The firſt quarto reads—as *faithful.* Steevens.

[6] *I do confeſs* &c.] This line is omitted in the firſt quarto. Steevens.

[7] *And* portance *&c.*] I have reſtored—
And with it all my travel's hiſtory,
from the old edition. It is in the reſt:
And portance *in my travel's hiſtory.*

Wherein of antres vaſt,[8] and deſarts idle,[9]

Rymer, in his criticiſm on this play, has changed it to *portents*, inſtead of *portance*. POPE.

Mr. Pope has reſtored a line to which there is a little objection, but which has no force. I believe *portance* was the author's word in ſome reviſed copy. I read thus:

Of being——ſold
To ſlavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in't; *my travel's hiſtory.*

My redemption from ſlavery, and behaviour in it. JOHNSON.

I doubt much whether this line, as it appears in the folio, came from the pen of Shakſpeare. The reading of the quarto may be *weak*. but it is ſenſe; but what are we to underſtand by my demeanour, or my ſufferings, (which ever is the meaning,) *in my* travel's *hiſtory?* MALONE.

By—my portance in my *travel's hiſtory*, perhaps our author meant—my behaviour in my travels *as deſcribed in my hiſtory of them.*

Portance is a word already uſed in *Coriolanus:*

" ——————— took from you
" The apprehenſion of his preſent *portance,*
" Which gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion," &c.

Spenſer, in the third Canto of the ſecond Book of the *Fairy Queen*, likewiſe uſes it:

" But for in court gay *portaunce* he perceiv'd."

STEEVENS.

[8] *Wherein of antres vaſt*, &c.] Diſcourſes of this nature made the ſubject of the politeſt converſations, when voyages into, and diſcoveries of, the new world were all in vogue. So, when the Baſtard Faulconbridge in *King John*, deſcribes the behaviour of upſtart greatneſs, he makes one of the eſſential circumſtances of it to be this kind of table-talk. The faſhion then running altogether in this way, it is no wonder a young lady of quality ſhould be ſtruck with the hiſtory of an adventurer. So that Rymer, who profeſſedly ridicules this whole circumſtance, and the noble author of the *Characteriſticks*, who more obliquely ſneers at it, only expoſe their own ignorance. WARBURTON.

Whoever ridicules this account of the progreſs of love, ſhows his ignorance, not only of hiſtory, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, reclufe, timorous, and delicate, ſhould deſire to hear of events and ſcenes which ſhe could never ſee, and ſhould admire the man

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whoſe heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to ſpeak,[1] ſuch was the proceſs;

who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were yet magnified by her timidity. JOHNSON.

—— *antres* —] French, grottos. POPE.

Caves and *dens*. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *and deſarts* idle,] Every mind is liable to abſence and inadvertency, elſe Pope [who reads—deſarts *wild*,] could never have rejected a word ſo poetically beautiful. *Idle* is an epithet uſed to expreſs the infertility of the chaotick ſtate, in the Saxon tranſlation of the Pentateuch. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" Uſurping ivy, briar, or *idle* moſs."

Mr. Pope might have found the epithet *wild* in all the three laſt folios. STEEVENS.

The epithet, *idle*, which the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio did not underſtand, and therefore changed to *wild*, is confirmed by another paſſage in this Act: " —either to have it ſteril with *idleneſs*, or manured with induſtry." MALONE.

Virgil employs *ignavus* in the ſame way:

" ——— Iratus ſylvam devexit arator,
" Et *nemora* evertit multos *ignava* per annos."
Georg. II. v. 207. HOLT WHITE.

[1] *It was my* hint *to ſpeak*,] This implies it as done by a trap laid for her: but the old quarto reads *hent*, i. e. uſe, cuſtom. [*Hint* is the reading of the folio.] WARBURTON.

Hent is not *uſe* in Shakſpeare, nor, I believe, in any other author. *Hint*, or *cue*, is commonly uſed for occaſion of ſpeech, which is explained by, *ſuch is the proceſs*, that is, the courſe of the tale required it. If *hent* be reſtored, it may be explained by *handle*. I had a *handle*, or *opportunity*, to ſpeak of cannibals. JOHNSON.

Hent occurs at the concluſion of the 4th Act of *Meaſure for Meaſure*. It is derived from the Saxon *Hentan*, and means, to *take hold of, to ſeize*:

" —— the graveſt citizens
" Have *hent* the gates."

But in the very next page Othello ſays:

" ——— Upon this *hint* I ſpake."

It is certain therefore that change is unneceſſary. STEEVENS.

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders.[2] Theſe things to hear,
Would Deſdemona ſeriouſly incline:
But ſtill the houſe affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte deſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe:[3] Which I obſerving,

[2] ——— *men whoſe heads*
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders,] Of theſe men there is an account in the interpolated travels of Mandeville, a book of that time. JOHNSON.

The *Cannibals* and *Anthropophagi* were known to an Engliſh audience before Shakſpeare introduced them. In *The Hiſtory of Orlando Furioſo,* played for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, they are mentioned in the very firſt ſcene; and Raleigh ſpeaks of people whoſe heads appear *not above* their ſhoulders.

Again, in the tragedy of *Locrine,* 1595:

" Or where the bloody *Anthropophagi,*
" With greedy jaws devour the wandring wights."

The poet might likewiſe have read of them in Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory,* tranſlated by P. Holland, 1601, and in Stowe's *Chronicle.* STEEVENS.

Hiſtories (ſays Bernard Gilpin, in a Sermon before Edward VI.) make mention of a " people called *Anthropophagi, eaters of men.*" REED.

Our poet has again in *The Tempeſt* mentioned " men whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts." He had in both places probably Hackluyt's *Voyages,* 1598, in view:—" On that branch which is called Caora, are a nation of a people *whoſe heades appeare not above their ſhoulders*:—they are reported to have their eyes in their ſhoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breaſts."

Raleigh alſo has given an account of men whoſe heads do grow beneath their ſhoulders, in his *Deſcription of Guiana,* publiſhed in 1596, a book that without doubt Shakſpeare had read. MALONE.

[3] ——— *and with a greedy ear*
Devour up my diſcourſe:] So, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion,* written before 1593:

Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentively:[4] I did conſent;

" Hang both your *greedy ears* upon my lips;
" Let them *devour my ſpeech.*"

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. VI. c. ix:

" Whyleſt thus he talkt, the *knight with greedy eare*
" Hong ſtill upon his melting mouth attent."

MALONE.

Both theſe phraſes occur in Tully. " Non ſemper implet *aures* meas, ita ſunt *avidæ* & capaces." *Orat.* 104. " Nos hinc *voramus* literas—." *Ad. Attic.* iv. 14. *Auribus avidis* captare, may alſo be found in Ovid, *De Ponto*. STEEVENS.

" Iliacoſque iterum demens audire labores
" Expoſcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore." *Virg.*

M. MASON.

[4] *But not* intentively:] Thus the eldeſt quarto. The firſt folio reads—*inſtinctively*; the ſecond,—*diſtinctively*.

The old word, however, may ſtand—*Intention* and *attention* were once ſynonymous. So, in a play called *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1606: " Grace! at ſitting down, they cannot *intend* it for hunger." i. e. *attend* to it. Deſdemona, who was often called out of the room on the ſcore of houſe-affairs, could not have heard Othello's tale *intentively*, i. e. with *attention to all its parts*.

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the *Iliad*, B. VI:

" Hector *intends* his brother's will; but firſt" &c.

Again, in the tenth Book:

" ——— all with *intentive* ear
" Converted to the enemies' tents——."

Again, in the eighth Book of the *Odyſſey*:

" For our ſhips know th' expreſſed minds of men;
" And will ſo moſt *intentively* retaine
" Their ſcopes appointed, that they never erre."

Again, in a very ſcarce book entitled *A courtlie Controverſie of Cupids Cautels: Conteyning fiue Tragicall Hiſtories*, &c. *Tranſlated out of French* &c. *by H. W.* [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578: " Theſe ſpeeches collected *ententively* by a friend" &c.

STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare has already uſed the word in the ſame ſenſe in his *Merry Wives of Windſor*: " —ſhe did courſe over my exteriors with ſuch a greedy *intention*." See p. 74, n. 2.

And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke,
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs:[5]
She ſwore,—In faith, 'twas ſtrange,[6] 'twas paſſing
ſtrange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wiſh'd, ſhe had not heard it; yet ſhe wiſh'd

· *Diſtinctively* was the conjectural emendation of the editor of the ſecond folio, who never examined a ſingle quarto copy. MALONE.

[5] —— *a world of* ſighs:] It was *kiſſes* in the later editions: but this is evidently the true reading. The lady had been forward indeed to give him a *world of kiſſes* upon a bare recital of his ſtory; nor does it agree with the following lines. POPE.

Sighs is the reading of the quarto, 1622; *kiſſes* of the folio. MALONE.

[6] *She* ſwore,—In faith, *'twas ſtrange*, &c.] Here (as on a former occaſion reſpecting the prophecies that induced the ruin of Macbeth,) the reader muſt be indebted to Mr. Whitaker's zealous and powerful *Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots*, 8vo. Vol. II. p. 487, edit. 1790: "Let not the *modern* reader be hurt here and in paragraph X, at a Lady, a Queen, and a Mary, *ſwearing*. To *aver upon faith and honour*, was *then* called *ſwearing*, equally with a ſolemn appeal to GOD; and conſidered as the ſame with it." This is plain from the paſſage immediately before us: "I ſwear,—upon my faith and honour," ſhe ſays expreſsly. She alſo ſays ſhe does this "again;" thus referring to the commencement of this letter, where ſhe "appeals to her God as witneſs." And thus Shakſpeare makes Othello to repreſent Deſdemona, as acting; in a paſſage that I have often condemned, before I ſaw this eaſy explanation of it, as one among many proofs of Shakſpeare's inability to exhibit the delicate graces of female converſation:

She ſwore, *&c.*

This remark, therefore, ſerves at once to juſtify Deſdemona and Queen Mary, and to ſhow what kind of ſwearing is uſed by both; not a bold and maſculine oath put into the mouth of Deſdemona, ſuch as Elizabeth frequently uſed, but a more earneſt affirmation upon her faith and honour, which ſhe conſidered as the ſame with a ſolemn appeal to God. STEEVENS.

That heaven had made her ſuch a man: ſhe thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I ſpake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſs'd;
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

DUKE. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the beſt:
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.

BRA. I pray you, hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs, that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head,[7] if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle miſtreſs;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience?

DES. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to reſpect you; you are the lord of duty,[8]
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my huſband;

[7]. *Deſtruction* &c.] The quartos read—Deſtruction *light on me.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*you are the lord of duty,*] The firſt quarto reads—you are lord of *all my* duty. STEEVENS.

And ſo much duty as my mother ſhow'd
To you, preferring you before her father,[9]
So much I challenge that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done:—
Pleaſe it your grace, on to the ſtate affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which,[1] but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your ſake, jewel,
I am glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me ſpeak like yourſelf;[2] and lay a ſentence,
Which, as a griſe,[3] or ſtep, may help theſe lovers

[9] *And ſo much duty as my mother ſhow'd*
To you, preferring you before her father, &c.] Perhaps Shakſpeare had here in his thoughts the anſwer of the youngeſt daughter of *Ina,* King of the Weſt Saxons, to her father, which he ſeems to have copied in *King Lear.* See Vol. XVII. p. 302. Malone.

[1] *Which,* &c.] This line is omitted in the firſt quarto. Steevens.

[2] *Let me ſpeak like* your*ſelf*;] The Duke ſeems to mean, when he ſays he will ſpeak like Brabantio, that he will ſpeak ſententiouſly. Johnson.

Let me ſpeak like yourſelf;] i. e. let me ſpeak as yourſelf would ſpeak, were you not too much heated with paſſion. Sir J. Reynolds.

[3] ——*as a* griſe,] *Grize* from *degrees.* A *grize* is a ſtep. So, in *Timon:*

" ——for every *grize* of fortune
" Is ſmooth'd by that below."—

Ben Jonſon, in his *Sejanus,* gives the original word:

" Whom when he ſaw lie ſpread on the *degrees.*"

In the will of King Henry VI. where the dimenſions of King's

Into your favour.[4]
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended,[5]
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.[6]
What cannot be preſerv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We loſe it not, ſo long as we can ſmile.
He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:[7]
But he bears both the ſentence and the ſorrow,
That, to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences, to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.[8]

College chapel at Cambridge are ſet down, the word occurs, as ſpelt in ſome of the old editions of Shakſpeare: "—from the provoſt's ſtall, unto the *greece* called *Gradus Chori*, 90 feet." Steevens.

[4] *Into your favour.*] This is wanting in the folio, but found in the quarto. Johnson.

[5] *When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended,*] This our poet has elſewhere expreſſed [In *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii.] by a common proverbial ſentence, *Paſt cure is ſtill paſt care.* Malone.

[6] —— new *miſchief on.*] The quartos read—*more* miſchief. Steevens.

[7] *But the free comfort which from thence he hears:*] But the moral precepts of conſolation, which are liberally beſtowed on occaſion of the ſentence. Johnson.

[8] *But words are words; I never yet did hear*
That the bruis'd heart was pierced *through the ear.*] The

I humbly beſeech you, proceed to the affairs of ſtate.

Duke had by ſage ſentences been exhorting Brabantio to patience, and to forget the grief of his daughter's ſtolen marriage, to which Brabantio is made very pertinently to reply to this effect: "My lord, I apprehend very well the wiſdom of your advice; but though you would *comfort* me, words are but words; and the heart, already *bruiſed*, was never *pierced*, or *wounded*, through the *ear*." It is obvious that the text muſt be reſtored thus:

That the bruis'd heart was pieced *through the ear.*

i. e. that the wounds of ſorrow were ever cured, or a man made *heart-whole* merely by the words of conſolation.

WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare was continually changing his firſt expreſſion for another, either ſtronger or more uncommon; ſo that very often the reader who has not the ſame continuity or ſucceſſion of ideas, is at a loſs for its meaning. Many of Shakſpeare's uncouth ſtrained epithets may be explained, by going back to the obvious and ſimple expreſſion, which is moſt likely to occur to the mind in that ſtate. I can imagine the firſt mode of expreſſion that occurred to the poet was this:

"The *troubled* heart was never cured by words."

To give it poetical force, he altered the phraſe:

"The wounded heart was never reached through the ear."

Wounded heart he changed to *broken*, and that to *bruiſed*, as a more common expreſſion. *Reached* he altered to *touched*, and the tranſition is then eaſy to *pierced*, i. e. thoroughly *touched*. When the ſentiment is brought to this ſtate, the commentator, without this unravelling clue, expounds *piercing the heart* in its common acceptation *wounding the heart*, which making in this place nonſenſe, is corrected to *pieced the heart*, which is very ſtiff, and, as Polonius ſays, *is a vile phraſe*. SIR J. REYNOLDS.

Pierced may be right. The conſequence of a *bruiſe* is ſometimes matter collected, and this can no way be cured without *piercing* or letting it out. Thus, in *Hamlet*:

"It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place,
"Whiles rank corruption mining all within,
"Infects unſeen."

Again:

"This is th' impoſthume of much wealth and peace,
"That inward breaks, and ſhows no cauſe without,
"Why the man dies."

Duke. The Turk with a moſt mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of

Our author might have had in his memory the following quaint title of an old book: i. e. "A lytell treatyſe called the dyſputacyon, or the complaynte of *the herte through perced with the lokynge of the eye.* Imprynted at Londō in Fleteſtrete at ye ſygne of the ſonne by Wynkyn de Worde."

Again, in *A newe and a mery Interlude concernyng Pleaſure and Payne in Love, made* by Ihon. Heywood: Fol. Raſtal, 1534:

"*Thorough* myne *erys* dyrectly to myne *harte*
"*Percyth* his *wordys* evyn lyke as many ſperys."

Steevens.

But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced *through the ear.*] Theſe moral precepts, ſays Brabantio, may perhaps be founded in wiſdom, but they are of no avail. Words after all are but words; and I never yet heard that conſolatory ſpeeches could *reach* and *penetrate* the afflicted heart, through the medium of the ear.

Brabantio here expreſſes the ſame ſentiment as the father of Hero in *Much Ado about Nothing,* when he derides the attempts of thoſe comforters who in vain endeavour to—

"Charm *ache* with *air,* and *agony* with *words.*"

Our author has in various places ſhown a fondneſs for this antitheſis between the *heart* and *ear.* Thus, in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"This diſmal cry rings ſadly in her *ear,*
"Through which it enters, to ſurpriſe her *heart.*"

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "My couſin tells him in his *ear,* that he is in her *heart.*"

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

"——I have ſuch a *heart* as both mine *ears*
"Muſt not in haſte abuſe."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"His *ear* her prayers admits, but his *heart* granteth
"No *penetrable* entrance to her plaining."

A doubt has been entertained concerning the word *pierced,* which Dr. Warburton ſuppoſed to mean *wounded,* and therefore ſubſtituted *pieced* in its room. But *pierced* is merely a figurative expreſſion, and means not *wounded,* but penetrated, *in a metaphorical ſenſe*; thoroughly affected; as in the following paſſage in Shakſpeare's 46th Sonnet:

"My *heart* doth plead, that thou in him doſt lie;
"A cloſet never *pierc'd* with cryſtal eyes."

the place is beſt known to you: And though we have there a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet opinion, a ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafer voice on you: you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes[9]

So alſo, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" Honeſt plain words beſt *pierce* the *ear* of *grief*."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

" With ſweeteſt touches *pierce* your miſtreſs' *ear*."

In a word, *a heart pierced through the ear,* is a heart which (to uſe our poet's words elſewhere,) has *granted a penetrable entrance* to the language of conſolation. So, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates,* 1575:

" My *piteous plaint*—the hardeſt *heart* may *pierce*."

Spenſer has uſed the word exactly in the ſame figurative ſenſe in which it is here employed; *Fairy Queen,* B. VI. c. ix:

" Whyleſt thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
" Hong ſtill upon his melting mouth attent;
" Whoſe ſenſefull *words empierſt* his *hart* ſo neare,
" That he was rapt with double raviſhment."

And, in his fourth Book, c. viii. we have the very words of the text:

" Her *words*———
" Which, *paſſing through the eares,* would *pierce* the *hart*."

Some perſons have ſuppoſed that *pierced* when applied metaphorically to the heart, can only be uſed to expreſs pain; that the poet might have ſaid, *pierced* with *grief,* or *pierced* with *plaints,* &c. but that to talk of *piercing* a heart with *conſolatory ſpeeches,* is a catachreſis: but the paſſage above quoted from Spenſer's ſixth Book ſhows that there is no ground for the objection. So alſo, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine,* 1599, we find—

" Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,
" Shall want my *heart* to be *with gladneſs pierc'd*."

MALONE.

[9] ——*to* ſlubber *the* gloſs *of your* new *fortunes*—] To *ſlubber,* on this occaſion, is to *obſcure.* So, in the Firſt Part of *Jeronimo,* &c. 1605:

" The evening too begins to *ſlubber* day."

The latter part of this metaphor has already occurred in *Macbeth:*

" ———— golden opinions——
" Which ſhould be worn now in their *neweſt gloſs*."

STEEVENS.

with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down :[1] I do agnize[2]
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
Theſe preſent wars[3] againſt the Ottomites.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your ſtate,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition ;[4]

[1] —— *thrice* driven *bed of down :*] A *driven* bed, is a bed for which the feathers are ſelected, by *driving* with a fan, which ſeparates the light from the heavy. Johnson.

[2] —— *I do* agnize —] i. e. acknowledge, confeſs, avow. So, in *A Summarie Report*, &c. of the Speaker relative to Mary Queen of Scots, 4to. 1586: " —a repentant convert, *agniſing* her Maieſties great mercie" &c. Again, in the old play of *Cambyses :*

" The tenor of your princely will, from you for to *agnize*."

In this inſtance, however, it ſignifies to know; as likewiſe in the following, from the ſame piece :

" Why ſo? I pray you let me *agnize*." Steevens.

It is ſo defined [i. e. to acknowledge] in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616. Malone.

[3] Theſe *preſent wars*—] The quarto, 1622, and the folio, by an error of the preſs, have—*this* preſent wars. For the emendation I am reſponſible. Malone.

[4] *I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife;*
Due reference *of place, and exhibition*; &c.] I deſire, that proper *diſpoſition* be made for my wife, that ſhe may have *precedency* and *revenue*, accommodation and *company*, ſuitable to her rank.

For *reference* of place, the old quartos have *reverence*, which Sir Thomas Hanmer has received. I ſhould read :

Due preference *of place*,——. Johnson.

Exhibition is allowance. The word is at preſent uſed only at the univerſities.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona :*

With ſuch accommodation, and beſort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you pleaſe,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it ſo.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;[5]
And let me find a charter in your voice,[6]
To aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.[7]

Duke. What would you, Deſdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and ſtorm of fortunes[8]

" What maintenance he from his friends receives,
" Like *exhibition* thou ſhalt have from me."

Again, in *King Edward IV.* by Heywood, 1626:

" Of all the *exhibition* yet beſtow'd,
" This woman's liberality likes me beſt." Steevens.

See Vol. XVII. p. 336, n. 7. Malone.

[5] ——— *Moſt* gracious *duke,*
To my unfolding lend a gracious *ear;*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio, to avoid the repetition of the ſame epithet, reads—your *proſperous* ear; i. e. your *propitious* ear. Steevens.

[6] —— *a charter in your voice,*] Let your favour *privilege* me. Johnson.

[7] To aſſiſt *my ſimpleneſs.*] The firſt quarto reads this as an unfiniſhed ſentence:

And if *my ſimpleneſs*——. Steevens.

[8] *My downright violence* and ſtorm *of fortunes*—] *Violence* is not *violence ſuffered,* but *violence acted.* Breach of common rules and obligations. The old quarto has *ſcorn* of fortune, which is perhaps the true reading. Johnson.

The ſame miſtake of *ſcorn* for *ſtorm* had alſo happened in the old copies of *Troilus and Creſſida:*

May trumpet to the world; my heart's ſubdued[9]
Even to the very quality of my lord:[1]

" ——as when the ſun doth light a *ſcorn*,"
inſtead of a—*ſtorm*. See Vol. XV. p. 235, n. 8; and Vol. XVII. p. 445, n 3.

I am alſo inclined to read—*ſtorm of fortunes*, on account of the words that follow, viz. " May *trumpet* to the world."

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

" ——— the ſouthern *wind*
" Doth play the *trumpet* to his purpoſes."

I concur with Dr. Johnſon in his explanation of the paſſage before us. Mr. M. Maſon is of the ſame opinion, and properly obſerves, that by the *ſtorm of fortune*, " the *injuries of fortune*" are not meant, " but Deſdemona's high-ſpirited braving of her."

STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" An old man broken with the *ſtorms of ſtate*."

The expreſſion in the text is found in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, Book VI. c. ix:

" Give leave awhile, good father, in this ſhore
" To reſt my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
" With *ſtormes of fortune* and tempeſtuous fate."

And Bacon, in his *Hiſtory of King Henry the Seventh*, has uſed the ſame language: " The king in his account of peace and calms did much overcaſt his *fortunes*, which proved for many years together full of broken ſeas, tides, and *tempeſts*."

Mr. M. Maſon objects, that Mr. Steevens has not explained theſe words. Is any explanation wanting? or can he, who has read in *Hamlet*, that a judicious player " in the *tempeſt* and *whirlwind* of his *paſſion* ſhould acquire and beget a temperance;" who has heard Falſtaff wiſh for a *tempeſt* of provocation; and finds in *Troilus and Creſſida*—" in the wind and *tempeſt* of her frown," be at a loſs to underſtand the meaning of a *ſtorm of fortunes*? By her *downright violence and ſtorm of fortunes*, Deſdemona without doubt means, the bold and deciſive meaſure ſhe had taken, of following the dictates of paſſion, and giving herſelf to the Moor; regardleſs of her parent's diſpleaſure, the forms of her country, and the future inconvenience ſhe might be ſubject to, by " tying her duty, beauty, wit, and *fortunes*, in an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger, of here and every where."

On looking into Mr. Edwards's remarks, I find he explains theſe words nearly in the ſame manner. " *Downright violence*, (ſays he,) means, the unbridled impetuoſity with which her paſ-

I ſaw Othello's viſage in his mind ;[2]

ſion hurried her on to this unlawful marriage; and *ſtorm of fortunes* may ſignify the hazard ſhe thereby ran, of making ſhipwreck of her worldly intereſt. Both very agreeable to what ſhe ſays a little lower—

" —— to his honours, and his valiant parts
" Did I my ſoul and *fortunes* conſecrate." MALONE.

All I can collect from Mr. Malone's explanation is, that Shakſpeare has made uſe of the word *tempeſt* in three different paſſages, none of which are applicable to that in queſtion.

M. MASON.

[9] —— *my heart's* ſubdued
Even to &c.] So, in one of the Letters falſely imputed to Mary Queen of Scots : " —and my thoghtes are ſo willyngly *ſubduit* unto yours" &c. STEEVENS.

[1] *Even to the very quality of my lord :*] The firſt quarto reads—

Even to the utmoſt pleaſure, *&c.* STEEVENS.

Quality here means *profeſſion.* " I am ſo much enamoured of Othello, that I am even willing to endure all the inconveniencies incident to a *military life,* and to attend him to the wars."—" I cannot mervaile, (ſaid Lord Eſſex to Mr. Aſhton, a Puritan preacher who was ſent to him in the Tower,) though my proteſtations are not believed of my enemies, when they ſo little prevailed with a man of your *quality.*"

That this is the meaning, appears not only from the reading of the quarto,—" my heart's ſubdued, even *to the utmoſt pleaſure* of my lord, i. e. ſo as to prompt me to go with him wherever he *wiſhes* I ſhould go," but alſo from the whole tenour of Deſdemona's ſpeech ; the purport of which is, that as ſhe had married a *ſoldier,* ſo ſhe was ready to accompany him to the wars, and to conſecrate her ſoul and fortunes to his *honours,* and his *valiant* parts ; i. e. to attend him wherever his *military character* and his *love of fame* ſhould call him. MALONE.

That *quality* here ſignifies the *Mooriſh complexion* of Othello, and his *military profeſſion,* is obvious from what immediately follows :

" I ſaw Othello's *viſage* in his mind :"

and alſo from what the Duke ſays to Brabantio :

" If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
" Your ſon-in-law is far more *fair* than *black.*"

Deſdenona, in this ſpeech aſſerts, that the virtues of Othello had ſubdued her heart, in ſpite of his viſage ; and that, to his

And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport
By his dear abſence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords :[3]—'beſeech you, let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven ;[4] I therefore beg it not,
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite ;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my diſtinct and proper ſatisfaction ;[5]

rank and accompliſhments as a ſoldier, ſhe had conſecrated her ſoul and her fortunes. Henley.

[2] *I ſaw Othello's viſage in his mind* ;] It muſt raiſe no wonder, that I loved a man of an appearance ſo little engaging ; I ſaw his face only in his mind ; the greatneſs of his character reconciled me to his form. Johnson.

[3] *Your voices,* lords :] The folio reads,—*Let her have your voice.* Steevens.

[4] *Vouch with me, heaven,*] Thus the ſecond quarto and the folio. Steevens.

Theſe words are not in the original copy, 1622. Malone.

[5] *Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,*
In my diſtinct *and proper ſatisfaction* ;] [Old copies—*defunct.*] As this has been hitherto printed and ſtopped, it ſeems to me a period of as ſtubborn nonſenſe as the editors have obtruded upon poor Shakſpeare throughout his works. What a prepoſterous creature is this Othello made, to fall in love with and marry a fine young lady, when *appetite* and *heat,* and *proper ſatisfaction,* are *dead* and *defunct* in him ! (For, *defunct* ſignifies nothing elſe, that I know of, either primitively or metaphorically :) But if we may take Othello's own word in the affair, he was not reduced to this fatal ſtate :

" ——— or, for I am declin'd
" Into the vale of years ; yet *that's not much.*"

Again, Why ſhould our poet ſay, (for ſo he ſays as the paſſage

But to be free and bounteous to her mind:

has been pointed) that the young *affect* heat? Youth, certainly, *has* it, and has no occaſion or pretence of *affecting* it. And, again, after *defunct*, would he add ſo abſurd a collateral epithet as *proper?* But *affects* was not deſigned here as a verb, and *defunct* was not deſigned here at all. I have by reading *diſtinct* for *defunct*, reſcued the poet's text from abſurdity; and this I take to be the tenor of what he would ſay: "I do not beg her company with me, merely to pleaſe myſelf; nor to indulge the heat and *affects* (i. e. affections) of a new-married man, in my own diſtinct and proper ſatisfaction; but to comply with her in her requeſt, and deſire, of accompanying me." *Affects* for *affections*, our author in ſeveral other paſſages uſes. THEOBALD.

Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
In my defunct *and proper ſatisfaction:*] i. e. with that heat and new affections which the indulgence of my appetite has raiſed and created. This is the meaning of *defunct*, which has made all the difficulty of the paſſage. WARBURTON.

I do not think that Mr. Theobald's emendation clears the text from embarraſſment, though it is with a little imaginary improvement received by Sir Thomas Hanmer who reads thus:

Nor to comply with heat affects the young
In my diſtinct *and proper ſatisfaction.*

Dr. Warburton's explanation is not more ſatisfactory: what made the difficulty will continue to make it. I read:

——— *I beg it not,*
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In me *defunct) and proper ſatisfaction;*
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.

Affects ſtands here, not for *love*, but for *paſſions*, for that by which any thing is affected. *I aſk it not*, ſays he, *to pleaſe appetite, or ſatisfy looſe deſires*, the paſſions of youth which I have now outlived, or *for any particular gratification of myſelf, but merely that I may indulge the wiſhes of my wife.*

Mr. Upton had, before me, changed *my* to *me*; but he has printed young *effects*, not ſeeming to know that *affects* could be a noun. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald has obſerved the impropriety of making Othello confeſs, that all youthful paſſions were *defunct* in him; and Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading [*diſtinct*] may, I think, be received with only a ſlight alteration. I would read:

And heaven defend[6] your good ſouls, that you think

——— *I beg it not,*
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, and *young affects,*
In my diſtinct *and proper ſatisfaction;*
But to be &c.

Affects ſtands for *affections,* and is uſed in that ſenſe by Ben Jonſon, in *The Caſe is Altered,* 1609:

" —— I ſhall not need to urge
" The ſacred purity of our *affects.*"

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" For every man with his *affects* is born."

Again, in *The Wars of Cyrus,* 1594:

" The frail *affects* and errors of my youth."

Again, in Middleton's *Inner Temple Maſque,* 1619:

" No doubt *affects* will be ſubdu'd by reaſon."

There is, however, in *The Bondman,* by Maſſinger, a paſſage which ſeems to countenance and explain—

——— *the young affects*
In me defunct *&c.*
——— youthful heats,
" That look no further than your outward form,
" Are long ſince *buried* in me."

Timoleon is the ſpeaker.

In *King Henry V.* alſo, we have the following paſſage:

" The organs, though *defunct* and dead before,
" Break up their drowſy grave,——." STEEVENS.

I would venture to make the two laſt lines change places:

——— *I therefore beg it not,*
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
In my defunct and proper ſatisfaction.

And would then recommend it to conſideration, whether the word *defunct* (which would be the only remaining difficulty,) is not capable of a ſignification, drawn from the primitive ſenſe of its Latin original, which would very well agree with the context. TYRWHITT.

I would propoſe to read—In my *defenct,* or *defenc'd,* &c. i. e. I do not beg her company merely to pleaſe the palate of my appetite, nor to comply with the heat of luſt which the *young* man *affects,* i. e. loves and is fond of, in a gratification which I have by marriage *defenc'd,* or incloſed and guarded, and made my own

I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,

property. *Unproper beds,* in this play, means, beds not peculiar or appropriate to the right owner, but common to their occupiers. In *The Merry Wives of Windſor* the marriage vow was repreſented by Ford as the ward and *defence* of purity or conjugal fidelity: "I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, and a thouſand other her *defences,* which are now too ſtrongly embattled againſt me." The word *affect* is more generally, among ancient authors, taken in the conſtruction which I have given to it, than as Mr. Theobald would interpret it. It is ſo in this very play: "Not to *affect* many propoſed matches," means not to *like,* or *be fond of* many propoſed matches.

I am perſuaded that the word *defunct* muſt be at all events ejected. Othello talks here of his appetite, and it is very plain that Deſdemona to her death was fond of him after wedlock, and that he loved her. How then could his conjugal deſires be dead or *defunct?* or how could they be *defunct* or diſcharged and performed when the marriage was conſummated? TOLLET.

Othello here ſupoſes, that his petition for the attendance of his bride, might be aſcribed to one of theſe two motives:—either ſolicitude for the enjoyment of an unconſummated and honourable marriage;—or the mere gratification of a ſenſual and ſelfiſh paſſion. But, as neither was the true one, he abjures them both:

"Vouch with me heaven, I therefore beg it NOT
"To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
"NOR to comply with heat (—— ——
"—— ——) and proper ſatisfaction."

The former, having nothing in it unbecoming, he *ſimply* diſclaims; but the latter, ill according with his ſeaſon of life (for Othello was now *declined into the vale of years*) he aſſigns a reaſon for renouncing—

—— the young affects,
In me *defunct.*——

As if he had ſaid, "I have *outlived* that *wayward impulſe of paſſion, by which younger men are ſtimulated:* thoſe

"—— *youthful heats,*
"That look no further than the OUTWARD FORM,
"Are long ſince *buried* in me."

The ſupreme object of my heart is—

—— to be free and bounteous to her MIND.

By YOUNG *affects,* the poet clearly means thoſe "YOUTHFUL *luſts*" [τας ΝΕΩΤΕΡΙΚΑΣ επιθυμιας, *cupiditates rei novæ,*

For ſhe is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys

thence JUVENILES, and therefore EFFRENES *cupiditates*,] which St. Paul admoniſhes Timothy to flee from, and the Romans to MORTIFY. HENLEY.

For the emendation now offered, [*disjunct*] I am reſponſible. Some emendation is abſolutely neceſſary, and this appears to me the leaſt objectionable of thoſe which have been propoſed. Dr. Johnſon, in part following Mr. Upton, reads and regulates the paſſage thus:

Not to comply with heat (the young affects
In me *defunct*) *and proper ſatisfaction.*

To this reading there are, I think, three ſtrong objections. The firſt is, the ſuppreſſion of the word *being* before *defunct*, which is abſolutely neceſſary to the ſenſe, and of which the omiſſion is ſo harſh, that it affords an argument againſt the probability of the propoſed emendation. The ſecond and the grand objection is, that it is highly improbable that Othello ſhould declare on the day of his marriage that heat and the youthful affections were dead or defunct in him; that he had outlived the paſſions of youth. He himſelf (as Mr. Theobald has obſerved,) informs us afterwards, that he is "declined into the vale of years;" but adds, at the ſame time, "yet that's *not much*." This ſurely is a deciſive proof that the text is corrupt. My third objection to this regulation is, that by the introduction of a parentheſis, which is not found in the old copies, the words *and proper ſatisfaction* are ſo unnaturally disjoined from thoſe with which they are connected in ſenſe, as to form a moſt lame and impotent concluſion; to ſay nothing of the aukwardneſs of uſing the word *proper* without any poſſeſſive pronoun prefixed to it.

All theſe difficulties are done away, by retaining the original word *my*, and reading *disjunct*, inſtead of *defunct*; and the meaning will be, I aſk it not for the ſake of my *ſeparate* and private enjoyment, by the gratification of appetite, but that I may indulge the wiſhes of my wife.

The young affects, may either mean the affections or paſſions of youth, (conſidering *affects* as a ſubſtantive,) or theſe words may be connected with *heat*, which immediately precedes: "I aſk it not, for the purpoſe of gratifying that appetite *which* peculiarly ſtimulates the young." So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. V. c. ix:

"Layes of ſweete love, and *youth's* delightful *heat*."

Mr. Tyrwhitt "recommends it to conſideration, whether the

Of feather'd Cupid ſeel with wanton dulneſs

word *defunct*, is not capable of a ſignification, drawn from the primitive ſenſe of its Latin original, which would very well agree with the context."

The mere Engliſh reader is to be informed, that *defunctus* in Latin ſignifies *performed, accompliſhed*, as well as *dead*: but is it probable that Shakſpeare was apprized of its bearing that ſignification? In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, the work of a phyſician and a ſcholar, *defunct* is only defined by the word *dead*; nor has it, I am confident, any other meaning annexed to it in any dictionary or book of the time. Beſides; how, as Mr. Tollet has obſerved, could his conjugal duties be ſaid to be *diſcharged* or *performed*, at a time when his marriage was not yet conſummated?—On this laſt circumſtance, however, I do not inſiſt, as Shakſpeare is very licentious in the uſe of participles, and might have employed the paſt for the preſent: but the former objection appears to me fatal.

Proper is here and in other places uſed for *peculiar*. In this play we have *unproper* beds; not *peculiar* to the rightful owner, but *common* to him and others.

In the preſent tragedy we have many more uncommon words than *disjunct*: as *facile, agnize, acerb, ſequeſtration, injointed, congregated, guttered, ſequent, extincted, exſufflicate, indign, ſegregated*, &c.—Iago in a ſubſequent ſcene ſays to Othello, "let us be *conjunctive* in our revenge;" and our poet has *conjunct* in *King Lear*, and *disjoin* and *disjunctive* in two other plays. In *King John* we have *adjunct* uſed as an adjective:

"Though that my death be *adjunct* to the act,—."

and in *Hamlet* we find *disjoint* employed in like manner:

"Or thinking———

"Our ſtate to be *disjoint*, and out of frame."

MALONE.

As it is highly probable this paſſage will prove a laſting ſource of doubt and controverſy, the remarks of all the commentators are left before the publick. Sir Thomas Hanmer's *diſtinct*, however, appearing to me as appoſite a change as Mr. Malone's ſynonymous *disjunct*, I have placed the former in our text, though perhaps the old reading ought not to have been diſturbed, as in the opinion of more than one critick it has been ſatisfactorily explained by Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Henley. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*defend* &c.] To *defend*, is to forbid. So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Prologue*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. ver 5641:

My ſpeculative and active inſtruments,[7]
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs,
Let houſewives make a ſkillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation![8]

" Wher can ye ſeen in any maner age
" That highe God *defended* mariage,
" By expreſſe word?"
From *defendre*, Fr. STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *when light-wing'd toys*
Of *feather'd Cupid* ſeel *with wanton dulneſs*
My ſpeculative and active *inſtruments*,] Thus the folio, except that inſtead of *active inſtruments*, it has *offic'd inſtrument*. MALONE.

For a particular explanation of the verb—to *ſeel*, the reader is referred to Vol. X. p. 167, n. 1.

The quarto reads:

——— *when light-wing'd toys*
And *feather'd Cupid* foils *with wanton dulneſs*
My ſpeculative and active *inſtruments*—.

All theſe words (in either copy) mean no more than this:—When the pleaſures and idle toys of love make me unfit either for ſeeing the duties of my office, or for the ready performance of them, *&c.*

So, in Chapman's tranſlation of the eighteenth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

" ——— and were palſied
" In his *mind's inſtruments*—." STEEVENS.

Speculative inſtruments, in Shakſpeare's language, are the *eyes*; and *active inſtruments*, the *hands and feet*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" —— where, the other *inſtruments*
" Did *ſee*, hear, deviſe, inſtruct, *walk*, *feel*," &c.

To *ſeel* is to cloſe the eyelids of a hawk by running a thread through them. As it is here metaphorically uſed, it applies very properly to the *ſpeculative* inſtruments; but *foils*, the reading of the quarto, agrees better with *active* inſtruments.

Wanton dulneſs is dulneſs ariſing from wanton indulgences. MALONE.

[8] —— *my* eſtimation!] Thus the folio; the quarto—*reputation*. STEEVENS.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Either for her ſtay, or going: the affair cries—haſte,
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it; you muſt hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
With ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Pleaſe your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honeſty, and truſt:
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,
With what elſe needful your good grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble ſignior,
[*To* Brabantio.
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,[9]
Your ſon-in-law is far more fair than black.

[9] *If virtue no* delighted *beauty lack,*] The meaning, I believe, is, if virtue comprehends every thing in itſelf, then your virtuous ſon-in-law of courſe is beautiful: he has that beauty which delights every one. *Delighted,* for *delighting*; Shakſpeare often uſes the active and paſſive particles indiſcriminately. Of this practice I have already given many inſtances. The ſame ſentiment ſeems to occur in *Twelfth-Night:*

" In nature is no blemiſh, but the mind;
" None can be call'd deform'd; but the unkind:
" *Virtue is beauty*——." Steevens.

1 *Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! uſe Deſdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to ſee;[1]
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt* Duke, Senators, Officers, *&c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honeſt Iago,
My Deſdemona muſt I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after[2] in the beſt advantage.[3]—
Come, Deſdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To ſpend with thee: we muſt obey the time.
[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Desdemona.

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What ſay'ſt thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkeſt thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myſelf.

Iago. Well, if thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after it. Why, thou ſilly gentleman!

Rod. It is ſillineſs to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a preſcription to die, when death is our phyſician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the

Delighted is uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe of *delighting*, or *delightful*. "See *Cymbeline*, Act V:

"Whom beſt I love, I croſs, to make my gift,
"The more delay'd, *delighted*." Tyrwhitt.

[1] ——*have a quick eye to ſee*;] Thus the eldeſt quarto. The folio reads:

——*if thou haſt eyes to ſee*. Steevens.

[2] *And bring* them *after*—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*and bring* her *after*. Malone.

[3] ——*beſt advantage*.] Faireſt opportunity. Johnson.

world for four times ſeven years![4] and ſince I could diſtinguiſh between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would drown myſelf for the love of a Guinea-hen,[5] I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſs, it is my ſhame to be ſo fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourſelves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: ſo that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettuce; ſet hyſſop, and

[4] *I have looked upon the world* for four times ſeven years:] From this paſſage Iago's age ſeems to be aſcertained; and it correſponds with the account in the novel on which *Othello* is founded, where he is deſcribed as a *young*, handſome man. The French tranſlator of Shakſpeare is, however, of opinion, that Iago here only ſpeaks of thoſe years of his life in which he had looked on the world with an eye of obſervation. But it would be difficult to aſſign a reaſon why he ſhould mention the preciſe term of *twenty-eight* years; or to account for his knowing ſo accurately when his underſtanding arrived at maturity, and the operation of his ſagacity, and his obſervations on mankind, commenced.

That Iago meant to ſay he was but twenty-eight years old, is clearly aſcertained, by his marking particularly, though indefinitely, a period *within that time*, ["and *ſince* I could diſtinguiſh," &c.] when he began to make obſervations on the characters of men.

Waller on a picture which was painted for him in his youth, by Cornelius Janſen, and which is now in the poſſeſſion of his heir, has expreſſed the ſame thought; "Anno ætatis 23; *vitæ vix primo.*" MALONE.

[5] ——*a Guinea hen,*] A ſhowy bird with fine feathers. JOHNSON.

A *Guinea-hen* was anciently the cant term for a proſtitute. So, in *Albertus Wallenſtein*, 1640:

"——Yonder's the cock o'the game,
"About to tread yon *Guinea-hen*; they're billing."

STEEVENS.

weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either to have it ſteril with idleneſs,[6] or manured with induſtry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance[7] of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions: But we have reaſon to cool our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts;[8] whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a ſect, or ſcion.[9]

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyſelf? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profeſſed me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy

[6] —— *either* to *have it ſteril with idleneſs*,] Thus the authentick copies. The modern editors following the ſecond folio, have omitted the word *to*.—I have frequently had occaſion to remark that Shakſpeare often begins a ſentence in one way, and ends it in a different kind of conſtruction. Here he has made Iago ſay, if *we will* plant, &c. and he concludes, as if he had written—if *our will is*—either to have it, &c. See p. 263, n. 1. MALONE.

See Vol. IV. p. 13, n. 6, where the remark on which the foregoing note is founded was originally made. STEEVENS.

[7] *If the* balance &c.] The folio reads—If the *brain*. Probably a miſtake for—*beam*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *reaſon, to cool—our* carnal ſtings, *our* unbitted luſts;] So, in *A Knack to know an Honeſt Man*, 1596:

" —— Virtue never taught thee that;
" She ſets a *bit* upon her *bridled luſts*."

See alſo *As you like it*, Act II. ſc. vi:

" For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine;
" As ſenſual as the *brutiſh ſting* itſelf." MALONE.

[9] —— *a* ſect, *or ſcion*.] Thus the folio and quarto. A *ſect* is what the more modern gardeners call a *cutting*. The modern editors read—a *ſet*. STEEVENS.

deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs;[1] I could never better ſtead thee than now. Put money in thy purſe; follow theſe wars; defeat thy favour with an uſurped beard;[2] I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that Deſdemona ſhould long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purſe;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration;[3]—put but money in thy purſe.—Theſe

[1] —— *I confeſs me* knit *to thy* deſerving *with* cables *of* perdurable toughneſs;] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" To make you brothers, and to *knit* your hearts
" With an *unſlipping knot.*"

Again, in our author's 26th Sonnet:

" Lord of my love, to whom in vaſſalage
" Thy *merit* hath my duty ſtrongly *knit.*" MALONE.

[2] —— defeat *thy* favour *with an uſurped beard*;] To *defeat,* is to *undo,* to *change.* JOHNSON.

Defeat is from *defaire,* Fr. to *undo.* Of the uſe of this word I have already given ſeveral inſtances. STEEVENS.

Favour here means that combination of features which gives the face its diſtinguiſhing character. *Defeat,* from *defaire,* in French, ſignifies to unmake, decompoſe, or give a different appearance to, either by taking away ſomething, or adding. Thus, in *Don Quixote,* Cardenio *defeated* his *favour* by cutting off his beard, and the Barber his, by putting one on. The beard which Mr. Aſhton *uſurped* when he eſcaped from the Tower, gave ſo different an appearance to his face, that he paſſed through his guards without the leaſt ſuſpicion. In *The Winter's Tale,* Autolycus had recourſe to an expedient like Cardenio's, (as appears from the *pocketing up his pedlar's excrement,*) to prevent his being known in the garb of the prince. HENLEY.

To *defeat,* Minſheu, in his *Dictionary,* 1617, explains by the words—" to abrogate, to *undo.*" See alſo Florio's *Italian Dictionary,* 1598: " *Disfacere.* To undoe, to marre, to unmake, to *defeat.*" MALONE.

[3] —— *it was a violent* commencement, *and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable* ſequeſtration;] There ſeems to be an oppoſition of terms here intended, which has been loſt in tranſcription. We may read, *it was a violent* conjunction, *and thou ſhalt ſee*

Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purſe with money: the food that to him now is as luſcious as locuſts, ſhall be to him ſhortly as bitter as coloquintida.[4] She muſt change for youth: when ſhe

an anſwerable ſequeſtration; or, what ſeems to me preferable, *it was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable* ſequel. JOHNSON.

I believe the poet uſes *ſequeſtration* for *ſequel*. He might conclude that it was immediately derived from *ſequor*. *Sequeſtration*, however, may mean no more than *ſeparation*. So, in this play—" a *ſequeſter* from liberty." STEEVENS.

Surely *ſequeſtration* was uſed in the ſenſe of *ſeparation* only, or in modern language, *parting*. *Their paſſion began with violence, and* it ſhall end as quickly, of which *a ſeparation will be the conſequence*. A total and voluntary *ſequeſtration* neceſſarily includes the ceſſation or end of affection.—We have the ſame thought in ſeveral other places. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Theſe *violent delights*, have *violent ends*,
" And in their triumph die."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" Thy violent vanities can never laſt."

I have here followed the firſt quarto. The folio reads—it was a violent commencement *in her*, &c. The context ſhows that the original is the true reading. Othello's love for Deſdemona has been juſt mentioned, as well as her's for the Moor. MALONE.

[4] ——*as luſcious as locuſts*,——*as* bitter *as coloquintida*.] The old quarto reads—as *acerb* as coloquintida.

At *Tonquin* the inſect *locuſts* are conſidered as a great delicacy, not only by the poor but by the rich; and are ſold in the markets, as larks and quails are in Europe. It may be added, that the Levitical law permits four ſorts of them to be eaten.

An anonymous correſpondent informs me, that the fruit of the locuſt-tree, (which, I believe, is here meant,) is a long black pod, that contains the ſeeds, among which there is a very ſweet luſcious juice of much the ſame conſiſtency as freſh honey. This (ſays he) I have often taſted. STEEVENS.

That viſcous ſubſtance which the pod of the locuſt contains, is, perhaps, of all others, the moſt *luſcious*. From its likeneſs to honey, in conſiſtency and flavour, the *locuſt* is called the *honey-tree* alſo. Its ſeeds, encloſed in a long pod, lie buried in the juice. HENLEY.

Mr. Daines Barrington ſuggeſts to me, that Shakſpeare perhaps had the third chapter of *St. Matthew's* Goſpel in his thoughts,

is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the error of her choice.—She muſt have change, ſhe muſt: therefore put money in thy purſe.—If thou wilt needs damn thyſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canſt: If ſanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian [5] and a ſuperſubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyſelf! it is clean out of the way: ſeek thou rather to be hanged in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

in which we are told that John the Baptiſt lived in the wilderneſs on *locuſts* and wild *honey*. MALONE.

[5] —— *betwixt an* erring *barbarian*—] We ſhould read *errant*; that is, a vagabond, one that has no houſe nor country. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, *arrant*. *Erring* is as well as either. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet:*

" Th' extravagant and *erring* ſpirit hies
" To his confine." STEEVENS.

An *erring Barbarian* perhaps means a *rover* from *Barbary*. He had before ſaid: " You'll have your daughter covered with a *Barbary* horſe." MALONE.

I rather conceive *barbarian* to be here uſed with its primitive ſenſe of—a *foreigner*, as it is alſo in *Coriolanus:*

" I would they were *barbarians*, (as they are,)
" Though in Rome litter'd." STEEVENS.

The word *erring* is ſufficiently explained by a paſſage in the firſt ſcene of the play, where Roderigo tells Brabantio that his daughter was—

" Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortune,
" To an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger."

Erring is the ſame as *erraticus* in Latin.

The word *erring* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in ſome of Orlando's verſes in *As you like it:*

" Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
" That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.
" Some, how brief the life of man
" Runs his *erring* pilgrimage;—." M. MASON.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue ?[6]

Iago. Thou art ſure of me ;—Go, make money : —I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor : My cauſe is hearted ;[7] thine hath no leſs reaſon : Let us be conjunctive[8] in our revenge againſt him : if thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thyſelf a pleaſure, and me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe ;[9] go ; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i'the morning ?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to ; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo ?[1]

[6] —— *if I depend on the iſſue ?*] Theſe words are wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *hearted ;*] This adjective occurs again in Act III : "—*hearted* throne." Dr. Johnſon in his Dictionary has unguardedly ſaid, that it is only uſed in compoſition : as, for inſtance, hard-*hearted*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *conjunctive*—] The firſt quarto reads, *communicative*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Traverſe ;*] This was an ancient military word of command. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Bardolph ſays : "Hold, Wart, *traverſe* ; thus, thus, thus." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *Do you hear, Roderigo ?*] In the folio, inſtead of this and the following ſpeeches, we find only theſe words :

Iago. Go to ; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo ?
Rod. I'll ſell all my land. [*Exit.*
Iago. Thus do I ever, &c.

The quarto, 1622, reads :

Iago. Go to ; farewell :—do you hear, Roderigo ?
Rod. What ſay you ?
Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.
Rod. I am chang'd. [*Exit* Rod.

Rod. What ſay you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll ſell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purſe. [*Exit* Roderigo.
Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould profane,
If I would time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,[2]
But for my ſport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true;
But I, for mere ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety.[3] He holds me well;[4]
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him.
Caſſio's a proper man: Let me ſee now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will;[5]
A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me ſee:—
After ſome time, to abuſe Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purſe. Thus do I ever, &c.
The reading of the text is formed out of the two copies. Malone.

[2] —— *a* ſnipe,] *Woodcock* is the term generally uſed by Shakſpeare to denote an inſignificant fellow; but Iago is more ſarcaſtick, and compares his dupe to a ſmaller and meaner bird of almoſt the ſame ſhape. Steevens.

[3] —— *as if for ſurety.*] That is, "I will act as if I were certain of the fact." M. Mason.

[4] —— *He* holds *me well*;] i. e. eſteems me. So, in *St. Matthew*, xxi. 26: "—all *hold* John as a prophet."
Again, in *Hamlet*:
"*Hold* it a faſhion, and a toy in blood." Reed.

[5] —— *to* plume *up* &c.] The firſt quarto reads—to *make* up &c. Steevens.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,[6]
That thinks men honeſt, that but ſeems to be ſo;
And will as tenderly be led by the noſe,
As aſſes are.
I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.[7] *A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO *and Two* Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;

[6] *The Moor is of a free and open nature,*] The firſt quarto reads:

The Moor, a free and open nature too,
That thinks &c. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *in* Cyprus.] All the modern editors, following Mr. Rowe, have ſuppoſed the capital of Cyprus to be the place where the ſcene of *Othello* lies during four Acts; but this could not have been Shakſpeare's intention; NICOSIA, the capital city of Cyprus, being ſituated nearly in the center of the iſland, and thirty miles diſtant from the ſea. The principal ſea-port town of Cyprus was FAMAGUSTA; where there was formerly a ſtrong fort and commodious haven, the only one of any magnitude in the iſland; and there undoubtedly the ſcene ſhould be placed. "Neere unto the haven (ſays Knolles,) ſtandeth an old CASTLE, with four towers after the ancient manner of building." To this caſtle, we find Othello preſently repairs.

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven[8] and the main,
Deſcry a ſail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath ſpoke aloud at land;
A fuller blaſt ne'er ſhook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd ſo upon the ſea,[9]

It is obſervable that Cinthio in the novel on which this play is founded, which was firſt publiſhed in 1565, makes no mention of any attack being made on Cyprus by the Turks. From our poet's having mentioned the preparations againſt this iſland, which they firſt aſſaulted and took from the Venetians in 1570, we may ſuppoſe that he intended that year as the era of his tragedy; but by mentioning *Rhodes* as alſo likely to be aſſaulted by the Turks, he has fallen into an hiſtorical inconſiſtency; for they were then in quiet poſſeſſion of that iſland, of which they became maſters in December, 1522; and if, to evade this difficulty, we refer *Othello* to an era prior to that year, there will be an equal incongruity; for from 1473, when the Venetians firſt became poſſeſſed of Cyprus, to 1522, they had not been moleſted by any Turkiſh armament. Malone.

[8] ——*'twixt the* heaven—] Thus the folio; but perhaps our author wrote—the heavens. The quarto, 1622, probably by a printer's error, has—*haven.* Steevens.

The reading of the folio affords a bolder image; but the article prefixed ſtrongly ſupports the original copy; for applied to *heaven,* it is extremely aukward. Beſides; though in *The Winter's Tale* our poet has made a Clown talk of a *ſhip boring the moon with her mainmaſt,* and ſay that "*between the ſea and the firmament you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point,*" is it probable, that he ſhould put the ſame hyperbolical language into the mouth of a gentleman, anſwering a ſerious queſtion on an important occaſion? In a ſubſequent paſſage indeed he indulges himſelf without impropriety in the elevated diction of poetry.

Of the *haven* of Famaguſta, which was defended from the main by two great rocks, at the diſtance of forty paces from each other, Shakſpeare might have found a particular account in Knolles's *Hiſtory of the Turks,* ad ann. 1570, p. 863. Malone.

[9] *If it hath* ruffian'd *ſo upon the ſea,*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"But let the *ruffian* Boreas once enrage
"The gentle *Thetis,*—." Malone.

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,[1]
Can hold the mortiſe? what ſhall we hear of this?

[1] —— *when* mountains melt *on them,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:

" —— when *the huge mountain melts.*"

This latter reading might be countenanced by the following paſſage in *The Second Part of King Henry IV:*

" ———— the continent
" Weary of ſolid firmneſs, *melt* itſelf
" Into the ſea ——."

This phraſe appears to have been adopted from the Book of *Judges,* ch. v. 5: " The *mountains melted* from before the Lord," &c. STEEVENS.

The quarto is ſurely the better reading; it conveys a more natural image, more poetically expreſſed. Every man who has been on board a veſſel in the Bay of Biſcay, or in any very high ſea, muſt know that the vaſt billows ſeem to melt away from the ſhip, not on it. M. MASON.

I would not wilfully differ from Mr. M. Maſon concerning the value of theſe readings; yet ſurely the *mortiſe* of a ſhip is in greater peril when the watry mountain melts *upon* it, than when it melts *from* it. When the waves retreat from a veſſel, it is ſafe. When they break over it, its ſtructure is endangered. So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre:*

" ———— a ſea
" That almoſt burſt the deck." STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1622, reads—when the huge mountaine *melts*; the letter *s,* which perhaps belongs to *mountain,* having wandered at the preſs from its place.

I apprehend, that in the quarto reading (as well as in the folio,) by *mountains* the poet meant not land-mountains, which Mr. Steevens ſeems by his quotation to have thought, but thoſe huge ſurges, (reſembling mountains in their magnitude,) which, " with high and monſtrous main ſeem'd to caſt water on the burning bear."

So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

" And let the labouring bark climb *hills* of ſeas,
" *Olympus* high,——."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" —— and anon behold
" The ſtrong-ribb'd bark through *liquid mountains* cuts."

MALONE.

2 *Gent.* A ſegregation of the Turkiſh fleet:
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore,[2]
The chiding billow ſeems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:[3]
I never did like moleſtation view
On th' enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkiſh fleet
Be not inſhelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impoſſible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done;
The deſperate tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the Turks,
That their deſignment halts: A noble ſhip of Venice
Hath ſeen a grievous wreck and ſufferance
On moſt part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

My remark on Mr. M. Maſon's preceding note will ſhow that I had no ſuch meaning as Mr. Malone has imputed to me. All I aimed at was to parallel the idea in the quarto, of *one* mountain melting, inſtead of many. Steevens.

[2] —— *the* foaming *ſhore,*] The elder quarto reads—*banning* ſhore, which offers the bolder image; i. e. the ſhore that execrates the ravage of the waves. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:
" Fell, *banning* hag, enchantreſs, hold thy tongue."
Steevens.

[3] *And quench the* guards *of the ever-*fixed *pole:*] Alluding to the ſtar *Arctophylax.* Johnson.

I wonder that none of the advocates for Shakſpeare's learning, has obſerved that *Arctophylax* literally ſignifies—*the guard of the bear.*

The elder quarto reads—ever-*fired* pole. Steevens.

3 *Gent.* The ſhip is here put in,
A Veroneſé; Michael Caſſio,[4]
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on ſhore: the Moor himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for Cyprus.

[4] *The ſhip is here put in,*
A Veroneſé; Michael Caſſio, &c.] [Old copies—*Veroneſſa.*] Mr. Heath is of opinion, that the poet intended to inform us, that Othello's lieutenant Caſſio was of Verona, an inland city of the Venetian ſtate; and adds, that the editors have not been pleaſed to ſay what kind of ſhip is here denoted by a *Veroneſſa*. By a *Veroneſſa*, or *Veroneſé*, (for the Italian pronunciation muſt be retained, otherwiſe the meaſure will be defective,) a ſhip of Verona is denoted; as we ſay to this day of ſhips in the river, ſuch a one is a *Dutchman*, a *Jamaica-man*, &c. I ſubjoin Mr. Warton's note, as a confirmation of my own. Steevens.

The true reading is *Veroneſé*, pronounced as a quadriſyllable:

——*The ſhip is here put in,*
A Veroneſé.——

It was common to introduce *Italian* words, and in their proper pronunciation then familiar. So Spenſer in *The Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. xiii. 10:

" With ſleeves dependant *Albaneſe wiſe*."

Mr. Heath obſerves, that " the editors have not been pleaſed to inform us what kind of ſhip is here denoted by the name of a *Veroneſſa*." But even ſuppoſing that *Veroneſſa* is the true reading, there is no ſort of difficulty. He might juſt as well have inquired, what kind of a ſhip is a *Hamburgher*. This is exactly a parallel form. For it is not the ſpecies of the ſhip which is implied in this appellation. Our critick adds, " the poet had not a ſhip in his thoughts.—He intended to inform us, that Othello's lieutenant, Caſſio, was *of Verona*. We ſhould certainly read:

——*The ſhip is here put in.*
A Veroneſe, Michael Caſſio, (&c.)
Is come on ſhore."—

This regulation of the lines is ingenious. But I agree with Sir T. Hanmer, and I think it appears from many parts of the play, that Caſſio was a Florentine. In this ſpeech, the *third Gentleman*, who brings the news of the wreck of the Turkiſh fleet, returns his tale, and relates the circumſtances more diſtinctly. In his *former* ſpeech he ſays, " *A noble ſhip of Venice* ſaw the diſtreſs of the Turks." And here he adds, " The very

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this ſame Caſſio,—though he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the Turkiſh loſs,—yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.

Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier.[5] Let's to the ſea-ſide, ho!
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main,[6] and the aerial blue,

ſhip is juſt now put into our port, and ſhe is a *Veroneſe*." That is, a ſhip fitted out or furniſhed by the people of Verona, a city of the Venetian ſtate. T. Warton.

I believe we are all wrong. *Verona* is an inland city. Every inconſiſtency may, however, be avoided, if we read—*The* Veroneſſa, i. e. the *name* of the ſhip is the *Veroneſſa*. Verona, however, might be obliged to furniſh ſhips towards the general defence of Italy. Steevens.

The emendation propoſed by Mr. Steevens is acute; but Shakſpeare's acquaintance with the topography of Italy (as appears from *The Tempeſt*) was very imperfect. Henley.

In Thomaſes *Hiſtory of Italy*, already quoted, the people of Verona are called the *Veroneſi*.

This ſhip has been already deſcribed as a ſhip of Venice. It is now called "a *Veronese*;" that is, a ſhip belonging to and furniſhed by the inland city of Verona, for the uſe of the Venetian ſtate; and newly arrived from Venice. "Beſides many other towns, (ſays Contareno,) caſtles, and villages, they [the Venetians,) poſſeſs ſeven faire cities; as Trevigi, Padoua, Vicenza, *Verona*, Breſcia, Bergamo, and Crema." *Commonwealth of Venice*, 1599. Malone.

[5] *Like a* full *ſoldier.*] Like a *complete* ſoldier. So, before, p. 231:

"What a *full* fortune doth the thick lips owe."

Malone.

[6] *Even till we make the main*, &c.] This line and half is wanting in the eldeſt quarto. Steevens.

An indiſtinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's do ſo;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike iſle,[7]
That ſo approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea!

Mon. Is he well ſhipp'd?

Cas. His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;[8]
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.[9]

[7] ——warlike *iſle*,] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto reads—*worthy* iſle. Steevens.

[8] *Of very expert and approv'd allowance*;] I read—
Very expert, and of approv'd allowance. Johnson.

Expert and approv'd allowance is put for *allow'd and approv'd expertneſs*. This mode of expreſſion is not unfrequent in Shakſpeare. Steevens.

[9] *Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,*
Stand in bold cure.] I do not underſtand theſe lines. I know not how *hope* can be *ſurfeited to death*, that is, *can be increaſed, till it be deſtroyed*; nor what it is *to ſtand in bold cure*; or why *hope* ſhould be conſidered as a diſeaſe. In the copies there is no variation. Shall we read:
Therefore my fears, *not* ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure?
This is better, but it is not well. Shall we ſtrike a bolder ſtroke, and read thus:
Therefore my hopes, not forfeited *to death,*
Stand bold, not ſure? Johnson.

Preſumptuous hopes, which have no foundation in probability, may poetically be ſaid to ſurfeit themſelves to death, or forward

[*Within.*] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noiſe?

their own diſſolution. To *ſtand in bold cure*, is to erect themſelves in confidence of being fulfilled. A parallel expreſſion occurs in *King Lear*, Act III. ſc. vi:

" This reſt might yet have balm'd his broken ſenſes,
" Which, if conveniency will not allow,
" *Stand in hard cure.*"

Again:

" —— his life, with thine, &c.
" *Stand in aſſured loſs.*"

In bold cure means, in confidence of being cured.

STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon ſays, " he knows not why *hope* ſhould be conſidered as a diſeaſe." But it is not *hope* which is here deſcribed as a diſeaſe; thoſe miſgiving apprehenſions which diminiſh hope, are in fact the diſeaſe, and hope itſelf is the patient.

A ſurfeit being a diſeaſe ariſing from an *exceſſive* overcharge of the ſtomach, the poet with his uſual licence uſes it for any ſpecies of *exceſs*.—Therefore, ſays Caſſio, my hopes, which, though faint and ſickly with apprehenſion, are not totally deſtroyed by an exceſs of deſpondency, erect themſelves with ſome degree of confidence that they will be relieved, by the ſafe arrival of Othello, from thoſe ill-divining fears under which they now languiſh.

The word *ſurfeit* having occurred to Shakſpeare, led him to conſider ſuch a hope as Caſſio entertained, not a ſanguine, but a faint and languid hope, (" ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought,") as a *diſeaſe*, and to talk of its *cure*.

A paſſage in *Twelfth-Night*, where a ſimilar phraſeology is uſed, may ſerve to ſtrengthen this interpretation:

" Give me *exceſs* of it; that, *ſurfeiting*,
" The appetite may *ſicken*, and ſo *die*."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" O, I have fed upon this *woe* already,
" And now *exceſs* of it will make me *ſurfeit*."

MALONE.

I believe that Solomon, upon this occaſion, will be found the beſt interpreter: " *Hope deferred maketh the heart ſick.*"

HENLEY.

4 *Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o'the ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a ſail.

Cas. My hopes do ſhape him for the governour.

2 *Gent.* They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſy: [*Guns heard.*
Our friends, at leaſt.

Cas. I pray you, ſir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 *Gent.* I ſhall. [*Exit.*

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Moſt fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,[1]
And in the eſſential veſture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.[2]—How now? who has put in?

[1] *One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,*] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

" ——————— a face
" That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
" Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace." Malone.

[2] *And in the* eſſential *veſture of creation,*
Does bear all excellency.] The author ſeems to uſe *eſſential,* for *exiſtent, real.* She excels the praiſes of invention, ſays he, and in *real* qualities, with which *creation* has *inveſted* her, *bears all excellency.* Johnson.

Does bear all excellency.] Such is the reading of the quartos; for which the folio has this:

And in the eſſential veſture of creation
Do's tyre the ingeniuer.

Which I explain thus:

Does tire the ingenious verſe.

This is the beſt reading, and that which the author ſubſtituted in his reviſal. Johnson.

The reading of the quarto is ſo flat and unpoetical, when compared with that ſenſe which ſeems meant to have been given

Re-enter ſecond Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

In the folio, that I heartily wiſh ſome emendation could be hit on, which might entitle it to a place in the text. I believe the word *tire* was not introduced to ſignify—to *fatigue*, but to *attire*, to *dreſs*. The verb *to attire*, is often ſo abbreviated. Thus, in Holland's *Leaguer*, 1633 :

" ——— Cupid's a boy,
" And would you *tire* him like a ſenator ?"

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II. ſc. ii :

" ——To ſave the money he ſpends in *tiring*," &c.

The eſſential veſture of creation tempts me to believe it was ſo uſed on the preſent occaſion. I would read ſomething like this :

And in the eſſential veſture of creation
Does tire the ingenuous virtue.

i. e. inveſts her artleſs virtue in the faireſt form of earthly ſubſtance.

In *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V. Lorenzo calls the body —" the muddy *veſture* of decay."

It may, however, be obſerved, that the word *ingener* did not anciently ſignify *one who manages the engines or artillery of an army*, but any *ingenious perſon*, any *maſter of liberal ſcience*.

As in the following inſtance from the ancient metrical romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 55 :

" He called forth Mabon his *engynour*
" And ſaide, I charge thee
" To throwe a magnelle to yon tour
" And breke it down on thre."

So, in Ben Jonſon's *Sejanus*, Act I. ſc. i :

" No, Silius, we are no good *ingeners*,
" We want the fine arts," &c.

Ingener, therefore may be the true reading of this paſſage : and a ſimilar thought occurs in *The Tempeſt*, Act IV. ſc. i :

" For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
" And make it *halt* behind her."

In the argument of *Sejanus*, Ben Jonſon likewiſe ſays that his hero " worketh with all his *ingene*," apparently from the Latin *ingenium*. Steevens.

Perhaps the words intended in the folio, were—

Does tire the ingene *ever.*

Ingene is uſed for *ingenium* by Puttenham, in his *Arte of*

Cas. He has had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed:

Poeſie, 1589: "—ſuch alſo as made moſt of their workes by tranſlation out of the Latin and French tongue, and few or none of their owne *engine*." *Engine* is here without doubt a misprint for *ingene*.—I believe, however, the reading of the quarto is the true one.—If *tire* was uſed in the ſenſe of *weary*, then *ingener* muſt have been uſed for the ingenious perſon who ſhould attempt to enumerate the merits of Deſdemona. To the inſtance produced by Mr. Steevens from *Sejanus*, may be added another in Fleckno's *Diſcourſe of the Engliſh Stage*, 1664: "Of this curious art the Italians (this latter age) are the greateſt maſters, the French good proficients, and we in England only ſchollars and learners, yet, having proceeded no further than to bare painting, and not arrived to the ſtupendous wonders of your great *ingeniers*." In one of Daniel's Sonnets, we meet with a ſimilar imagery to that in the firſt of theſe lines:

"Though time doth ſpoil her of the *faireſt vaile*
"*That ever yet mortalitie did cover*." MALONE.

The reading of the folio, though incorrectly ſpelled, appears to have been—

Does tire *the* engineer;

which is preferable to either of the propoſed amendments; and the meaning of the paſſage would then be, "One whoſe real perfections were ſo excellent, that to blazon them would exceed the abilities of the ableſt maſters."

The ſenſe attributed to the word *tire*, according to this reading, is perfectly agreeable to the language of poetry. Thus Dryden ſays:

"For this an hundred voices I deſire,
"To tell thee what an hundred tongues would *tire*;
"Yet never could be worthily expreſt,
"How deeply thoſe are ſeated in my breaſt."

And in the laſt Act of *The Winter's Tale*, the third Gentleman ſays: "I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which *lames* report to follow it, and *undoes* deſcription to do it." The objection to the reading of *inginer*, is, that although we find the words *ingine*, *inginer*, and *inginous* in Jonſon, they are not the language of Shakſpeare; and I believe indeed that Jonſon is ſingular in the uſe of them. M. MASON.

Whoever ſhall reject uncommon expreſſions in the writings of Shakſpeare, becauſe they differ either from the exact rules of orthography, or from the unſettled mode of ſpelling them by

Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands,—
Traitors enſteep'd [3] to clog the guiltleſs keel,
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit

other writers, will be found to deprive him no leſs of his beauties, than that the ornithologiſt would the peacock, who ſhould cut out every eye of his train becauſe it was either not circular, or elſe varied from ſome imaginary ſtandard.—*Ingenieur* is no doubt of the ſame import with *ingener* or *ingeneer*, though perhaps differently written by Shakſpeare in reference to *ingenious*, and to diſtinguiſh it from *ingeneer*, which he has elſewhere uſed in a *military* ſenſe. Mr. M. Maſon's objection, that it is not the language of Shakſpeare, is more than begging the queſtion; and to affirm that Jonſon is ſingular in the uſe of *ingine*, *inginer*, and *inginous*, is as little to the purpoſe. For we not only have thoſe expreſſions in other writers, but others from the ſame root, as *ingene*, *engene*, &c. in Holinſhed, and Sir T. More; and Daniel uſes *ingeniate*:

" Th' adulterate beauty of a falſed cheek
" Did Nature (for this good) *ingeniate*,
" To ſhew in thee the glory of her beſt." HENLEY.

[3] *Traitors* enſteep'd —] Thus the folio and one of the quartos. The firſt copy reads—*enſcerped*, of which every reader may make what he pleaſes. Perhaps *eſcerped* was an old Engliſh word borrowed from the French *eſcarpé*, which Shakſpeare not finding congruous to the image of clogging the keel, afterwards changed.

I once thought that the poet had written—Traitors *enſcarf'd*, i. e. muffled in their robes, as in *Julius Cæſar*. So, in *Hamlet*: " My ſea-gown *ſcarf'd* about me;" and this agrees better with the idea of a traitor; yet whatever is gained one way is loſt another. Our poet too often adopts circumſtances from every image that aroſe in his mind, and employing them without attention to the propriety of their union, his metaphorical expreſſions become inextricably confuſed. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's difficulty reſpecting *enſteep'd*, would, perhaps, have been removed, if he had but recollected the paſſage of the fourth Act, where Othello alludes to the fate of Tantalus:

" Had it pleas'd heaven
" To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
" All kind of ſores, and ſhames on my bare head;
" *Steep'd* me in poverty to the very lips—." HENLEY.

Their mortal natures,[4] letting go ſafely by
The divine Deſdemona.

Mon. What is ſhe?

Cas. She that I ſpake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A ſe'nnight's ſpeed.—Great Jove,[5] Othello guard,
And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bleſs this bay with his tall ſhip,
Make love's quick pants in Deſdemona's arms,[6]
Give renew'd fire to our extincted ſpirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort![7]—O, behold,

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, *and Attendants.*

The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

[4] *Their* mortal *natures,*] i. e. their *deadly, deſtructive* natures. So, in *Macbeth:*

"That tend on *mortal* thoughts."

See Dr. Johnſon's note, Vol. X. 65, n. 5. Reed.

[5] —— *Great* Jove &c.] For this abſurdity I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that the Maſter of the Revels, and not our poet, is anſwerable. See *The Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage,* Vol. III. Malone.

[6] *Make love's quick pants in* Deſdemona's arms,] Thus the folio. The quarto with leſs animation:

And ſwiftly come to Deſdemona's arms. Steevens.

[7] *And bring all Cyprus comfort!*] This paſſage is only found in the quartos. Steevens.

Des. I thank you, valiant Caſſio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How loſt you company?

Cas. The great contention of the ſea and ſkies
Parted our fellowſhip: But, hark! a ſail.

[*Cry within,* A ſail, a ſail! *Then Guns heard.*

2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewiſe is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.[8]—
[*Exit* Gentleman.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, miſtreſs:— [*To* Emilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold ſhow of courteſy.
[*Kiſsing her.*

Iago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, ſhe has no ſpeech.

Iago. In faith, too much;[9]
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep:
Marry, before your ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

[8] *See for the news.*] The firſt quarto reads—*So ſpeaks this voice.* Steevens.

[9] *In faith, too much;*] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto thus:
I know too much;
I find it, I; for when, &c. Steevens.

Emil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries,[1] devils being offended,
Players in your houſewifery, and houſewives in your beds.

Des. O, fye upon thee, ſlanderer![2]

Iago. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a Turk;
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.

Iago. No, let me not.

[1] *Saints in your injuries,* &c.] When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of ſanctity. Johnson.

In Puttenham's *Art of Poeſie,* 1580, I meet with almoſt the ſame thoughts: "We limit the comely parts of a woman to conſiſt in four points; that is, to be, a ſhrew in the kitchen, a ſaint in the church, an angel at board, and an ape in the bed; as the chronicle reports by miſtreſs Shore, paramour to King Edward the Fourth."

Again, in a play of Middleton's, called *Blurt Maſter Conſtable; or, The Spaniard's Night-walk,* 1602: "—according to that wiſe ſaying of you, you be ſaints in the church, angels in the ſtreet, devils in the kitchen, and apes in your beds."

Again, in *The Miſeries of inforc'd Marriage,* 1607: "Women are *in churches ſaints, abroad angels, at home devils.*"

Puttenham, who mentions all other contemporary writers, has not once ſpoken of Shakſpeare; ſo that it is probable he had not produced any thing of ſo early a date.

The truth is, that this book appears to have been written ſeveral years before its publication. See p. 115, 116, where the author refers to Sir Nicholas Bacon, who died in 1579, and recounts a circumſtance, from his own knowledge, that happened in 1553. Steevens.

See alſo Meres's *Wit's Treaſury,* p. 48. Reed.

[2] *O, fye upon thee, ſlanderer!*] This ſhort ſpeech is, in the quarto, unappropriated; and may as well belong to *Emilia* as to *Deſdemona.* Steevens.

Des. What would'ſt thou write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.[3]

Des. Come on, aſſay:—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe.—
Come, how would'ſt thou praiſe me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,[4]
It plucks out brains and all: But my muſe labours,
And thus ſhe is deliver'd.
If ſhe be fair and wiſe,—fairneſs, and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if ſhe be black and witty?

Iago. If ſhe be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that ſhall her blackneſs fit.[5]

Des. Worſe and worſe.

[3] —— *critical.*] That is, *cenſorious.* Johnson.

So, in our author's 122d Sonnet:

" ——— my adder's ſenſe
" To *critick* and to flatterer ſtopped are." Malone.

[4] ——— *my invention*
Comes from my pate, as birdlime *does from* frize,] A ſimilar thought occurs in *The Puritan:* " The excuſe ſtuck upon my tongue, like *ſhip-pitch* upon a *mariner's gown.*" Steevens.

[5] —— *her blackneſs* fit.] The firſt quarto reads—*hit.* So, in *King Lear:* " I pray you, let us *hit* together." I believe *hit,* in the preſent inſtance alſo, to be the true reading, though it will not bear, as in *Love's Labour's Loſt,* explanation. See Vol. VII. p. 82. Steevens.

Emil. How, if fair and fooliſh?

Iago. She never yet was fooliſh that was fair;[6]
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. Theſe are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i'the alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

Iago. There's none ſo foul, and fooliſh thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wiſe ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed?[7] one, that, in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice itſelf?[8]

[6] *She* never *yet was fooliſh* &c.] We may read:
She ne'er *was yet* ſo *fooliſh that was fair,*
But *even her folly help'd her to an heir.*
Yet I believe the common reading to be right: the law makes the power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a *natural*; therefore, ſince the fooliſheſt woman, if *pretty*, may have a child, no *pretty* woman is ever fooliſh. Johnson.

[7] *But what praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed?*] The hint for this queſtion, and the metrical reply of Iago, is taken from a ſtrange pamphlet, called *Choice, Chance, and Change, or Conceits in their Colours,* 1606; when after *Tidero* has deſcribed many ridiculous characters in verſe, *Arnofilo* aſks him, "But, I pray thee, didſt thou write none in commendation of ſome worthy creature?" *Tidero* then proceeds, like Iago, to repeat more verſes. Steevens.

[8] ——*one, that, in the authority of her merit, did juſtly* put on *the vouch of very malice itſelf?*] The ſenſe is this, one that was ſo conſcious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that ſhe durſt venture to call upon malice itſelf to vouch for her. This was ſome commendation. And the character only of cleareſt virtue; which could force malice, even againſt its nature, to do juſtice. Warburton.

To put on *the vouch of malice,* is to aſſume a character vouched by the teſtimony of malice itſelf. Johnson.

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid,—*now I may*;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly:
She that in wiſdom never was ſo frail,
To change the cod's head for the ſalmon's tail;[9]
She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her mind,
See ſuitors following, and not look behind;[1]
She was a wight,—if ever ſuch wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.[2]

Des. O moſt lame and impotent concluſion!—

To *put on* is to *provoke*, to *incite*. So, in *Macbeth*:

" —— the powers above
" *Put on* their inſtruments." STEEVENS.

[9] *To change the* cod's head *for the* ſalmon's tail;] i. e. to exchange a delicacy for coarſer fare. See *Queen Elizabeth's Houſehold Book for the 43d Year of her Reign*: " Item, the Maſter Cookes have to fee all the *ſalmon's tailes*" &c. p. 296. STEEVENS.

Surely the poet had a further alluſion, which it is not neceſſary to explain. The word *frail* in the preceding line ſhows that *viands* were not alone in his thoughts. MALONE.

A *frail* judgment, means only a *weak one*. I ſuſpect no equivoque. STEEVENS.

[1] *See ſuitors following, and not look behind;*] The firſt quarto omits this line. STEEVENS.

[2] *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.*] After enumerating the perfections of a woman, Iago adds, that if ever there was ſuch a one as he had been deſcribing, ſhe was, at the beſt, of no other uſe, than *to ſuckle children, and keep the accounts of a houſehold*. The expreſſions *to ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer*, are only inſtances of the want of natural affection, and the predominance of a critical cenſoriouſneſs in Iago, which he allows himſelf to be poſſeſſed of, where he ſays, *O! I am nothing, if not critical*. STEEVENS.

Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy huſband.—How ſay you, Caſſio? is he not a moſt profane[3] and liberal counſellor?[4]

Cas. He ſpeaks home, madam; you may reliſh him more in the ſoldier, than in the ſcholar.

Iago. [*Aſide.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well ſaid, whiſper: with as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a fly as Caſſio. Ay, ſmile upon her, do; I will gyve thee[5] in thine own courtſhip. You ſay true; 'tis ſo, indeed: if ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiſſed your three fingers ſo oft, which now again you are moſt apt to play the ſir in.[6] Very good; well kiſſed! an excellent cour-

[3] ——*profane*—] Groſs of language, of expreſſion broad and brutal. So, Brabantio, in the firſt Act, calls Iago *profane* wretch. Johnson.

Ben Jonſon, in deſcribing the characters in *Every Man out of his Humour*, ſtyles Carlo Buffone, a publick, ſcurrilous, and *profane* jeſter. Steevens.

[4] ——liberal *counſellor?*] *Liberal* for *licentious*. Warburton.

So, in *The Fair Maid of Briſtow*, 1605, bl. l:

" But Vallenger, moſt like a *liberal* villain,
" Did give her ſcandalous, ignoble terms." Steevens.

See Vol. XVIII. p. 316, n. 9. Malone.

Counſellor ſeems to mean, not ſo much a man that *gives counſel*, as one that diſcourſes fearleſsly and volubly. A talker. Johnson.

Counſellor is here uſed in the common acceptation. Deſdemona refers to the anſwers ſhe had received from Iago, and particularly her laſt. Henley.

[5] ——*I will* gyve *thee*—] i. e. catch, ſhackle. Pope.

The firſt quarto reads—I will *catch* you in your own *courtſies*; the ſecond quarto—I will *catch* you in your own courtſhip. The folio as it is in the text. Steevens.

[6] ——*to play the ſir in.*] That is, to ſhow your good breeding and gallantry. Henley.

teſy![7] 'tis ſo, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyſter-pipes for your ſake!——[*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly ſo.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. O my fair warrior![8]

[7] ——*well kiſſed!* an *excellent courteſy!*] Spoken when Caſſio kiſſes his hand, and Deſdemona courtſies. Johnson.

This reading was recovered from the quarto, 1622, by Dr. Johnſon. The folio has—*and* excellent courteſy.

I do not believe that any part of theſe words relates to Deſdemona. In the original copy, we have juſt ſeen, the poet wrote —" ay, ſmile upon her, do; I will catch you in your own *courteſies*." Here therefore he probably meant only to ſpeak of Caſſio, while kiſſing his hand. " Well kiſſed! an excellent courteſy!" i. e. an excellent ſalute. *Courteſy*, in the ſenſe of obeiſance or ſalute, was in Shakſpeare's time applied to men as well as women. See Vol. XI. p. 341, n. 1. Malone.

[8] *O my fair* warrior!] Again, in Act III. Deſdemona ſays: " —unhandſome *warrior* as I am." This phraſe was introduced by our copiers of the French Sonnetteers. Ronſard frequently calls his miſtreſſes *guerrieres*; and Southern, his imitator, is not leſs prodigal of the ſame appellation. Thus, in his fifth Sonnet:

" And, my *warrier*, my light ſhines in thy fayre eyes."

Again, in his ſixth Sonnet:

" I am not, my cruell *warrier*, the Thebain," &c.

Again, *ibid:*

" I came not, my *warrier*, of the blood Lidain."

Had I not met with the word thus fantaſtically applied, I ſhould have concluded that Othello called his wife a *warrior*, becauſe ſhe had embarked with him on a warlike expedition, and not in conſequence of Ovid's obſervation—

" *Militat omnis amans*, et habet ſua caſtra Cupido."

Steevens.

Des. My dear Othello?

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To ſee you here before me. O my ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calms,[9]
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven![1] If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy;[2] for, I fear,
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould increaſe,
Even as our days do grow![3]

[9] —— *come ſuch* calms,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—calm*neſs*. Steevens.

[1] *And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas,*
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven!] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. I: "The *ſea*, making *mountaines* of itſelf, over which the toſſed and tottering ſhip ſhould *climbe*, to be ſtraight carried downe againe to *a pit of helliſh darkneſſe*." Steevens.

[2] —— *If it were now to die,*
'Twere now to be moſt happy;] So, Cherea, in *The Eunuch* of Terence, Act III. ſc. v:

"—————— Proh Jupiter!
"Nunc tempus profecto eſt, cum perpeti me poſſum interfeci,
"Ne vita aliquâ hoc gaudium contaminet ægritudine."
Malone.

[3] *Even as our days* do grow!] Here is one of thoſe evident interpolations which abound in our author's dramas. Who does not perceive that the words—*Even as our days*, refer to the verb —*increaſe* in the foregoing line? Omit therefore the proſaick—*do grow*, (which is perfectly uſeleſs) and the metre will be reſtored to its original regularity.

Oth. Amen to that, ſweet powers!—
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcords be,
[*Kiſſing her.*[4]
That e'er our hearts ſhall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll ſet down[5] the pegs that make this muſick,
As honeſt as I am. [*Aſide.*

Oth. Come, let's to the caſtle.—
News, friends;[6] our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

Fenton has adopted this thought in his *Mariamne:*

" And mutual paſſion with our years increaſe!"

Steevens.

[4] *And this, and this,* &c. *Kiſſing her.*] So, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion:*

" I pri'thee, chide, if I have done amiſs,
" But let my puniſhment be *this and this.*" [*Kiſſing the Moor.* Malone.

Marlowe's play was written before that of Shakſpeare, who might poſſibly have acted in it. Steevens.

[5] —— *I'll* ſet *down* —] Thus the old copies, for which the modern editors, following Mr. Pope, have ſubſtituted—*let* down. But who can prove that to *ſet down* was not the language of Shakſpeare's time, when a viol was ſpoken of?—To *ſet* formerly ſignified to *tune,* though it is no longer uſed in that ſenſe. " It was then," ſays Anthony Wood in his *Diary,* " that I *ſet* and tuned in ſtrings and fourths," &c. So, in *Skialetheia,* a Collection of Satires, &c. 1598:

" —— to a nimbler key
" *Set* thy wind inſtrument." Malone.

To "*ſet* down" has this meaning in no other part of our author's works. However, *virtus poſt nummos:* we have ſecured the phraſe, and the exemplification of it may follow when it will. Steevens.

[6] News, *friends;*] The modern editors read (after Mr. Rowe) *Now* friends. I would obſerve once for all, that (in numberleſs inſtances in this play, as well as in others,) where my prede-

How do our old acquaintance of this iſle ?—
Honey, you ſhall be well deſir'd in Cyprus,[7]
I have found great love amongſt them. O my ſweet,
I prattle out of faſhion,[8] and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and diſembark my coffers :
Bring thou the maſter[9] to the citadel ;
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Does challenge much reſpect.—Come, Deſdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* Othello, Desdemona, *and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me preſently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'ſt valiant as (they ſay) baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in

ceſſors had ſilently and without reaſon made alterations, I have as ſilently reſtored the old readings. Steevens.

[7] —— well deſir'd *in Cyprus,*] i. e. much ſolicited by invitation. So, in *The Letters of the Paſton Family,* Vol. I. p. 299 : "—at the whych weddyng I was with myn hoſtes, and alſo *deſyryd* by ye jentylman hymſelfe." Steevens.

[8] *I prattle out of faſhion,*] Out of method, without any ſettled order of diſcourſe. Johnson.

[9] —— *the* maſter —] Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed, that by the *maſter* was meant the *pilot* of a ſhip, and indeed had high authority for this ſuppoſition ; for our poet himſelf ſeems to have confounded them. See Act III. ſc. ii. l. 1. But the maſter is a diſtinct perſon, and has the principal command, and care of the navigation of the ſhip, under the captain, where there is a captain ; and in chief, where there is none. The pilot is employed only in navigating the ſhip into or out of port. Malone.

"The *maſter* (ſays Smith in his *Sea-Grammar,* 1627.) and his mates, are to direct the courſe, command all the ſailors, for ſteering, trimming, and ſailing the ſhip," &c. Steevens.

their natures [1] more than is native to them,—liſt me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:[2]—Firſt, I muſt tell thee this—Deſdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not poſſible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus,[3] and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies: And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating? [4] let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed; and what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be,—again to inflame it,[5] and to give ſatiety a freſh appetite,—lovelineſs in favour; ſympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of theſe required conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find itſelf abuſed, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moor;

[1] —— *baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures*—] So, in *Hamlet*:

"Nature is fine in love." Malone.

Dryden has imparted Iago's preſent ſentiment to Dorax:

"Why love does all that's noble here below."

Steevens.

[2] —— *the court of guard:*] i. e. the place where the guard muſters. So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608:

"Thus have I paſs'd the round and *court of guard*."

Again, in *The Beggar's Buſh*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Viſit your *courts of guard*, view your munition."

Steevens.

[3] *Lay thy finger—thus,*] On thy mouth, to ſtop it while thou art liſtening to a wiſer man. Johnson.

[4] *And will* ſhe *love him ſtill for prating?*] The folio reads *To* love him ſtill for prating! Steevens.

[5] —— again *to inflame it,*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*a game.* Steevens.

very nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, ſir, this granted, (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforced poſition,) who ſtands ſo eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Caſſio does? a knave very voluble; no further conſcionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane ſeeming,[6] for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and moſt hidden looſe affection? why, none; why, none: A ſlippery and ſubtle knave; a finder out of occaſions; that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never preſent itſelf: A deviliſh knave! beſides, the knave is handſome, young; and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that ſolly and green minds[7] look after: A peſtilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; ſhe is full of moſt bleſſed condition.[8]

Iago. Bleſſed fig's end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes: if ſhe had been bleſſed, ſhe would never have loved the Moor: Bleſſed pudding! Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obſcure prologue to the hiſtory of luſt and foul thoughts.[9] They met ſo near with their lips, that their

[6] —— *and* humane *ſeeming,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—and *hand*-ſeeming. Malone.

[7] —— *green minds* —] Minds unripe, minds not yet fully formed. Johnson.

[8] —— *condition.*] Qualities, diſpoſition of mind. Johnson. See Vol. XII. p. 521, n. 7. Malone.

[9] —— *an* index, *and obſcure prologue* &c.] That *indexes* were

breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when theſe mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the maſter and main exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion: Piſh!—But, ſir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Caſſio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find ſome occaſion to anger Caſſio, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting [1] his diſcipline; or from what other courſe [2] you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is raſh, and very ſudden in choler;[3] and, haply, with his truncheon may ſtrike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that,

formerly *prefixed* to books, appears from a paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida*. See Vol. XVIII. p. 241, n. 3; and Vol. XV. p. 236, n. 3. Malone.

[1] ——*tainting*—] Throwing a ſtur upon his diſcipline. Johnson.

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" In *taint* of our beſt man."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 22d *Odyſſey*:

" Cteſippus, over good Eumæus' ſhield
" His ſhoulder's top did *taint*."

To *taint*, in this inſtance, means—*to inflict a ſlight wound*.

Again, in the 3d *Iliad*, 4to. 1598, by the ſame tranſlator:

" Eight ſhafts I ſhot———
" Yet this wilde dogge, with all my aime, I have no power to *taint*." Steevens.

[2] —— *other* courſe—] The firſt quarto reads—*cauſe*. Steevens.

[3] —— ſudden *in choler*;] *Sudden*, is precipitately violent. Johnson.

So, Malcolm, deſcribing Macbeth:

" I grant him bloody,——
" *Sudden*, malicious." Steevens.

will I cauſe theſe of Cyprus to mutiny; whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again,[4] but by the diſplanting of Caſſio. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them;[5] and the impediment moſt profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.[6]

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Caſſio loves her, I do well believe it;
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Deſdemona
A moſt dear huſband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of abſolute luſt, (though, peradventure,
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,

[4] —— *whoſe* qualification *ſhall come* &c.] Whoſe reſentment ſhall not be ſo *qualified* or *tempered*, as to be *well taſted*, as not to retain *ſome bitterneſs*. The phraſe is harſh, at leaſt to our ears. Johnson.

Johnſon's explanation is confirmed by what Caſſio ſays in the next ſcene: "I have drunk but one cup to night, and that was craftily *qualified*," i. e. allayed by water. M. Mason.

—— *no true taſte* —] So the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads —no true *truſt*. Malone.

[5] —— *to* prefer *them*;] i. e. to *advance* them. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*: "The ſhort and the long is, our play is *preferred*." Malone.

See Vol. XVI. p. 421, n. 9. Steevens.

[6] —— *if I can bring it to any opportunity.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—if *you* can bring it, &c. Malone.

For that I do ſuſpect the luſty Moor
Hath leap'd into my ſeat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poiſonous mineral,[7] gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or ſhall content my ſoul,
Till I am even with him,[8] wife for wife;
Or, failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor
At leaſt into a jealouſy ſo ſtrong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor traſh of Venice, whom I traſh
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,[9]

[7] —— *like a poiſonous mineral,*] This is philoſophical. Mineral poiſons kill by corroſion. JOHNSON.

[8] *Till I am* even *with him,*] Thus the quarto, 1622; the firſt folio reads:

Till I am even'd *with him.*

i. e. Till I am on a level with him by retaliation.

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, Second Part:

" The ſtately walls he rear'd, levell'd, and *even'd.*"

Again, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, 1592:

" For now the walls are *even'd* with the plain."

Again, in Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of the firſt Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582:—" numerum cum navibus *æquat*—."

" —— with the ſhips the number is *even'd.*"

STEEVENS.

[9] —— *Which thing to do,—*
If this poor traſh *of Venice, whom I* traſh
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,] The quarto, 1622, has—*cruſh*, the folio reads—*trace*, an apparent corruption of—*traſh*; for as to the idea of *cruſhing a dog*, to prevent him from *quick hunting*, it is too ridiculous to be defended.

To *traſh*, is ſtill a hunter's phraſe, and ſignifies (See Vol. IV. p. 17, n. 5,) to faſten a weight on the neck of a dog, when his ſpeed is ſuperior to that of his companions. Thus, ſays Caratach, in *The Bonduca* of Beaumont and Fletcher, (the quotation was the late Mr. T. Warton's, though miſunderſtood by him as to its appropriate meaning):

" ———— I fled too,
" But not ſo faſt; your jewel had been loſt then,
" Young Hengo there: he *traſh'd* me, Nennius,—."

i. e. he was the clog that reſtrained my activity.

This ſenſe of the word—*traſh* has been ſo repeatedly confirm-

I'll have our Michael Caſſio on the hip;[1]
Abuſe him to the Moor in the rank garb,[2]—

ed to me by thoſe whom I cannot ſuſpect of wanting information relative to their moſt favourite purſuits, that I do not heſitate to throw off the load of unſatisfactory notes with which the paſſage before us has hitherto been oppreſſed.

The ſame idea occurs alſo in the epiſtle dedicatory to Dryden's *Rival Ladies*: "Imagination in a poet is a faculty ſo wild and lawleſs, that, *like a high-ranging ſpaniel*, it muſt have *clogs tied to it, leſt it outrun the judgement.*"

Traſh, in the firſt inſtance, (though Dr. Warburton would change it into—*brach*,) may be uſed to ſignify a worthleſs hound, as the ſame term is afterwards employed to deſcribe a worthleſs female:

"Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this *traſh*."

It is ſcarce neceſſary to ſupport the preſent jingle of the word —*traſh*, by examples, it is ſo much in our author's manner, although his worſt.

Stand the putting on, may mean—*does not ſtart too ſoon after Deſdemona*, and ſo deſtroy my ſcheme by injudicious precipitation. But I rather think, theſe words have reference to the enterprize of provoking Caſſio, and will then imply,—*if he has courage enough for the attempt to which I have juſt incited, or put him on.* For an example of the latter phraſe, ſee p. 316, n. 8. STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens has given the true explanation of—to *traſh*, is fixed by the ſucceeding authority from Harrington, where it unqueſtionably means to *impede the progreſs*: "—prolongation of magiſtracy, *traſhing* the wheel of rotation, deſtroys the life or natural motion of a commonwealth." *Works*, p. 303, fol. 1747. HOLT WHITE.

[1] *I'll have our Michael Caſſio on the hip*;] A phraſe from the art of wreſtling. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*in the* rank *garb*,] Thus the quarto, and, I think, rightly. *Rank garb*, I believe, means *groſsly*, i. e. *without mincing the matter.* So, in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

"Whither, in the *rank* name of madneſs, whither?"

The term—*garb* (employed perhaps in the ſenſe here required) occurs in the eighteenth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*, as tranſlated by Chapman:

For I fear Caſſio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs,
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen,[3] till us'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter a Herald, *with a Proclamation; People following.*

Her. It is Othello's pleaſure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition[4] of the Turkiſh fleet,

" But here you muſt take confidence to prate
" Before all theſe; for fear can get no ſtate
" In your wine-hardy ſtomach. Or tis like
" To prove your native *garb*, your tongue will ſtrike
" On this ſide of your mouth ſtill." Steevens.

The folio reads—in the *right* garb. *Rank*, perhaps, means not only *groſs*, but *laſcivious*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" ——— the ewes, being *rank*,
" In end of autumn," &c. Malone.

[3] *Knavery's plain face is never ſeen,*] An honeſt man acts upon a plan, and forecaſts his deſigns; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpoſe, but at the time of execution. Johnson.

[4] —— mere *perdition* —] *Mere* in this place ſignifies *entire*. So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— poſſeſs it *merely*. Steevens.

every man put himſelf into triumph ;[5] ſome to dance, ſome to make bonfires, each man to what ſport and revels his addiction [6] leads him ; for, beſides theſe beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials : So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open ;[7] and there is full liberty of feaſting,[8] from this preſent hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bleſs the iſle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in the Caſtle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :
Let's teach ourſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do ;

[5] ——*put himſelf into triumph;*] This whimſical phraſeology occurs again in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre :*

" So *puts himſelf into* the ſhipman's toil." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*his* addiction —] The firſt quarto reads—his *mind.* STEEVENS.

[7] *All* offices *are open* ;] i. e. all rooms, or places, in the caſtle, at which refreſhments are prepared, or ſerved out. So, in *Macbeth :*

" Sent forth great largeſs to your *offices.*"

See Vol. X. p. 94, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*of feaſting,*] Theſe words are not in the original quarto, 1622. MALONE.

But, notwithſtanding, with my perſonal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is moſt honeſt.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you.—Come, my dear love,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue;
[*To* Desdemona.
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* Oth. Des. *and Attend.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We muſt to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general caſt us[9] thus early, for the love of his Deſdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and ſhe is ſport for Jove.

Cas. She's a moſt exquiſite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, ſhe is a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

[9] *Our general* caſt us—] That is, *appointed us to our ſtations.* To *caſt the play,* is, in the ſtyle of the theatres, to aſſign to every actor his proper part. Johnson.

We have juſt now been aſſured by the Herald, that there was "full liberty of feaſting &c. till *eleven.*"

Perhaps therefore *caſt* us only means diſmiſſed us, or *got rid of our company.* So, in one of the following ſcenes: "You are but now *caſt* in his mood;" i. e. *turned out of your office in his anger;* and in the firſt ſcene it means to *diſmiſs.*

So, in *The* Witch, a MS. tragi-comedy, by Middleton:

"She *caſt off*
"My company betimes to-night, by tricks," &c.

Steevens.

Iago. What an eye ſhe has! methinks it ſounds a parley of provocation.[1]

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modeſt.

Iago. And, when ſhe ſpeaks, is it not an alarm[2] to love?[3]

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.[4]

Iago. Well, happineſs to their ſheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wiſh courteſy would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and

[1] —— *a parley of provocation.*] So the quarto, 1622. Folio —*to* provocation. Malone.

[2] —— *an alarm* —] The *voice* may *ſound* an *alarm* more properly than the *eye* can *ſound* a *parley*. Johnson.

The eye is often ſaid to *ſpeak*. Thus we frequently hear of the *language* of the *eye*. Surely that which can *talk* may, without any violent ſtretch of the figure be allowed to *ſound a parley*. The folio reads—*parley* to *provocation*. Ritson.

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" There's *language in her eye*," &c.

See Vol. XV. p. 406, n. 3. Steevens.

[3] —— is it *not an alarm to love?*] The quartos read—*'tis* an alarm to love. Steevens.

[4] *She is, indeed, perfection.*] In this and the ſeven ſhort ſpeeches preceding, the decent character of Caſſio is moſt powerfully contraſted with that of the licentious Iago. Steevens.

that was craftily qualified [5] too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taſk my weakneſs with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants deſire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it diſlikes me.

[*Exit* Cassio.

Iago. If I can faſten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young miſtreſs' dog. Now, my ſick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide outward,
To Deſdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,[6]—noble ſwelling ſpirits,
That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very elements [7] of this warlike iſle,—
Have I to-night fluſter'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongſt this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Caſſio in ſome action
That may offend the iſle:—But here they come:

[5] ——*craftily qualified*—] Slily mixed with water. Johnson.

[6] *Three* lads *of Cyprus,*] The folio reads—*Three* iſle *of Cyprus.* Steevens.

[7] *The very elements*—] As quarrelſome as the *diſcordia femina rerum*; as quick in oppoſition as fire and water. Johnson.

If conſequence do but approve my dream,[8]
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

Re-enter CASSIO, *with him* MONTANO, *and* Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouſe already.[9]

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not paſt a pint, as I am a ſoldier.[1]

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin[2] *clink, clink*; [Sings.
And let me the canakin clink:
A ſoldier's a man;
A life's but a ſpan;[3]
Why then, let a ſoldier drink.

[8] *If conſequence do but approve my* dream,] Every ſcheme ſubſiſting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *given me a* rouſe *&c.*] A *rouſe* appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large.

So, in *Hamlet*; and in *The Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

" ——— our friends may tell
" We drank a *rouſe* to them."

See Vol. XVIII. p. 64, n. 1. STEEVENS.

[1] *As I am a ſoldier.*] If Montano was Othello's predeceſſor in the government of Cyprus, (as we are told in the Perſonæ Dramatis,) he is not very characteriſtically employed in the preſent ſcene, where he is tippling with people already *fluſtered*, and encouraging a ſubaltern officer who commands a midnight guard, to drink to exceſs. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *the* canakin;] So, in Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, fol. 229: "—ſome quafes ye *canakin* halfe full" &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *A life's but a ſpan*;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—
Oh man's *life but a ſpan*. STEEVENS.

Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are moſt potent in potting :[4] your Dane, your German,[5] and your ſwag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your Engliſh.

Cas. Is your Engliſhman ſo expert in his drinking?[6]

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he ſweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you juſtice.[7]

Iago. O ſweet England!

[4] —— *in England, where (indeed) they are moſt potent in potting :*] *Les meilleurs buveurs en Angleterre,* is an ancient French proverb. Steevens.

[5] —— *moſt potent in* potting: *your* Dane, *your* German, *&c.*] "Enquire at ordinaries: there muſt be ſallets for the Italian, tooth-picks for the Spaniard, *pots* for the *German!*" Prologue to Lyly's *Midas,* 1592. Malone.

—— *your* Dane,] See Vol. XVIII. p. 66, n. 6. Steevens.

[6] ——*ſo* expert *in his drinking?*] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio—ſo *exquiſite.* This accompliſhment in the Engliſh is likewiſe mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Captain:*

"*Lod.* Are the Engliſhmen
"Such ſtubborn drinkers?
"*Piſo.* ——— not a leak at ſea
"Can ſuck more liquor; you ſhall have their children
"Chriſten'd in mull'd ſack, and at five years old
"Able to knock a *Dane* down." Steevens.

[7] ——*I'll* do you juſtice.] i. e. drink as much as you do. See Vol. XII. p. 237, n. 5. Steevens.

King Stephen[8] *was a worthy peer,*[9]
His breeches coſt him but a crown;
He held them ſixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.[1]

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does thoſe things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

[8] *King Stephen* &c.] Theſe ſtanzas are taken from an old ſong, which the reader will find recovered and preſerved in a curious work lately printed, entitled, *Relicks of Ancient Poetry*, conſiſting of old heroick ballads, ſongs, &c. 3 Vols. 12mo. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*: "*King Stephen* wore a pair of cloth breeches of a noble a pair, and thought them paſſing coſtly." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*a worthy* peer,] i. e. a worthy fellow. In this ſenſe *peer, fere, pheere,* are often uſed by the writers of our earlieſt romances. STEEVENS.

A *worthy peer* is a *worthy lord,* a title frequently beſtowed upon *kings* in our old romances. So, in *Amadis de Gaule,* 1619: "Sir, although you be a *king* and a great *lord.*" Spenſer conſtantly uſes the word *peer* in this ſenſe. *Pheere* is in every reſpect a very different word. RITSON.

[1] ——*lown.*] Sorry fellow, paltry wretch. JOHNSON.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be ſaved.

Iago. And ſo do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be ſaved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our ſins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you muſt not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, maſters; come, let's ſet the watch.

Iago. You ſee this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by Cæſar
And give direction: and do but ſee his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a juſt equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the truſt Othello puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double ſet,[2]

[2] *He'll watch the* horologe *a double ſet,* &c.] If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock ſtrikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours.

Chaucer uſes the word *horologe* in more places than one:

"Well ſickerer was his crowing in his loge
"Than is a clok or any abbey *orloge.*" Johnson.

If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he ſees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Caſſio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Aſide.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.
[*Exit* Roderigo.

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a place, as his own ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:[3]

So, Heywood, in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562:
" The divell is in *thorologe*, the houres to trye,
" Searche houres by the ſunne, the devyl's dyal wyll lye:
" The devyl is in *thorologe*, nowe cheere in bowles,
" Let the devyl keepe our clockes, while God keepe our ſoules."
Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:
" —— my gracious lord,
" By Siſto's *horologe* 'tis ſtruck eleven." Steevens.

[3] —— *ingraft infirmity:*] An infirmity *rooted, ſettled* in his conſtitution. Johnson.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation ſeems to fall ſhort of the poet's meaning. The qualities of a tree are ſo changed by being engrafted, that its future fruits are not ſuch as would have naturally ſprung from the ſtock, but derive their qualities from the graft inſerted into it. Conformably to this idea, is the aſſertion of Hamlet concerning the ſame vice in his countrymen:
" They clepe us drunkards," &c.
See Vol. XVIII. p. 66. Henley.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is certainly juſt, though it has been controverted. So, in *King Lear*: " —then muſt we look to

It were an honeſt action, to ſay
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair iſland:
I do love Caſſio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noiſe?
[*Cry within,*—Help! help!

Re-enter Cassio, *driving in* Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you raſcal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.[4]

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Doſt thou prate, rogue?
[*Striking* Roderigo.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*
I pray you, ſir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, ſir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I ſay! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aſide to* Rod. *who goes out.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—ſir,—Montano,—ſir;—
Help, maſters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings.*

receive from his age not alone the *imperfection* of long *ingrafted* condition, but there-withal," &c. Malone.

[4] —— *into a twiggen bottle.*] A twiggen bottle is a *wickered bottle*; and ſo the quarto reads. Steevens.

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo,[5] ho!
The town will riſe: God's will, lieutenant! hold;
You will be ſham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, *and Attendants.*

OTH. What is the matter here?

MON. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to the death;—he dies.[6]

OTH. Hold, for your lives.

IAGO. Hold, hold, lieutenant,[7]—ſir, Montano,—gentlemen,—

[5] ——*Diablo,*] I meet with this exclamation in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1598: "*Diablo?* what paſſions call you theſe?"

It is, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, a mere contraction of *Diavolo,* the Italian word for the Devil. STEEVENS.

[6] *I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to the death*;—he dies;] The firſt quarto reads—'*Zounds,* I bleed &c. STEEVENS.

The editor of the folio, thinking it neceſſary to omit the firſt word in the line, abſurdly ſupplied its place by adding at the end of the line, *He dies.*

I had formerly inadvertently ſaid, that the marginal direction, *He faints,* was found in the quarto, 1622: but this was a miſtake. It was inſerted in a quarto of no value or authority, printed in 1630. MALONE.

——*I am hurt to the death*;—he dies.] *Montano* thinks he is mortally wounded, yet by theſe words he ſeems determined to continue the duel, and to kill his antagoniſt *Caſſio.* So, when *Roderigo* runs at *Caſſio* in the fifth Act, he ſays,—"Villain, thou dieſt." TOLLET.

He dies, i. e. he ſhall die. He may be ſuppoſed to ſay this as he is offering to renew the fight.

Thus likewiſe Othello himſelf, in his very next ſpeech:

"——*he dies* upon his motion."

I do not therefore regard theſe words, when uttered by Montano, as an abſurd addition in the firſt folio. STEEVENS.

[7] *Hold, hold,* lieutenant,] Thus the original quarto. The folio reads—Hold *ho,* lieutenant. MALONE.

Have you forgot all ſenſe of place and duty?[8]
Hold, hold! the general ſpeaks to you; hold, for ſhame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourſelves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,[9]
Holds his ſoul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell,[1] it frights the iſle
From her propriety.[2]—What is the matter, maſters?—
Honeſt Iago, that look'ſt dead with grieving,

[8] —— *all ſenſe of place and duty?*] So Sir Thomas Hanmer. The reſt:

—— *all place of ſenſe and duty?* Johnson.

[9] —— *to carve* for *his own rage,*] Thus the folio, 1623. The quarto, 1622, has *forth*; which, I apprehend to be little better than nonſenſe.

To "carve *forth*" &c. can only ſignify—to cut or portion out his reſentment; whereas, the phraſe I have placed in the text, affords the obvious and appropriate meaning—to ſupply food or gratification for his own anger.

The ſame phraſe occurs in *Hamlet:*

"He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
"Carve *for* himſelf." Steevens.

[1] *Silence that dreadful bell,*] It was a common practice formerly, when any great affray happened in a town, to ring the alarum bell. When David Rizzio was murdered at Edinburgh, the Provoſt ordered the *common bell* to be rung, and five hundred perſons were immediately aſſembled. See Saunderſon's *Hiſtory of Queen Mary*, p. 41. Malone.

At Paris the *Tocſin* is ſtill rung as often as fires or diſturbances break out. Steevens.

[2] —— *it frights the iſle*
From her propriety.] From her regular and *proper ſtate.* Johnson.

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter,[3] and in terms like bride and groom

[3] *In quarter,*] In their quarters; at their lodging. Johnson.

Rather at *peace, quiet.* They had been on that very ſpot (the court or platform, it is preſumed before the caſtle,) ever ſince Othello left them, which can ſcarcely be called being *in their quarters,* or *at their lodging.* Ritson.

So, in *The Dumb Knight,* Act III. ſc. i:

" Did not you hold fair *quarter* and commerce with all the ſpies of Cypres?" Reed.

It required one example, if no more, to evince that *in quarter* ever ſignified *quiet, at peace.* But a little attention would have ſhown, that the *them,* whom he ſpeaks of Othello's having left, was *only* Caſſio; who, being joined by Iago, where Othello (but not on the *platform*) had juſt left him, is diſſuaded from ſetting the watch immediately; entreated to partake of a ſtoop of wine, in company with a brace of Cyprus gallants, then waiting without; and prevailed upon, though reluctantly, to invite them in. In this apartment the carouſal happens, and wine is repeatedly called for, till at laſt Caſſio, finding its too powerful effects, goes out to ſet the watch. At the propoſal of Montano, himſelf and Iago follow Caſſio towards the platform, and the latter ſets on Roderigo to inſult him. The ſcuffle enſues; an alarm is given, and Othello comes forth to inquire the cauſe. When, therefore, Iago anſwers:

" I do not know:—friends all but now, even now
" In *quarter,*——"

it is evident the *quarter* referred to, was *that apartment of the caſtle aſſigned to the officers on guard,* where Othello, after giving Caſſio his orders, had, a little before, left him; and where Iago, with his companions, immediately found him. Henley.

In quarter,] i. e. on our ſtation. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

" ——— to atone your fears
" With my more noble meaning, not a man
" Shall paſs his *quarter.*"

Their *ſtation* or *quarter* in the preſent inſtance, was the guard-room in Othello's caſtle. In *Cymbeline* we have—" their *quarter'd* fires," i. e their fires *regularly diſpoſed.*

In quarter Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed to mean, *at their lodgings;*

Deveſting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if ſome planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſt,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had loſt
Theſe legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?[4]

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure; What's the matter,
That you unlace[5] your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion,[6] for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;

but that cannot be the meaning, for Montano and the Gentlemen who accompanied him, had continued, from the time of their entrance, in the apartment of Othello's caſtle, in which the carouſal had been; and Caſſio had only gone forth for a ſhort time to the platform, to ſet the watch. On his return from the platform into the apartment, in which he left Montano and Iago, he meets Roderigo; and the ſcuffle, firſt between Caſſio and Roderigo, and then between Montano and Caſſio, enſues.

MALONE.

[4] ——*you are thus forgot?*] i. e. you have thus forgot yourſelf. STEEVENS.

[5] *That you unlace*,—] Slacken, or *looſen*. Put in danger of dropping; or perhaps ſtrip off its ornaments. JOHNSON.

A ſimilar phraſe occurs in *Twelfth-Night*:

" I pr'ythee now, *ungird* thy ſtrangeneſs." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſpend your rich opinion*,] Throw away and ſquander a reputation ſo valuable as yours. JOHNSON.

Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me;—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night;
Unleſs ſelf-charity [7] be ſometime a vice;
And to defend ourſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule;
And paſſion, having my beſt judgment collied,[8]
Aſſays to lead the way: If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who ſet it on;

[7] ——*ſelf-charity*—] Care of one's ſelf. Johnson.

[8] *And paſſion, having my beſt judgment* collied,] Thus the folio reads, and I believe rightly. Othello means, that paſſion has diſcoloured his judgment. The word is uſed in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" —— like lightning in the *collied* night."

To *colly* anciently ſignified to *beſmut, to blacken as with coal.* So, in a comedy called *The Family of Love*, 1608: " —carry thy link a't'other ſide the way, thou *collow'ſt* me and my ruffe." The word (as I am aſſured) is ſtill uſed in the midland counties.

Mr. Tollet informs me that Wallis's *Hiſtory of Northumberland*, p. 46, ſays: " —in our northern counties it [i. e. a fine black clay or ochre] is commonly known by the name of *collow* or *killow*, by which name it is known by Dr. Woodward," &c. The Doctor ſays it had its name from *kollow*, by which name, in the North, the *ſmut* or *grime on the top of chimneys* is ſo called. *Colly*, however, is from *coal*, as *collier*. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*choler'd*. Steevens.

Cole, in his *Dictionary*, 1679, renders " *collow'd* by *denigratus*:—to *colly*," *denigro*.

The quarto, 1622, reads—having my beſt judgement *cool'd*. A modern editor ſuppoſed that *quell'd* was the word intended. Malone.

And he that is approv'd in this offence,[9]
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loſe me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domeſtick quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of ſafety![1]

[9] —— *he that is* approv'd *in this offence,*] He that is convicted by proof, of having been engaged in this offence.
JOHNSON.

[1] *In night, and on the court* and *guard* of *ſafety!*] Thus the old copies. Mr. Malone reads:
In night, and on the court of guard *and ſafety!*
STEEVENS.

Theſe words have undoubtedly been tranſpoſed by negligence at the preſs. For this emendation, of which I am confident every reader will approve, I am anſwerable. The *court of guard* was the common phraſe of the time for the *guard room.* It has already been uſed by Iago in a former ſcene; and what ſtill more ſtrongly confirms the emendation, Iago is there ſpeaking of *Caſſio,* and deſcribing him as about to be placed in the very ſtation where he now appears: "The *lieutenant* to-night watches on *the court of guard.*"

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
"We muſt return to *the court of guard.*"

The ſame phraſe occurs in *Sir John Oldcaſtle,* 1600, and in many other old plays. A ſimilar miſtake has happened in the preſent ſcene, where in the original copy we find:

"Have you forgot *all place of ſenſe* and duty?"

inſtead of—*all ſenſe of place* and duty?

I may venture to aſſert with confidence that no editor of Shakſpeare has more ſedulouſly adhered to the ancient copies than I have done, or more ſteadily oppoſed any change grounded merely on obſolete or unuſual phraſeology. But the error in the preſent caſe is ſo apparent, and the phraſe, *the court of guard,* ſo eſtabliſhed by the uniform uſage of the poets of Shakſpeare's time, that not to have corrected the miſtake of the compoſitor in the preſent inſtance, would in my apprehenſion have been unwarrantable. If the phraſeology of the old copies had merely been unuſual, I ſhould not have ventured to make the ſlighteſt change: but the frequent occurrence of the phraſe, *the court of*

'Tis monſtrous.[2]—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affin'd,[3] or leagu'd in office,[4]
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth,
Thou art no ſoldier.

Iago. Touch me not ſo near:

guard, in all our old plays, and that being *the word of art,* leave us not room to entertain a doubt of its being the true reading.

Mr. Steevens ſays, a phraſeology as unuſual occurs in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*; but he forgets that it is ſupported by the uſage of contemporary writers. When any ſuch is produced in ſupport of that before us, it ought certainly to be attended to.

I may add, that *the court of ſafety* may in a metaphorical ſenſe be underſtood; but who ever talked of *the guard* [i. e. the *ſafety*] *of ſafety?* Malone.

As a collocation of words, as ſeemingly perverſe, occurs in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream,* and is juſtified there, in the following inſtance:

" I ſhall deſire *you of* more acquaintance;"

I forbear to diſturb the text under conſideration.

If *Safety,* like the Roman *Salus,* or *Recovery* in *King Lear,* be perſonified, where is the impropriety of ſaying—under the *guard* of *Safety?* Thus, Plautus, in his *Captivi:* " Neque jam *ſervare Salus,* ſi vult, me poteſt."

Mr. Malone alſo appears to forget that, on a preceding occaſion, he too has left an unexemplified and very queſtionable phraſe, in the text of this tragedy, hoping, we may ſuppoſe, (as I do,) that it will be hereafter countenanced by example. See p. 321, n. 5. Steevens.

[2] *'Tis* monſtrous.] This word was uſed as a triſyllable, as if it were written *monſterous.* Malone.

It is again uſed as a triſyllable in *Macbeth.* See Vol. X. p. 196, n. 1. Steevens.

[3] *If partially* affin'd,] *Affin'd* is bound by proximity of relationſhip; but here it means related by nearneſs of office. In the firſt ſcene it is uſed in the former of theſe ſenſes:

" If I, in any juſt term, am *affin'd*
" To love the Moor." Steevens.

[4] ——leagu'd *in office,*] Old copies—*league.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,[5]
Than it ſhould do offence to Michael Caſſio;
Yet, I perſuade myſelf, to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Caſſio following him[6] with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Caſſio, and entreats his pauſe;
Myſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt, by his clamour, (as it ſo fell out,)
The town might fall in fright: he, ſwift of foot,
Outran my purpoſe; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And Caſſio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might ſay before: When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them cloſe together,
At blow, and thruſt; even as again they were,
When you yourſelf did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the beſt ſometimes forget:—
Though Caſſio did ſome little wrong to him,—
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,—
Yet, ſurely, Caſſio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Caſſio:—Caſſio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

[5] —— cut *from my mouth,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—this tongue *out* from my mouth. Malone.

[6] *And Caſſio following* him—] The word *him* in this line ſeems to have crept into it from the compoſitor's eye glancing on that below. Malone.

Enter DESDEMONA, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.

DES. What's the matter, dear?

OTH. All's well now, ſweeting;[7] Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts,
Myſelf will be your ſurgeon: Lead him off.[8]
[*To* MONTANO, *who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town;
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawl diſtracted.—
Come, Deſdemona; 'tis the ſoldiers' life,
To have their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtriſe.
[*Exeunt all but* IAGO *and* CASSIO.

IAGO. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CAS. Ay, paſt all ſurgery.

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid!

CAS. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part, ſir, of myſelf, and what remains is beſtial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

IAGO. As I am an honeſt man, I thought you had received ſome bodily wound; there is more offence

[7] ——*ſweeting*;] This ſurfeiting vulgar term of fondneſs originates from the name of an apple diſtinguiſhed only by its inſipid ſweetneſs. STEEVENS.

[8] *Lead him off.*] I am perſuaded, theſe words were originally a marginal direction. In our old plays all the ſtage-directions were couched in imperative terms:—*Play muſick—Ring the Bell.*—Lead him off. MALONE.

in that, than in reputation.[9] Reputation is an idle and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving: You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute yourſelf ſuch a loſer. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now caſt in his mood,[1] a puniſhment more in policy than in malice; even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs dog, to affright an imperious lion: ſue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather ſue to be deſpiſed, than to deceive ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight,[2] ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk? and ſpeak parrot?[3] and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow?—O thou inviſible ſpirit of wine, if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your ſword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

[9] —— *there is more* offence *&c.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—there is more *ſenſe*, &c. Steevens.

[1] —— *caſt in his mood,*] Ejected in his anger. Johnson.

[2] —— *ſo* ſlight,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads —ſo *light*. Malone.

[3] —— *and* ſpeak parrot?] A phraſe ſignifying to act fooliſhly and childiſhly. So Skelton:

" Theſe maidens full mekely with many a divers flour,
" Freſhly they dreſs and make ſweete my boure,
" With *ſpake parrot* I pray you full courteouſly thei ſaye." Warburton.

So, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

" Thou pretty *parrot*, *ſpeak* a while."

Theſe lines are wanting in the firſt quarto. Steevens.

From *Drunk*, &c. to *ſhadow*, incluſively, is wanting in the quarto, 1622. By " *ſpeak parrot*," ſurely the poet meant, " *talk* idly," and not, as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes, " *act* fooliſhly." Malone.

Iago. Is it poſſible?

Cas. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould, with joy, revel, pleaſure, and applauſe, transform ourſelves into beaſts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleaſed the devil, drunkenneſs, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectneſs ſhows me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe myſelf.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen; but, ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will aſk him for my place again; he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt! O ſtrange!—Every inordinate cup is unbleſſed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well uſed; exclaim no more againſt it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, ſir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I'll tell you what you ſhall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may ſay ſo in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark, and

denotement of her parts and graces :[4]—confeſs yourſelf freely to her; importune her; ſhe'll help to put you in your place again: ſhe is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, that ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs, not to do more than ſhe is requeſted: This broken joint,[5] between you and her huſband, entreat her to ſplinter; and, my fortunes againſt any lay[6] worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Cas. You adviſe me well.

Iago. I proteſt, in the ſincerity of love, and honeſt kindneſs.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beſeech the virtuous Deſdemona to undertake for me: I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I muſt to the watch.

[4] ——*for that he hath devoted and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark, and* denotement *of her parts and graces:*] [Old copies—devotement.] I remember, it is ſaid of Antony, in the beginning of his tragedy, that he who uſed to fix his eyes altogether on the dreadful ranges of war:

"——now bends, now turns,
"The office and *devotion* of their view
"Upon a tawny front."

This is finely expreſſed; but I cannot perſuade myſelf that our poet would ever have ſaid, any one *devoted* himſelf to the *devotement* of any thing. All the copies agree; but the miſtake certainly aroſe from a ſingle letter being turned upſide down at preſs. Theobald.

The ſame miſtake has happened in *Hamlet*, and in ſeveral other places. See Vol. V. p. 191, n. 3. Malone.

[5] ——*This* broken joint,] Thus the folio. The original copy reads—This *brawl*. Malone.

[6] ——*any* lay—] i. e. any bet, any wager. Ritson.

So, in *Cymbeline*: "I will have it no *lay*." Steevens.

Cas. Good night, honeſt Iago. [*Exit* Cassio.

Iago. And what's he then, that ſays,—I play the villain?

When this advice is free,[7] I give, and honeſt,
Probal[8] to thinking, and (indeed) the courſe
To win the Moor again? For 'tis moſt eaſy
The inclining Deſdemona[9] to ſubdue
In any honeſt ſuit; ſhe's fram'd as fruitful[1]
As the free elements.[2] And then for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptiſm,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,—
His ſoul is ſo enfetter'd to her love,
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counſel Caſſio to this parallel courſe,[3]

[7] ——*this advice is free,*] This counſel has an appearance of honeſt openneſs, of frank good-will. Johnson.

Rather *gratis, not paid for,* as his advice to Roderigo was. Henley.

[8] *Probal*—] Thus the old editions. There may be ſuch a contraction of the word *probable,* but I have not met with it in any other book. Yet abbreviations as violent occur in our ancient writers, and eſpecially in the works of Churchyard. Steevens.

[9] *The* inclining *Deſdemona*—] *Inclining* here ſignifies *compliant.* Malone.

[1] ——*fruitful*—] Correſponding to *benignus, αφθονος.* Henley.

[2] ——*as fruitful*
As the free elements.] Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced. Johnson.

[3] ——*to this* parallel *courſe,*] Parallel, for even; becauſe parallel lines run even and equidiſtant. Warburton.

So, in our author's 70th Sonnet:

"Time doth transfix the flouriſh ſet on youth,
"And delves the *parallels* in beauty's brow."

Malone.

Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt [4] at firſt with heavenly ſhows,
As I do now: For while this honeſt fool
Plies Deſdemona to repair his fortunes,
And ſhe for him pleads ſtrongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this peſtilence [5] into his ear,—
That ſhe repeals him [6] for her body's luſt;
And, by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodneſs make the net,
That ſhall enmeſh them all.[7]—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almoſt ſpent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the iſſue will be—I ſhall have ſo much experience for my

Parallel courſe; i. e. courſe level, and even with his deſign. JOHNSON.

[4] *When devils will their blackeſt ſins* put on,
They do ſuggeſt—] When devils mean to *inſtigate* men to commit the moſt atrocious crimes. So, in *Hamlet:*

"Of deaths *put on* by cunning and forc'd cauſe."

To *put on* has already occurred twice in the preſent play, in this ſenſe. To *ſuggeſt* in old language is to *tempt*.
See Vol. IV. p. 232, n. 5. MALONE.

[5] *I'll pour this peſtilence*—] Peſtilence, for poiſon. WARBURTON.

[6] *That ſhe* repeals *him*—] That is, recalls him. JOHNSON.

[7] *That ſhall enmeſh them all.*] A metaphor from taking birds in meſhes. POPE.

Why not from the taking fiſh, for which purpoſe nets are more frequently uſed? M. MASON.

pains: and ſo, with no money at all, and a little more wit,[8] return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Caſſio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that ſmall hurt, haſt caſhier'd Caſſio:
Though other things grow fair againſt the ſun,
Yet fruits, that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe:[9]
Content thyſelf a while.—By the maſs, 'tis morning;[1]

[8] ——*a little more wit,*] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto reads—and *with that wit.* Steevens.

[9] *Though other things grow fair againſt the ſun,*
Yet fruits, that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe:] Of many different things, all planned with the ſame art, and promoted with the ſame diligence, ſome muſt ſucceed ſooner than others, by the order of nature. Every thing cannot be done at once; we muſt proceed by the neceſſary gradation. We are not to *deſpair* of ſlow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the cauſes are in regular progreſs, and the fruits *grow fair againſt the ſun.* Sir Thomas Hanmer has not, I think, rightly conceived the ſentiment; for he reads:

Thoſe fruits which bloſſom firſt, are not firſt *ripe.*

I have therefore drawn it out at length, for there are few to whom that will be eaſy which was difficult to Sir T. Hanmer. Johnson.

The *bloſſoming,* or fair appearance of things, to which Iago alludes, is, the removal of Caſſio. As their plan had already *bloſſomed,* ſo there was good ground for expecting that it would *ſoon* be *ripe.* Iago does not, I think, mean to compare *their* ſcheme to *tardy* fruits, as Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have ſuppoſed. Malone.

[1] —— By the maſs, *'tis morning;*] Here we have one of the numerous arbitrary alterations made by the Maſter of the Revels in the playhouſe copies, from which a great part of the folio was

Pleaſure, and action, make the hours ſeem ſhort.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I ſay; thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rod.] Two things are to be done,—
My wife muſt move for Caſſio to her miſtreſs;
I'll ſet her on;
Myſelf, the while, to draw [2] the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when [3] he may Caſſio find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit.*

printed. It reads—*In troth,* 'tis morning. See *The Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage,* Vol. III. Malone.

[2] —— to *draw* —] Thus the old copies; and this reading is conſiſtent with the tenor of the preſent interrupted ſpeech. Iago is ſtill debating with himſelf concerning the means to perplex Othello. Steevens.

Myſelf, the *while, to draw* —] The old copies have *awhile.* Mr. Theobald made the correction.

The modern editors read—Myſelf, the while, *will* draw. But the old copies are undoubtedly right. An imperfect ſentence was intended. Iago is ruminating on his plan. Malone.

[3] —— *bring him* jump *when* —] *Unexpectedly:*—an expreſſion taken from the bound, or ſtart, with which we are ſhocked, at the ſudden and unlooked-for appearance of any offenſive object. Henley.

Jump when, I believe, ſignifies no more than *juſt at the time when.* So, in *Hamlet:*

"Thus twice before, and *jump* at this dead hour."

See Vol. XVIII. p. 12, n. 7. Steevens.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Caſtle.

Enter CASSIO, *and ſome* Muſicians.

Cas. Maſters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow, general.[4] [*Muſick.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been at Naples, that they ſpeak i'the noſe thus?[5]

1 *Mus.* How, ſir, how!

Clo. Are theſe, I pray you, called wind inſtruments?

1 *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, ſir.

[4] —— *and bid—good-morrow, general.*] It is the uſual practice of the *waits*, or nocturnal minſtrels, in ſeveral towns in the North of England, after playing a tune or two, to cry, "Good-morrow, maiſter ſuch a one, good-morrow, dame," adding the hour, and ſtate of the weather. It ſhould ſeem to have prevailed at Stratford-upon-Avon. They formerly uſed *hautboys*, which are the wind-inſtruments here meant. RITSON.

[5] *Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been at Naples, that they* ſpeak i'the noſe *thus?*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"And others, when the bagpipe *ſings i'the noſe*,——."

Rabelais ſomewhere ſpeaks of "a blow over the *noſe* with a *Naples* cowl-ſtaff." STEEVENS.

The venereal diſeaſe firſt appeared at the ſiege of Naples. JOHNSON.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, ſir?

Clo. Marry, ſir, by many a wind inſtrument that I know. But, maſters, here's money for you: and the general ſo likes your muſick, that he deſires you, of all loves,[6] to make no more noiſe with it.

1 *Mus.* Well, ſir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any muſick that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they ſay, to hear muſick, the general does not greatly care.

1 *Mus.* We have none ſuch, ſir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away:[7] Go; vaniſh into air;[8] away.

[*Exeunt* Muſicians.

Cas. Doſt thou hear, my honeſt friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets.[9] There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be ſtirring, tell her, there's one Caſſio entreats her a little favour of ſpeech: Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is ſtirring, ſir; if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*

[6] —— *of all loves,*] The folio reads—*for love's ſake.* The phraſe in the text occurs alſo in *The Merry Wives of Windſor.* See Vol. V. p. 88, n. 3. STEEVENS.

[7] —— for I'll *away*:] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*and hie* away. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *vaniſh* into air;] So, the folio and one of the quartos The eldeſt quarto reads—Vaniſh *away.* STEEVENS.

[9] —— *thy* quillets.] See Vol. XVIII. p. 327, n. 7. MALONE.

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To ſend in to your wife: My ſuit to her
Is, that ſhe will to virtuous Deſdemona
Procure me ſome acceſs.

Iago. I'll ſend her to you preſently;
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honeſt.[1]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am ſorry

[1] ——— *I never knew*
A Florentine more kind and honeſt.] In conſequence of this line, a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Caſſio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears, by the firſt ſcene of the play, where he is expreſsly called one. That Iago was a *Venetian*, is proved by a ſpeech in the third ſcene of this Act, and by what he ſays in the fifth Act, after having ſtabbed Roderigo:

"*Iago.* Alas, my dear friend and countryman, Roderigo!
"*Gra.* What, of *Venice?*
"*Iago.* Yes."

All that Caſſio means to ſay in the paſſage before us is, I never experienced more honeſty and kindneſs even in any one of my own countrymen, than in this man.

Mr. Steevens has made the ſame obſervation in another place. MALONE.

It was made in edit. 1778. STEEVENS.

For your diſpleaſure;[2] but all will ſoon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly: The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholeſome wiſdom,
He might not but refuſe you: but, he proteſts, he loves you;
And needs no other ſuitor, but his likings,
To take the ſaf'ſt occaſion by the front,[3]
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beſeech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
With Deſdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeak your boſom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.[4]
[*Exeunt.*

[2] *For* your diſpleaſure;] i. e. the diſpleaſure you have incurred from Othello. Steevens.

[3] *To take the ſaf'ſt occaſion by the front,*] This line is wanting in the folio. Steevens.

[4] *I am much bound to you.*] This ſpeech is omitted in the firſt quarto. Steevens.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Caſtle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Gentlemen.

OTH. Theſe letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the ſtate:[5]
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

IAGO. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

OTH. This fortification, gentlemen,—ſhall we
ſee't?

GENT. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Caſtle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

DES. Be thou aſſur'd, good Caſſio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

EMIL. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my
huſband,
As if the caſe were his.[6]

[5] —— *to the* ſtate:] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio,—to the *ſenate.* MALONE.

[6] *As if the* caſe *were his.*] The folio reads—As if the *cauſe* were his. STEEVENS.

Des. O, that's an honeſt fellow.—Do not doubt, Caſſio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever ſhall become of Michael Caſſio,
He's never any thing but your true ſervant.

Des. O, ſir, I thank you:[7] You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no further off
Than in a politick diſtance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either laſt ſo long,[8]
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed itſelf ſo out of circumſtance,
That, I being abſent, and my place ſupplied,
My general will forget my love and ſervice.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it
To the laſt article: my lord ſhall never reſt;
I'll watch him tame,[9] and talk him out of patience;

[7] O, ſir, *I thank you:*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*I know't,* I thank you. Malone.

[8] *That policy may either laſt ſo long,*] He may either of himſelf think it politick to keep me out of office ſo long, or he may be ſatisfied with ſuch ſlight reaſons, or ſo many accidents may make him think my re-admiſſion at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten. Johnson.

[9] *I'll watch him tame,*] It is ſaid, that the ferocity of beaſts, inſuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is ſubdued by keeping them from ſleep. Johnson.

Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from ſleep, and it is to the management of theſe that Shakſpeare alludes. So, in Cartwright's *Lady Errant:*

" ——— we'll keep you,
" As they do hawks, *watching* until you leave
" Your wildneſs."

His bed ſhall ſeem a ſchool, his board a ſhrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Caſſio's ſuit: Therefore be merry, Caſſio;
For thy ſolicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy cauſe away.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO, *at a diſtance.*

EMIL. Madam, here comes
My lord.

CAS. Madam, I'll take my leave.

DES. Why, ſtay,
And hear me ſpeak.

CAS. Madam, not now; I am very ill at eaſe,
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.

DES. Well, well,[1]
Do your diſcretion. [*Exit* CASSIO.

IAGO. Ha! I like not that.

OTH. What doſt thou ſay?

IAGO. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

OTH. Was not that Caſſio, parted from my wife?

IAGO. Caſſio, my lord? No, ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Again, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606: "—your only way to deal with women and parrots, is to *keep them waking*."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Juſt Italian*, 1630:

"They've watch'd my hardy violence ſo *tame*."

Again, in *The Booke of Haukynge, Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "*Wake* her all nyght, and on the morrowe all daye, and then ſhe will be previ enough to be reclaymed." STEEVENS.

[1] *Well*, well,] The adverb—*well*, has been repeated for the ſake of meaſure. STEEVENS.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.

Oth. Who is't, you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Caſſio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take;[2]
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,[3]
I have no judgment in an honeſt face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, ſooth; ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I ſuffer with him.[4] Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, ſweet Deſdemona; ſome other time.

Des. But ſhall't be ſhortly?

Oth. The ſooner, ſweet, for you.

[2] *His preſent reconciliation* take;] Caſſio was to be reconciled to his general, not his general to him, therefore *take* cannot be right. We ſhould read—*make*. WARBURTON.

To *take his reconciliation*, may be to accept the ſubmiſſion which he makes in order to be reconciled. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *and not in* cunning,] *Cunning*, for deſign, or purpoſe, ſimply. WARBURTON.

Perhaps rather for *knowledge*, the ancient ſenſe of the word. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: "In the boldneſs of my *cunning* I will lay myſelf in hazard." The oppoſition which ſeems to have been intended between cunning and ignorance, favours this interpretation. MALONE.

[4] I *ſuffer with him.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads —*To* ſuffer with him. MALONE.

Des. Shall't be to-night at ſupper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I ſhall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tueſday morn;
Or Tueſday noon, or night; or Wedneſday morn;—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
(Save that, they ſay, the wars muſt make examples
Out of their beſt,[5]) is not almoſt a fault
To incur a private check: When ſhall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my ſoul,
What you could aſk me, that I ſhould deny,
Or ſtand ſo mammering on.[6] What! Michael Caſſio,

[5] —— *the wars muſt make examples*
Out of their beſt,] The ſeverity of military diſcipline muſt not ſpare the *beſt men* of their army, when their puniſhment may afford a wholeſome *example*. JOHNSON.

The old copies read—*her* beſt. Mr. Rowe made this neceſſary emendation. MALONE.

[6] ——*ſo* mammering *on*.] To heſitate, to ſtand in ſuſpenſe. The word often occurs in old Engliſh writings, and probably takes its original from the French *M'Amour*, which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct anſwer. HANMER.

I find the ſame word in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "I ſtand in doubt, or in a *mamorynge* between hope and fear."

Again, in Thomas Drant's tranſlation of the third ſatire of the ſecond Book of Horace, 1567:

"Yea, when ſhe daygnes to ſend for him, then *mamer-yng* he doth doute."

Again, Henry Wotton's addreſs "to the favorable and well willing reader," prefixed to *A courtlie Controverſie of Cupids' Cautels*, &c. 4to. 1578: "My quill remained (as men ſay) in a

That came a wooing with you ;[7] and many a time,[8]
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part ; to have ſo much to do
To bring him in ! Truſt me, I could do much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he will ;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon ;
'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nouriſhing diſhes, or keep you warm ;
Or ſue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own perſon : Nay, when I have a ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize[9] and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

mamorie, quivering in my quaking fingers, before I durſt preſume to publiſhe theſe my fantaſies."

Again, in Arthur Hall's tranſlation of the fourth *Iliad*, (4to. 1581) :

" Hector himſelf——
" Doth *mamer* eke whats beſt to do, leaſt" &c.

Steevens.

Again, in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580 : " —neither *ſtand in a mamering*, whether it be beſt to depart or not." The quarto, 1622, reads—*muttering*. *Mammering* is the reading of the folio. Malone.

[7] *What !* Michael Caſſio,
That came a wooing with you ;] And yet in the firſt Act Caſſio appears perfectly ignorant of the amour, and is indebted to Iago for the information of Othello's marriage, and of the perſon to whom he is married. Steevens.

See the notes on the paſſage alluded to, p. 250, n. 7.

Malone.

[8] —— *many a time,*] Old copies, redundantly, and without the leaſt improvement of the ſenſe,—*ſo* many a time. The compoſitor had accidentally repeated—*ſo*, from the preceding line.

Steevens.

[9] —— *full of* poize —] i. e. of weight. So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633 :

" They are of *poize* ſufficient——."

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myſelf.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Deſdemona: I will come to thee ſtraight.

Des. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exit, with* Emilia.

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee![1] and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.[2]

Again:

"But we are all preſt down with other *poize*."
Steevens.

[1] *Excellent* wretch!—*Perdition catch my ſoul,*
But I do love thee! &c.] The meaning of the word *wretch*, is not generally underſtood. It is now, in ſome parts of England, a term of the ſofteſt and fondeſt tenderneſs. It expreſſes the utmoſt degree of amiableneſs, joined with an idea which perhaps all tenderneſs includes, of feebleneſs, ſoftneſs, and want of protection. Othello, conſidering Deſdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, ſoft and timorous by her ſex, and by her ſituation abſolutely in his power, calls her, *Excellent wretch!* It may be expreſſed:

Dear, harmleſs, helpleſs excellence. Johnson.

Sir W. D'Avenant uſes the ſame expreſſion in his *Cruel Brother*, 1630, and with the ſame meaning. It occurs twice: "*Excellent wretch!* with a timorous modeſty ſhe ſtifleth up her utterance."

I am aſſured by Dr. Farmer, that *wretch* is provincial in Staffordſhire for *a young woman*. Steevens.

[2] ——*when I love thee not,*
Chaos is come again.] When my love is for a moment ſuſpended by ſuſpicion, I have nothing in my mind but diſcord, tumult, perturbation, and confuſion. Johnson.

——*when I love thee not,*
Chaos is come again.] There is another meaning poſſible:

Iago. My noble lord,——

Oth. What doſt thou ſay, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Caſſio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt: Why doſt thou aſk?

Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

When I ceaſe to love thee, the world is at an end; i. e. there remains nothing valuable or important. The firſt explanation may be more elegant, the ſecond is perhaps more eaſy. Shakſpeare has the ſame thought in his *Venus and Adonis:*

" For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlain,
" And, beauty dead, black *Chaos comes again.*"

STEEVENS.

This paſſage does not ſtrike me in the ſame light in which it appeared to Dr. Johnſon; as Othello had not yet any experience of that perturbation and diſcord, by which he afterwards is ſo fatally agitated. He means, I think, to ſay,—*and ere I ceaſe to love thee, the world itſelf ſhall be reduced to its primitive chaos.* Shakſpeare probably preferred—"chaos *is* come again," to "chaos *ſhall* come again," as more bold and expreſſive. Muretus, a poet of the 16th century, has exactly the ſame thought:

" Tune meo elabi poſſis de pectore, Lacci,
" Aut ego, dum vivam, non meminiſſe tui?
" Ante, vel iſtius mundi compage ſoluta,
" *Tetras in antiquum ſit reditura Chaos.*"

The meaning of Shakſpeare appears very clearly from the following paſſage in *The Winter's Tale*, where the ſame thought is more fully expreſſed:

" It cannot fail, but by
" The violation of my faith,—and then
" Let nature cruſh the ſides o'the earth together,
" And mar the ſeeds within!" MALONE.

There is the ſame thought in Buchanan:

" Ceſſet amor, pariter ceſſabunt fœdera rerum;
" *In chaos antiquum cuncta elementa ruent.*"

Vol. II. 400, 1725, 4to. HOLT WHITE.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Diſcern'ſt thou aught in that?[4]
Is he not honeſt?

Iago. Honeſt, my lord?

Oth. Ay, honeſt.[5]

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What doſt thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were ſome monſter in his thought
Too hideous to be ſhown.[6]—Thou doſt mean ſomething:

[4] Iago. *Indeed?*
Oth. *Indeed! ay, indeed:* &c.] I cannot help ſuppoſing that this paſſage is interpolated, and originally ſtood thus:
Iago. *Indeed!*
Oth. *Indeed:—Diſcern'ſt thou ought in that?*
See the next note. STEEVENS.

[5] *Ay, honeſt.*] The old copies, violating the meaſure, read:
Honeſt? *ay, honeſt.*
It appears from many inſtances, that where words were to be repeated at all, our old blundering printers continued the repetition beyond propriety. Mr. Malone has elſewhere the ſame remark. STEEVENS.

[6] *By heaven, he echoes me,*
As if there were ſome monſter in his thought &c.] Thus the eldeſt quarto. The ſecond quarto reads:
——— *Why doſt thou echo me,*
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought &c.

I heard thee ſay but now,—Thou lik'dſt not that,
When Caſſio left my wife; What did'ſt not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counſel
In my whole courſe of wooing, thou cry'dſt, *Indeed?*
And did'ſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then had'ſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou doſt love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou doſt;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,—
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things, in a falſe disloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that's juſt,
They are cloſe denotements, working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.[7]

The folio reads:

—— *Alas, thou echo'ſt me,*
As if &c.——. Steevens.

This is one of the numerous alterations made in the folio copy by the licenſer. Malone.

[7] *They are* cloſe denotements, *working from the heart,*
That paſſion cannot rule.] Thus the earlieſt quarto. But let Dr. Warburton be heard in defence of "*cold* dilations," the reading of the ſecond folio.

I ſhould willingly, however, have adopted an emendation propoſed by Dr. Johnſon, in the ſubſequent note, could I have diſcovered that the word—*delation* was ever uſed in its Roman ſenſe of *accuſation*, during the time of Shakſpeare. Bacon frequently employs it, but always to ſignify *carriage* or *conveyance*. Steevens.

Theſe ſtops and breaks are *cold dilations*, or cold keeping back a ſecret, which men of phlegmatick conſtitutions, whoſe hearts are not ſwayed or governed by their paſſions, we find, can do:

Iago. For Michael Caſſio,—
I dare be ſworn, I think that he is honeſt.

Oth. I think ſo too.

while more ſanguine tempers reveal themſelves at once, and without reſerve. Warburton.

That *dilations* anciently ſignified *delays*, may be aſcertained, by the following paſſage in the *Golden Legend*, Wynken de Worde's edit. fo. 186: "And ye felony of this kyng ſuffred not to abyde only *dilacyon* of vengeance. For the nexte daye folowynge he made to come the kepers for to begyn to turment them" &c.

Again, *ibid.* p. 199: "And Laurence demaunded *dylacyon* of thre dayes." Again, in *Candlemas Day*, &c. p. 9:

"——I warne you without *delacion*,
"That ye make ſereh thurgh out all my region."

Steevens.

The old copies give,—*dilations*, except that the earlier quarto has—*denotements*; which was the author's firſt expreſſion, afterwards changed by him, not to *dilations*, but to *delations*; to *occult* and *ſecret accuſations*, *working* involuntarily *from the heart*, which, though reſolved to conceal the fault, cannot rule its *paſſion* of reſentment. Johnson.

They are cloſe denotements, &c.] i. e. indications, or recoveries, not openly revealed, but involuntarily working from the heart, which cannot rule and ſuppreſs its feelings.

The folio reads—They are cloſe *dilations*; but nothing is got by the change, for *dilations* was undoubtedly uſed in the ſenſe of *dilatements*, or *large and full expoſitions*. See Minſheu's Dict. 1617: "To *dilate* or make large."

Dilatement is uſed in the ſenſe of *dilation* by Lodge, our poet's contemporary: "After all this foul weather follows a calm *dilatement* of others too forward harmfulneſs." *Roſalynde, or Euphues Golden Legacie*, 4to. 1592.

Dr. Johnſon very elegantly reads—They are cloſe *delations*.

But the objection to this conjectural reading is, that there is ſtrong ground for believing that the word was not uſed in Shakſpeare's age. It is not found in any Dictionary of the time, that I have ſeen, nor has any paſſage been quoted in ſupport of it. On the contrary, we find in Minſheu the verb, "To *delate*," not ſignifying, to *accuſe*, but thus interpreted: "to *ſpeak at large* of any thing, vid. to *dilate*:" ſo that if even *delations* were the word of the old copy, it would mean no more than *dilations*. To the reading of the quarto no reaſonable objection can be made. Malone.

Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem;
Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem none![8]

Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.

Iago. Why then,
I think that Caſſio[9] is an honeſt man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I pray thee, ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaves are free to.[1]
Utter my thoughts? Why, ſay, they are vile and falſe,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not?[2] who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in ſeſſion ſit

[8] *Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem* none!] I believe the meaning is, *'would they might no longer ſeem,* or bear the ſhape of *men.* Johnson.

May not the meaning be: 'Would they might not ſeem *honeſt!* Malone.

[9] —— that *Caſſio*—] For the ſake of meaſure, I have ventured to inſert the pronoun—*that.* Steevens.

[1] —— *to that all ſlaves are* free to.] I am not bound to do that, *which* even ſlaves are *not bound* to do. Malone.

So, in *Cymbeline:*

" ——— O, Piſanio,
" Every good ſervant does not all commands,
" No bond but to do juſt ones." Steevens.

[2] —— *where's that palace, whereinto foul things Sometimes intrude not?*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" —— no perfection is ſo abſolute,
" That ſome impurity doth not pollute." Malone.

With meditations lawful ?[3]

Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beſeech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,[4]

[3] —— *who has a breaſt ſo pure,*
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in ſeſſion ſit
With meditations lawful ?] *Leets*, and *law-days*, are ſynonymous terms: "*Leet* (ſays Jacob, in his *Law Dictionary*,) is otherwiſe called a *law-day*." They are there explained to be courts, or meetings of the *hundred*, "to certify the king of the good manners, and government, of the inhabitants," and to enquire of all offences that are not capital. The poet's meaning will now be plain: *Who has a breaſt ſo little apt to form ill opinions of others, but that foul ſuſpicion will ſometimes mix with his faireſt and moſt candid thoughts, and erect a court in his mind, to enquire of the offences apprehended.* Steevens.

Who has ſo virtuous a breaſt that ſome uncharitable ſurmiſes and impure conceptions will not ſometimes enter into it; hold a ſeſſion there as in a regular court, and "bench by the ſide" of authoriſed and lawful thoughts?—In our poet's 30th Sonnet we find the ſame imagery:

"When to the *ſeſſions* of ſweet ſilent *thought*
"I ſummon up remembrance of things paſt."

"A leet," ſays Bullokar, in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, "is a court or law-day, holden commonly every half year." To *keep* a leet was the *verbum juris*; the title of one of the chapters in Kitchin's book on Courts, being, "The manner of *keeping* a court-leet." The leet, according to Lambard, was a court or juriſdiction above the wapentake or hundred, comprehending three or four hundreds. The juriſdiction of this court is now in moſt places merged in that of the County Court. Malone.

[4] *I do beſeech you,—*
Though *I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,*] Not to mention that, in this reading, the ſentence is abrupt and broken, it is likewiſe highly abſurd. I beſeech you give yourſelf no uneaſineſs from my unſure obſervance, *though* I am vicious in my gueſs. For his being an ill gueſſer was a reaſon why Othello ſhould not be uneaſy: in propriety, therefore, it ſhould either have been, *though I am not vicious*, or *becauſe I am vicious*. It appears then we ſhould read:

As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague
To ſpy into abuſes; and, oft, my jealouſy

I do beſeech you,
Think, *I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,*——.
Which makes the ſenſe pertinent and perfect. WARBURTON.

That abruptneſs in the ſpeech which Dr. Warburton complains of, and would alter, may be eaſily accounted for. Iago ſeems deſirous by this ambiguous hint, *Though I*—to inflame the jealouſy of Othello, which he knew would be more effectually done in this manner, than by any expreſſion that bore a determinate meaning. The jealous Othello would fill up the pauſe in the ſpeech, which Iago turns off at laſt to another purpoſe, and find a more certain cauſe of diſcontent, and a greater degree of torture ariſing from the doubtful conſideration how it might have concluded, than he could have experienced had the whole of what he enquired after been reported to him with every circumſtance of aggravation.

We may ſuppoſe him imagining to himſelf, that Iago mentally continued the thought thus, *Though I—know more than I chooſe to ſpeak of.*

Vicious in my gueſs does not mean that he is an *ill gueſſer*, but that he is apt to put the worſt conſtruction on every thing he attempts to account for.

Out of reſpect for the ſubſequent opinions of Mr. Henley and Mr. Malone, I have altered my former regulation of this paſſage; though I am not quite convinced that any change was needful. STEEVENS.

I believe nothing is here wanting, but to regulate the punctuation:

Iago. *I do beſeech you*——
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,
As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague
To ſpy into abuſes; and, oft, my jealouſy
Shapes faults that are not,— &c. HENLEY.

The reader ſhould be informed, that the mark of abruption which I have placed after the word *you*, was placed by Mr. Steevens after the word *perchance:* and his note, to which I do not ſubſcribe, is founded on that regulation. I think the poet intended that Iago ſhould break off at the end of the firſt hemiſtich, as well as in the middle of the fifth line. What he would have added, it is not neceſſary very nicely to examine.

The adverſative particle, *though*, in the ſecond line, does not indeed appear very proper; but in an abrupt and ſtudiouſly

Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,[5]
From one that ſo imperfectly conjects,
You'd take no notice; nor build yourſelf a trouble
Out of his ſcattering and unſure obſervance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls:
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing;[6]

clouded ſentence like the preſent, where more is meant to be conveyed than meets the ear, ſtrict propriety may well be diſpenſed with. The word *perchance*, if ſtrongly marked in ſpeaking, would ſufficiently ſhow that the ſpeaker did not ſuppoſe himſelf *vicious in his gueſs*.

By the latter words, Iago, I apprehend, means only, "though I perhaps am miſtaken, led into an errour by my natural diſpoſition, which is apt to ſhape faults that have no exiſtence."

Malone.

[5] —— *I entreat you then*, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:

——— *and* of, *my jealouſy*
Shapes faults that are not) that your wiſdom
From one that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would *take no notice*. Malone.

To *conject*, i. e. to *conjecture*, is a word uſed by other writers. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540:

"Now reaſon I, or *conject* with myſelf."

Again:

"I cannot forget thy ſaying, or thy *conjecting* words."

Steevens.

[6] Good name, *in man, and woman, dear my lord,*
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls:
Who ſteals my purſe, *ſteals traſh*; &c.] The ſacred writings were here perhaps in our poet's thoughts: "A *good name* is rather to be choſen than great *riches*, and loving favour than *ſilver and gold*." *Proverbs*, ch. xxii. 1. Malone.

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealouſy;
It is the green-ey'd monſter, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on:[7] That cuckold lives in bliſs,

[7] ——— *which doth* mock
The meat it feeds on;] i. e. loaths that which nouriſhes and ſuſtains it. This being a miſerable ſtate, Iago bids him beware of it. The Oxford editor reads:
——— *which doth* make
The meat it feeds on.
Implying that its ſuſpicions are unreal and groundleſs, which is the very contrary to what he would here make his general think, as appears from what follows:
—— *That cuckold lives in bliſs*, &c.
In a word, the villain is for fixing him jealous: and therefore bids him beware of jealouſy, not that it was an *unreaſonable*, but a *miſerable* ſtate; and this plunges him into it, as we ſee by his reply, which is only:
" O miſery!" Warburton.

I have received Hanmer's emendation; becauſe *to mock*, does not ſignify *to loath*; and becauſe, when Iago bids Othello *beware of jealouſy, the green-ey'd monſter*, it is natural to tell why he ſhould beware, and for caution he gives him two reaſons, that jealouſy *often* creates its own cauſe, and that, when the cauſes are real, jealouſy is miſery. Johnson.

In this place, and ſome others, to *mock* ſeems the ſame with to *mammock*. Farmer.

If Shakſpeare had written—*a* green-ey'd monſter, we might have ſuppoſed him to refer to ſome creature exiſting only in his

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;

particular imagination; but *the* green-ey'd monſter ſeems to have reference to an object as familiar to his readers as to himſelf.

It is known that the *tiger* kind have *green-eyes,* and always play with the victim to their hunger, before they devour it. So, in our author's *Tarquin and Lucrece:*

" Like foul night-waking *cat,* he doth but *dally,*
" While in his hold-faſt foot the weak mouſe panteth—."

Thus, a jealous huſband, who diſcovers no certain cauſe why he may be divorced, continues to ſport with the woman whom he ſuſpects, and, on more certain evidence, determines to puniſh. There is no beaſt that can be literally ſaid to *make* its own food, and therefore I am unwilling to receive the emendation of Sir Thomas Hanmer, eſpecially as I flatter myſelf that a glimpſe of meaning may be produced from the old reading.

One of the ancient ſenſes of the verb—to *mock,* is to *amuſe,* to play with. Thus, in *A Diſcourſe of Gentlemen lying in London that were better keep Houſe at Home in their Country,* 1593:

" A fine deuiſe to keepe poore Kate in health,
" A pretty toy to *mock* an ape withal."

i. e. a pretty toy to *divert* an ape, for an ape to *divert* himſelf with. The ſame phraſe occurs in Marſton's *Satires,* the ninth of the third Book being intitled " —Here's a toy to MOCKE an ape," &c. i. e. afford an ape materials for *ſport,* furniſh him with a plaything, though perhaps at his own expence, as the phraſe may in this inſtance be ironically uſed.

In *Antony and Cleopatra,* the conteſted word—*mock,* occurs again:

" ——————— tell him
" He *mocks* the pauſes that he makes."

i. e. he plays wantonly with thoſe intervals of time which he ſhould improve to his own preſervation.

Should ſuch an explanation be admiſſible, the advice given by Iago will amount to this;—*Beware, my lord, of yielding to a paſſion which as yet has no proofs to juſtify its exceſs. Think how the interval between ſuſpicion and certainty muſt be filled. Though you doubt her fidelity, you cannot yet refuſe her your bed, or drive her from your heart; but, like the capricious ſavage, muſt continue to ſport with one whom you wait for an opportunity to deſtroy.*

A ſimilar idea occurs in *All's well that ends well:*

" ——————— ſo luſt doth *play*
" With what it loaths."

Such is the only ſenſe I am able to draw from the original text.

But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,

What I have ſaid, may be liable to ſome objections, but I have nothing better to propoſe. That jealouſy is a *monſter* which often *creates* the ſuſpicions on which it feeds, may be well admitted, according to Sir Thomas Hanmer's propoſition; but is it *the* monſter? (i. e. the well-known and conſpicuous animal) or whence has it *green eyes? Yellow* is the colour which Shakſpeare uſually appropriates to jealouſy. It muſt be acknowledged, that he afterwards characterizes it as—

" ——————— a monſter,
" Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf."

but yet—

" —— What damned minutes tells he o'er," &c.

is the beſt illuſtration of my attempt to explain the paſſage. To produce Sir Thomas Hanmer's meaning, a change in the text is neceſſary. I am counſel for the old reading. STEEVENS.

It is ſo difficult, if not impoſſible, to extract any ſenſe from this paſſage as it ſtands, even by the moſt forced conſtruction of it, and the ſlight amendment propoſed by Hanmer, renders it ſo clear, elegant, and poetical, that I am ſurprized the editors heſitate in adopting it, and ſtill more ſurprized they ſhould reject it. As for Steevens's objection, that the definite article is uſed, not the indefinite, he ſurely need not be told in the very laſt of theſe plays, that Shakſpeare did not regard ſuch minute inaccuracies, which may be found in every play he wrote.

When Steevens compares the jealous man, who continues to ſport with the woman he ſuſpects, and is determined to deſtroy, to the tiger who plays with the victim of his hunger, he forgets that the meat on which jealouſy is ſuppoſed to feed, is not the woman who is the object of it, but the ſeveral circumſtances of ſuſpicion which jealouſy itſelf creates, and which cauſe and nouriſh it. So Emilia, at the end of the third Act in anſwer to Deſdemona, who, ſpeaking of Othello's jealouſy, ſays:

" Alas the day! I never gave him cauſe;"

replies,—

" But jealous fools will not be anſwer'd ſo,
" They are not jealous ever for the cauſe,
" But jealous, for they are jealous; 'tis a monſter
" *Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.*"

This paſſage is a ſtrong confirmation of Hanmer's reading.

The ſame idea occurs in Maſſinger's *Picture*, where Matthias, ſpeaking of the groundleſs jealouſy he entertained of Sophia's poſſible inconſtancy, ſays:

Who dotes, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves![8]

" ——but why ſhould I nouriſh,
" A fury here, and with *imagin'd food*,
" Holding no real ground on which to raiſe
" A building of ſuſpicion ſhe was ever,
" Or can be falſe?"

Imagin'd food, is food created by imagination, the food that jealouſy makes and feeds on. M. Mason.

In order to make way for one alteration, Mr. M. Maſon is forced to foiſt in another; or elſe poor Shakſpeare muſt be arraigned for a blunder of which he is totally guiltleſs. This gentleman's objections both to the text in its preſent ſtate, and to Mr. Steevens's moſt happy illuſtration of it, originate entirely in his own miſconception, and a jumble of figurative with literal expreſſions. To have been conſiſtent with himſelf he ſhould have charged Mr. Steevens with maintaining, that it was the property of a jealous huſband, firſt to *mock* his WIFE, and afterwards to *eat* her.

In Act V. the word *mocks* occurs in a ſenſe ſomewhat ſimilar to that in the paſſage before us:

" *Emil.* O miſtreſs, villainy hath made *mocks* with love!"
Henley.

I think myſelf particularly indebted to Mr. Henley for the ſupport he has given to my ſentiments concerning this difficult paſſage; and ſhall place more confidence in them ſince they have been found to deſerve his approbation. Steevens.

I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that Shakſpeare wrote *make*, and have therefore inſerted it in my text. The words *make* and *mocke* (for ſuch was the old ſpelling) are often confounded in theſe plays, and I have aſſigned the reaſon in a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Vol. VI. p. 219, n. 2.

Mr. Steevens in his paraphraſe on this paſſage interprets the word *mock* by *ſport*; but in what poet or proſe-writer, from Chaucer and Mandeville to this day, does the verb *to mock* ſignify to *ſport with?* In the paſſage from *Antony and Cleopatra*, I have proved, I think, inconteſtably, from the metre, and from our poet's uſage of this verb in other places, (in which it is followed by a perſonal pronoun,) that Shakſpeare muſt have written—

" Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him, he mocks *us by*
" The pauſes that he makes."

See Vol. XVII. p. 257, n. 5.

Beſides; is it true as a general poſition, that jealouſy (*as* jealouſy) *ſports* or *plays with* the object of love (allowing this not very

Oth. O miſery!

delicate interpretation of the words, *the meat it feeds on,* to be the true one)? The poſition certainly is not true. It is *Love,* not *Jealouſy,* that ſports with the object of its paſſion; nor can thoſe circumſtances which create ſuſpicion, and which are *the meat it feeds on,* with any propriety be called the *food* of LOVE, when the poet has clearly pointed them out as the food or cauſe of JEALOUSY; giving it not only being, but nutriment.

"There is no beaſt," it is urged, "that can *literally* be ſaid to make its own food" It is indeed acknowledged, that jealouſy is *a* monſter which often *creates* the ſuſpicions on which it feeds, but is it, we are aſked, "*the* monſter? (i. e. *a well-known and conſpicuous animal*;) and whence has it *green eyes? Yellow* is the colour which Shakſpeare appropriates to jealouſy."

To this I anſwer, that *yellow* is not the only colour which Shakſpeare *appropriates* to jealouſy, for we have in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"——ſhuddering fear, and *green-ey'd jealouſy.*"

and I ſuppoſe, it will not be contended that he was *there* thinking of any of the tiger kind.

If our poet had written only—"It is *the* green-ey'd monſter; beware of it;" the other objection would hold good, and ſome particular monſter, κατ' εξοχην, muſt have been meant; but the words, "It is *the* green-ey'd monſter, *which* doth," &c. in my apprehenſion have preciſely the ſame meaning, as if the poet had written, "It is *that* green-ey'd monſter, which," &c. or, "it is *a* green-ey'd monſter." He is *the* man in the world *whom* I would leaſt wiſh to meet,—is the common phraſeology of the preſent day.

When Othello ſays to Iago in a former paſſage, "By heaven, he echoes me, as if there were ſome *monſter* in his thought," does any one imagine that any *animal* whatever was meant?

The paſſage in a ſubſequent ſcene, to which Mr. Steevens has alluded, ſtrongly ſupports the emendation which has been made:

"——*jealouſy* will not be anſwer'd ſo;
"They are not ever jealous for the cauſe,
"But jealous, for they are jealous; 'tis a *monſter,*
"*Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.*"

It is, *ſtrictly* ſpeaking, as falſe that any monſter can be *begot,* or *born,* on itſelf, as it is, that any monſter (whatever may be the colour of its eyes, whether green or yellow,) can *make* its own food; but, poetically, both are equally true of that monſter, JEALOUSY. Mr. Steevens ſeems to have been aware of

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;[9]
But riches, fineleſs,[1] is as poor as winter,[2]

this, and therefore has added the word *literally*: "No monſter can be *literally* ſaid to make its own food."

It ſhould always be remembered, that Shakſpeare's alluſions ſcarcely ever anſwer preciſely on both ſides; nor had he ever any care upon this ſubject. Though he has introduced the word *monſter*,—when he talked of its *making its own food*, and being *begot by itſelf*, he was ſtill thinking of jealouſy *only*, careleſs whether there was any animal in the world that would correſpond with this deſcription.

That the words, *the meat it feeds on*, is meant, not *Deſdemona* herſelf, as has been maintained, but *palulum zelotypiæ*, may be likewiſe inferred from a preceding paſſage in which a kindred imagery is found:

"That *policy* may either laſt ſo long,
"Or *feed* upon ſuch nice and wateriſh *diet*," &c.

And this obvious interpretation is ſtill more ſtrongly confirmed by Daniel's *Roſamond*, 1592, a poem which Shakſpeare had diligently read, and has more than once imitated in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O *Jealouſy*———
"*Feeding* upon *ſuſpect* that doth *renew* thee,
"Happy were lovers, if they never knew thee."

In this and the few other places in which I have ventured to depart from the ancient copies, I have thought it my duty to ſtate in the fulleſt and cleareſt manner the grounds on which the emendation ſtands: which in ſome caſes I have found not eaſily accompliſhed, without running into greater prolixity than would otherwiſe be juſtifiable. Malone.

[8] ——*ſtrongly* loves!] Thus the quarto; the folio—*ſoundly* loves. Steevens.

[9] Poor, *and* content, *is* rich, *and rich enough*;] So, in *Doraſtus and Fawnia*, (the novel on which *The Winter's Tale* is formed,) 1592: "We are rich, in that we are poor with content." Malone.

The ſame ſentiment, which is ſufficiently common, is amplified by Dryden in his *Indian Emperor*:

"We to ourſelves will all our wiſhes grant;
"For nothing coveting, we nothing want." Steevens.

[1] *But riches, fineleſs,*] Unbounded, endleſs, unnumbered treaſures. Johnson.

To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor :—
Good heaven, the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?
Think'ſt thou, I'd make a life of jealouſy,
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions ? No : to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be reſolv'd : Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exſufflicate and blown ſurmiſes,[3]
Matching thy inference.[4] 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well ;

[2] —— *as poor as* winter,] Finely expreſſed : *winter* producing no fruits. Warburton.

[3] *To ſuch* exſufflicate *and blown ſurmiſes,*] [Sir Thomas Hanmer—*exſuffolate.*] This odd and far-fetched word was made yet more uncouth in all the editions before Sir Thomas Hanmer's, by being printed—*exſufflicate.* The alluſion is to a bubble. Do not think, ſays the Moor, that I ſhall change the noble deſigns that now employ my thoughts, to ſuſpicions which, like bubbles *blown* into a wide extent, have only an empty ſhow without ſolidity ; or that, in conſequence of ſuch empty fears, I will cloſe with thy inference againſt the virtue of my wife. Johnson.

Whether our poet had any authority for the word *exſufflicate,* which I think is uſed in the ſenſe of *ſwollen,* and appears to have been formed from *ſufflatus,* I am unable to aſcertain : but I have not thought it ſafe to ſubſtitute for it another word equally unauthoriſed. *Suffolare* in Italian ſignifies to *whiſtle.* How then can Dr. Johnſon's interpretation of *exſuffolate* be ſupported ? The introducer of this word explains it, by "whiſpered, buzz'd in the ears." Malone.

[4] ——— *blown ſurmiſes,*
Matching thy inference.] That is,—ſuch as you have mentioned in deſcribing the torments of jealouſy. The part of Iago's ſpeech particularly alluded to, is that where he ſays :

"But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
"Who dotes, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!"

M. Mason.

Where virtue is, theſe are more virtuous:[5]
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me: No, Iago;
I'll ſee, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealouſy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhow the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; obſerve her well with Caſſio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor ſecure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of ſelf-bounty, be abus'd;[6] look to't:
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In Venice[7] they do let heaven ſee the pranks

[5] *Where virtue is, theſe are* more *virtuous*:] An action in itſelf indifferent, grows *virtuous* by its end and application. JOHNSON.

I know not why the modern editors, in oppoſition to the firſt quarto and folio, read *moſt* inſtead of *more*.

A paſſage in *All's well that ends well*, is perhaps the beſt comment on the ſentiment of Othello: "I have thoſe good hopes of her, education promiſes: his diſpoſition ſhe inherits: which *makes fair gifts fairer*." *Gratior e pulchro veniens et corpore virtus.* STEEVENS.

Moſt is the reading of the ſecond folio. RITSON.

[6] *Out of* ſelf-bounty *be abus'd*;] *Self-bounty* for inherent generoſity. WARBURTON.

[7] —— *our country diſpoſition* ——
In Venice—] Here Iago ſeems to be a Venetian. JOHNSON.

There is nothing in any other part of the play, properly underſtood, to imply otherwiſe. HENLEY.

Various other paſſages, as well as the preſent, prove him to

They dare not ſhow their huſbands; their beſt conſcience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.[8]

Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when ſhe ſeem'd[9] to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, ſo young, could give out ſuch a ſeeming,
To ſeel her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak,[1]—

have been a Venetian, nor is there any ground for doubting the poet's intention on this head. See p. 358, n. 1. Malone.

[8] *Is—not to* leave *undone, but* keep *unknown.*] The folio perhaps more clearly reads:

Is not to leav't undone, but keep't unknown. Steevens.

The folio, by evident error of the preſs, reads—*kept* unknown. Malone.

[9] *And, when ſhe ſeem'd*—] This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impreſſed on every reader. Deceit and falſehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promiſe or produce, are in the ſum of life, obſtacles to happineſs. Thoſe, who profit by the cheat, diſtruſt the deceiver, and the act by which kindneſs is ſought, puts an end to confidence.

The ſame objection may be made with a lower degree of ſtrength againſt the imprudent generoſity of diſproportionate marriages. When the firſt heat of paſſion is over, it is eaſily ſucceeded by ſuſpicion, that the ſame violence of inclination, which cauſed one irregularity, may ſtimulate to another; and thoſe who have ſhewn, that their paſſions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very ſlight appearances againſt them, be cenſured, as not very likely to reſtrain them by their virtue. Johnson.

[1] *To* ſeel *her father's eyes up, cloſe as* oak,] The *oak* is (I believe) the moſt *cloſe-grained* wood of general uſe in England. *Cloſe as oak*, means, *cloſe as the grain of oak.*

To *ſeel* is an expreſſion from falconry. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Catiline:*

He thought, 'twas witchcraft :—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I ſee, this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Truſt me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will conſider, what is ſpoke
Comes from my love;—But, I do ſee you are mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues,[2] nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do ſo, my lord,
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs[3]

" ———— would have kept
" Both eyes and beak *feel'd* up, for ſix ſeſterces."
STEEVENS.

To *feel* a hawk is to ſew up his eye-lids. See Vol. XVII. p. 281, n. 3.

In *The Winter's Tale*, Paulina ſays:
" The root of his opinion, which is rotten
" As ever *oak*, or ſtone, was *ſound*." MALONE.

[2] *To groſſer* iſſues,] *Iſſues*, for concluſions. WARBURTON.

[3] *My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vile* ſucceſs—] *Succeſs*, for ſucceſſion, i. e. concluſion; not proſperous iſſue.
WARBURTON.

I rather think there is a depravation, and would read:
My ſpeech will fall into ſuch vile exceſs.
If *ſucceſs* be the right word, it ſeems to mean *conſequence* or *event*, as *ſucceſſo* is uſed in Italian. JOHNSON.

I think *ſucceſs* may, in this inſtance, bear its common interpretation. What Iago means ſeems to be this: " Should you do ſo, my lord, my words would be attended by ſuch an infa-

As my thoughts aim not at. Caſſio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I ſee you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think but Deſdemona's honeſt.

Iago. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itſelf,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many propoſed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we ſee, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank,[4]
Foul diſproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not, in poſition,
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (hapily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

mous degree of ſucceſs, as my thoughts do not even aim at." Iago, who counterfeits the feelings of virtue, might have ſaid *fall into ſucceſs*, and *vile ſucceſs*, becauſe he would appear to Othello, to wiſh that the enquiry into Deſdemona's guilt might prove fruitleſs and unſucceſsful. See *Hamlet*, Vol. XVIII. p. 115. Steevens.

The following paſſages will perhaps be conſidered as proofs of Dr. Johnſon's explanation:

"Then the poor deſolate women, fearing leaſt their caſe would ſorte to ſome pitifull *ſucceſſe*." *Palace of Pleaſure*, bl. l.

"God forbyd all hys hope ſhould turne to ſuch *ſucceſſe*." *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578. Henderson.

[4] —— *a* will *moſt rank*,] *Will*, is for wilfulneſs. It is ſo uſed by Aſcham. A *rank will*, is *ſelf-will* overgrown and exuberant. Johnson.

If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to obſerve: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
To ſcan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Caſſio have his place,
(For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him and his means:[5]
Note, if your lady ſtrain his entertainment[6]
With any ſtrong or vehement opportunity;
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſy in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have, to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.[7]

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned ſpirit,[8]

[5] *You ſhall by that perceive him and his* means:] You ſhall diſcover whether he thinks his beſt *means,* his moſt powerful *intereſt,* is by the ſolicitation of your lady. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*ſtrain his* entertainment—] Preſs hard his re-admiſſion to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admiſſion of ſoldiers. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus:* " —the centurions, and their charges, diſtinctly billeted, and already in the *entertainment.*"
STEEVENS.

[7] *Fear not my government.*] Do not diſtruſt my ability to contain my paſſion. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *with a* learned *ſpirit,*] *Learned,* for experienced.
WARBURTON.

Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,[9]
Though that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,[1]
I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.[2] Haply, for I am black;

The conſtruction is, He knows with a learned ſpirit all qualities of human dealings. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*If I do prove her* haggard,] A *haggard* hawk, is a *wild hawk*, a *hawk unreclaimed*, or *irreclaimable*. JOHNSON.

A *haggard* is a particular ſpecies of hawk. It is *difficult to be reclaimed*, but not *irreclaimable*.

From a paſſage in *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, 1612, it appears that *haggard* was a term of reproach ſometimes applied to a wanton: "Is this your perch, you *haggard?* fly to the ſtews."

Turbervile ſays, that "*haggart* falcons are the moſt excellent birds of all other falcons." Latham gives to the *haggart* only the ſecond place in the *valued file*. In *Holland's Leaguer*, a comedy, by Shakerly Marmyon, 1633, is the following illuſtrative paſſage:

"Before theſe courtiers lick their lips at her,
"I'll truſt a wanton *haggard* in the wind."

Again:

"For ſhe is tickliſh as any *haggard*,
"And quickly loſt."

Again, in *Two Wiſe Men, and all the reſt Fools*, 1619: "—the admirable conqueſt the faulconer maketh in a hawk's nature; bringing *the wild haggard, having all the earth and ſeas to ſcour over uncontroulably*, to attend and obey," &c. *Haggard*, however, had a popular ſenſe, and was uſed for *wild* by thoſe who thought not on the language of falconers. STEEVENS.

[1] *Though that her* jeſſes *were my dear heart-ſtrings,*] *Jeſſes* are ſhort ſtraps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which ſhe is held on the fiſt. HANMER.

In Heywood's comedy, called, *A Woman killed with Kindneſs*, 1617, a number of theſe terms relative to hawking occur together:

"Now ſhe hath ſeiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her;
"Rebeck her not; rather ſtand ſtill and check her.
"So: ſeize her gets, her *jeſſes*, and her bells."

STEEVENS.

[2] *I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind,*
To prey at fortune.] The falconers always let fly the hawk

And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation [3]
That chamberers [4] have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—

againſt the wind; if ſhe flies with the wind behind her, ſhe ſeldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reaſon to be diſmiſſed, ſhe was *let down the wind*, and from that time ſhifted for herſelf, and *preyed at fortune*. This was told me by the late Mr. Clark. JOHNSON.

This paſſage may poſſibly receive illuſtration from a ſimilar one in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 2, ſect. i. mem. 3: "As a long-winged hawke, when he is firſt *whiſtled off the fiſt*, mounts aloft, and for his pleaſure fetcheth many a circuit in the ayre, ſtill ſoaring higher and higher, till he comes to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game is ſprung, comes down amaine, and *ſtoupes* upon a ſudden." PERCY.

Again, in *The Spaniſh Gipſie*, 1653, by Middleton and Rowley:

"————That young *lannerd*,
"Whom you have ſuch a mind to; if you can *whiſtle her*
"To come to *fiſt*, make trial, play the young *falconer*."

A *lannerd* is a ſpecies of a hawk.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:

"————he that baſely
"*Whiſtled* his honour *off to the wind*," &c.

STEEVENS.

[3] ——parts *of converſation*—] *Parts* ſeems here to be ſynonymous with *arts*, as in *'Tis Pity ſhe's a Whore*, Act II. ſpeaking of ſinging and muſick:

"They are *parts* I love." REED.

[4] ——*chamberers*—] i. e. men of intrigue. So, in the Counteſs of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590:

"Fal'n from a ſouldier to a *chamberer*."

Again, in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Roſe*, ver. 4935:

"Only through youth the *chamberere*."

Thus, in the French *Poem*:

"Par la jeuneſſe la *chambriere*." STEEVENS.

The ſenſe of *chamberers* may be aſcertained from *Rom.* xiii. 13, where μη ΚΟΙΤΑΙΣ is rendered, in the common verſion, "*not in* CHAMBERING." HENLEY.

Chambering and *wantonneſs* are mentioned together in the ſacred writings. MALONE.

She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Muſt be—to loath her. O curſe of marriage,
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uſes. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe;[5]
'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death;[6]
Even then this forked plague[7] is fated to us,

[5] *Prerogativ'd are they* leſs *than the baſe*;] In aſſerting that the baſe have more prerogative in this reſpect than the great, that is, that the baſe or poor are leſs likely to endure this forked plague, our poet has maintained a doctrine contrary to that laid down in *As you like it*:—"Horns? even ſo.—*Poor men* alone? No, no; the *nobleſt* deer has them as huge as the *raſcal*." Here we find all mankind are placed on a level in this reſpect, and that it is "deſtiny unſhunnable, like death."

Shakſpeare would have been more conſiſtent, if he had written—
Prerogativ'd are they more *than the baſe?*
Othello would then have anſwered his own queſtion: [*No*;] 'Tis deſtiny, &c. MALONE.

Allowance muſt be made to the preſent ſtate of Othello's mind: paſſion is ſeldom correct in its effuſions. STEEVENS.

[6] *'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death*;] To be conſiſtent, Othello muſt mean, that it is deſtiny unſhunnable by *great ones*, not by all mankind. MALONE.

[7] ——*forked plague*—] In alluſion to a *barbed* or *forked* arrow, which, once infixed, cannot be extracted. JOHNSON.

Or rather, the *forked plague* is the cuckold's horns. PERCY.

Dr. Johnſon *may* be right. I meet with the ſame thought in Middleton's comedy of *A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608:

"While the broad arrow, with the *forked head*,
"Miſſes his brows but narrowly."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"——though the *fork* invade
"The region of my heart." STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that Dr. Percy's interpretation is the true one. Let our poet ſpeak for himſelf. "Quoth ſhe," ſays Pandarus,

When we do quicken. Deſdemona comes:[8]

Enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

If ſhe be falſe, O, then heaven mocks itſelf![9]—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous iſlanders[1]

in *Troilus and Creſſida,* " which of theſe hairs is Paris, my huſband? The *forked* one," quoth he; " pluck it out, and give it him." Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" —— o'er head and ears a *fork'd* one."

So, in Tarleton's *News out of Purgatorie:* " — but the old ſquire, knight of *the forked order,*—."

One of Sir John Harrington's Epigrams, in which our poet's very expreſſion is found, puts the matter beyond a doubt:

" Actæon guiltleſs unawares eſpying
" Naked Diana bathing in her bowre,
" Was plagu'd with *hornes*; his dogs did him devoure;
" Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,
" With ſome ſuch *forked plague* you be not ſmitten,
" And in your foreheads ſee your faults be written."

MALONE.

[8] —— *Deſdemona comes:*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads —*Look where ſhe* comes. STEEVENS.

[9] *If ſhe be falſe, O, then heaven mocks itſelf!*] i. e. renders its own labours fruitleſs, by forming ſo beautiful a creature as Deſdemona, and ſuffering the elegance of her perſon to be diſgraced and ſullied by the impurity of her mind.—Such, I think, is the meaning.—The conſtruction, however, may be different. If ſhe be falſe, O, then even *heaven itſelf* cheats us with " unreal mockeries," with falſe and ſpecious appearances, intended only to deceive. MALONE.

The firſt of the foregoing explanations, is, I believe, the true one.—*If ſhe be falſe, heaven diſgraces itſelf by creating woman after its own image. To have made the reſemblance perfect, ſhe ſhould have been good as well as beautiful.* STEEVENS.

[1] —— *the* generous *iſlanders* —] Are the iſlanders of *rank, diſtinction.* So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" The *generous* and graveſt citizens
" Have hent the gates."

By you invited, do attend your preſence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your ſpeech ſo faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;[2]
[*He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very ſorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt* Oth. *and* Des.

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward huſband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it: but ſhe ſo loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe would ever keep it,)
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,

Generous has here the power of *generoſus*, Lat. This explanation, however, may be too particular. Steevens.

[2] *Your* napkin *&c.*] Ray ſays, that a pocket handkerchief is ſo called about Sheffield in Yorkſhire. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: "I can wet one of my new lockeram *napkins* with weeping."

Napery ſignifies *linen in general*. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635: "—prythee put me into wholeſome *napery*." Again, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611: "Beſides your munition of manchet, *napery*, plates," &c. Again, in *Hide Park*, by Shirley, 1637: "A gentleman that loves clean *napery*." *Naperia*, Ital. Steevens.

In the North of England, and in Scotland, this term for a handkerchief is ſtill uſed. The word has already often occurred. See Vol. X. p. 121, n. 6; and Vol. XVI. p. 356, n. 8. Malone.

To kiſs, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,[3]
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſy.[4]

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a fooliſh wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now

[3] —— *I'll have the work* ta'en out,] That is, copied. Her firſt thoughts are, to have a copy made of it for her huſband, and reſtore the original to Deſdemona. But the ſudden coming in of Iago, in a ſurly humour, makes her alter her reſolution, to pleaſe him. The ſame phraſe afterwards occurs between Caſſio and Bianca, in ſcene iv. BLACKSTONE.

This ſcheme of getting the work of this valued handkerchief copied, and reſtoring the original to Deſdemona, was, I ſuppoſe, introduced by the poet, to render Emilia leſs unamiable.

It is remarkable, that when ſhe perceives Othello's fury on the loſs of this token, though ſhe is repreſented as affectionate to her miſtreſs, ſhe never attempts to relieve her from her diſtreſs; which ſhe might eaſily have done by demanding the handkerchief from her huſband, or divulging the ſtory, if he refuſed to reſtore it.—But this would not have ſerved the plot.

Shakſpeare fell into this incongruity by departing from Cinthio's novel; for there, while the artleſs Deſdemona is careſſing the child of Othello's ancient, (the Iago of our play,) the villain ſteals the handkerchief which hung at her girdle, without the knowledge of his wife. MALONE.

[4] *I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſy.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads:

I nothing know but for *his fantaſy*. STEEVENS.

For that ſame handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief

Emil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor firſt gave to Deſdemona;
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.

Iago. Haſt ſtolen it from her?

Emil. No, faith; ſhe let it drop by negligence;
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.[5]
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been ſo earneſt
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*

Emil. If it be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! ſhe'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't;[6] I have uſe for it.

[5] ——*to the advantage,* &c.] I being *opportunely* here, took it up. Johnson.

So, Marlowe's *King Edward II:*

"And there ſtay time's *advantage* with your ſon."

Reed.

[6] *Be not you* known of't;] i. e. ſeem as if you knew nothing of the matter. The folio reads—Be not *acknown on't*; meaning, perhaps,—"do not acknowledge any thing of the matter."

This word occurs alſo in the ſeventh Book of Golding's tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis:*

"Howbeit I durſt not be ſo bolde of hope *acknowne* to be."

Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie,* 1589, p. 212: "—ſo would I not have a tranſlatour be aſhamed to be *acknowen* of his tranſlation." Steevens.

Again, in *The Life of Arioſto,* ſubjoined to Sir John Harring-

Go, leave me. [*Exit* EMILIA.
I will in Caſſio's lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moor already changes with my poiſon:[7]—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poiſons,
Which, at the firſt, are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of ſulphur.—I did ſay ſo:[8]—

ton's tranſlation of *Orlando*, p. 418, edit. 1607: "Some ſay, he was married to her privilie, but durſt not be *acknowne* of it.
PORSON.

Be not you known of t;] Thus the quarto, except that it has *on't*, the vulgar corruption in ſpeaking and writing, of *of't* or *of it*; as is proved by various paſſages in theſe plays as exhibited in the folio and quarto, where in one copy we find the corrupt and in the other the genuine words: and both having the ſame meaning.

The participial adjective, found in the folio, is uſed by Thomas Kyd, in his *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594:

"Our friends' misfortune doth increaſe our own.
"*Cic.* But ours of others will not be *acknown*."
MALONE.

[7] *The Moor already* &c.] Thus the folio. The line is not in the original copy, 1622. MALONE.

[8] —— *I did ſay ſo:*] As this paſſage is ſuppoſed to be obſcure, I ſhall attempt an explanation of it.

Iago firſt ruminates on the qualities of the paſſion which he is labouring to excite; and then proceeds to comment on its effects. *Jealouſy* (ſays he) *with the ſmalleſt operation on the blood, flames out with all the violence of ſulphur*, &c.

"—— I did ſay ſo;
"Look where he comes!"——

i. e. I knew that the leaſt touch of ſuch a paſſion would not permit the Moor to enjoy a moment of repoſe:—I have juſt ſaid that jealouſy is a reſtleſs commotion of the mind; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and juſtice of my obſervation. STEEVENS.

As Mr. Steevens has by his interpretation elicited ſome meaning (though I ſtill think an obſcure one) out of this difficult he-

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandra-
gora,[9]
Nor all the drowſy ſyrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep
Which thou ow'dſt yeſterday.[1]

Oth. Ha! ha! falſe to me?
To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou haſt ſet me on the
rack:—
I ſwear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What ſenſe had I of her ſtolen hours of
luſt?[2]

miſtich, I readily retract an amendment I had formerly propoſed, being of opinion that ſuch bold and licentious conjectures can never be warranted, unleſs where the ſenſe is quite deſperate. BLACKSTONE.

[9] ——*nor* mandragora,] The *mandragoras* or *mandrake* has a ſoporifick quality, and the ancients uſed it when they wanted an opiate of the moſt powerful kind.

So *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. ſc. vi:

" —— give me to drink *mandragora*,
" That I may ſleep out this great gap of time
" My Antony is away." STEEVENS.

See Vol. XVII. p. 51, n. 9. MALONE.

[1] *Which thou* ow'dſt *yeſterday*,] To *owe* is, in our author, oftener to *poſſeſs*, than *to be indebted*, and ſuch is its meaning here. JOHNSON.

See Vol. X. p. 386, n. 8. MALONE

[2] *What ſenſe had I* &c.] A ſimilar paſſage to this and what follows it, is found in an *unpubliſhed* tragi-comedy by Thomas Middleton, called *The Witch:*

I ſaw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I ſlept the next night well, was free and merry;[3]
I found not Caſſio's kiſſes on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

" I feele no eaſe; the burthen's not yet off,
" So long as the abuſe ſticks in my knowledge.
" Oh, 'tis a paine of hell to know one's ſhame!
" Had it byn hid and don, it had been don happy,
" For he that's ignorant lives long and merry."

Again:

" Had'ſt thou byn ſecret, then had I byn happy,
" And had a hope (like man) of joies to come.
" Now here I ſtand a ſtayne to my creation;
" And, which is heavier than all torments to me,
" The underſtanding of this baſe adultery," &c.

This is uttered by a jealous huſband who ſuppoſes himſelf to have juſt deſtroyed his wife.

Again, Iago ſays:

" Dangerous conceits, &c.
" —— with a little act upon the blood,
" Burn like the mines of ſulphur."

Thus Sebaſtian, in Middleton's play:

" When a ſuſpect doth catch once, it burnes maynely."

A ſcene between Franciſca and her brother Antonio, when ſhe firſt excites his jealouſy, has likewiſe ſeveral circumſtances in common with the dialogue which paſſes between Iago and Othello on the ſame ſubject.

This piece alſo contains a paſſage very ſtrongly reſembling another in *Hamlet*, who ſays: " I am but mad north-north-weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly, I know a hawk from a hand-ſaw." —Thus, Almachildes: " There is ſome difference betwixt my joviall condition and the lunary ſtate of madnes. I am not quight out of my witts: I know a bawd from an aqua-vitæ ſhop, a ſtrumpet from wild-fire, and a beadle from brimſtone."

For a further account of this MS. play, ſee in Vol. II. a note on Mr. Malone's *Attempt to aſcertain the Order in which the Pieces of Shakſpeare were written*:—Article, *Macbeth*.

STEEVENS.

[3] *I ſlept the next night well, was free and merry*;] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—

" I ſlept the next night well; *fed well*; was free and merry." STEEVENS.

Iago. I am ſorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all,[4] had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing ſteed,[5] and the ſhrill trump,

[4] ——*if the general camp,*
Pioneers *and all,*] That is, the moſt abject and vileſt of the camp. Pioneers were generally degraded ſoldiers, appointed to the office of pioneer, as a puniſhment for miſbehaviour.

"A ſoldier ought ever to retaine and keepe his arms in ſaftie and forth comming, for he is more to be deteſted than a coward, that will loſe or play away any part thereof, or refuſe it for his eaſe, or to avoid paines; wherefore ſuch a one is to be diſmiſſed with puniſhment, or to be made ſome *abject pioner.*" *The Art of War and England Traynings,* &c. by Edward Davies, Gent. 1619.

So, in *The Laws and Ordinances of War,* eſtabliſhed by the Earl of Eſſex, printed in 1640: "If a trooper ſhall looſe his horſe or hackney, or a footman any part of his arms, by negligence or lewdneſſe, by dice or cardes; he or they ſhall remain, in qualitie of *pioners,* or ſcavengers, till they be furniſhed with as good as were loſt, at their own charge." Grose.

[5] *Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,——*
Farewell the neighing ſteed, &c.] In a very ancient drama entitled *Common Conditions,* printed about 1576, Sedmond, who has loſt his ſiſter in a wood, thus expreſſes his grief:

"But farewell now, my courſers brave, attraped to the ground!
"Farewell! adue all pleaſures eke, with comely hauke and hounde!
"Farewell, ye nobles all, farewell eche marſial knight,
"Farewell, ye famous ladies all, in whom I did delight!
"Adue, my native ſoile, adue, Arbaccus kyng,
"Adue, eche wight, and marſial knight, adue, eche living thyng!"

One is almoſt tempted to think that Shakſpeare had read this old play. Malone.

I know not why we ſhould ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare borrowed

The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,[6]

ſo common a repetition as theſe diverſified *farewells* from any preceding drama. A ſtring of *adieus* is perhaps the moſt tempting of all repetitions, becauſe it ſerves to introduce a train of imagery, and as well as to ſolemnify a ſpeech or compoſition. Wolſey, like Othello, indulges himſelf in many *farewells*; and the

" *Valete*, aprica montium cacumina!
" *Valete*, opaca vallium cubilia!" &c.

are common to poets of different ages and countries. I have now before me an ancient MS. Engliſh Poem, in which ſixteen ſucceeding verſes begin with the word *farewell*, applied to a variety of objects and circumſtances:

" *Farewell* proweſſe in purpell pall" &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,*] In mentioning the *fife* joined with the *drum*, Shakſpeare as uſual, paints from the life; thoſe inſtruments accompanying each other being uſed in his age by the Engliſh ſoldiery. The fife, however, as a martial inſtrument, was afterwards entirely diſcontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the laſt. It is commonly ſuppoſed that our ſoldiers borrowed it from the Highlanders in the laſt rebellion: but I do not know that the *fife* is peculiar to the Scotch, or even uſed at all by them. It was firſt uſed within the memory of man among our troops by the Britiſh guards, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maeſtricht, in the year 1747, and thence ſoon adopted into other Engliſh regiments of infantry. They took it from the Allies with whom they ſerved. This inſtrument, accompanying the drum, is of conſiderable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. In a curious picture in the Aſhmolean Muſeum at Oxford, painted 1525, repreſenting the ſiege of Pavia by the French King where the Emperor was taken priſoner, we ſee *fifes* and *drums*. In an old Engliſh treatiſe written by William Garrard before 1587, and publiſhed by one Captain Hitchcock in 1591, intituled *The Art of Warre*, there are ſeveral wood cuts of military evolutions, in which theſe inſtruments are both introduced. In Rymer's *Fœdera*, in a diary of King Henry's ſiege of Bulloigne, 1544, mention is made of the *drommes* and *viffleurs* marching at the head of the King's army. Tom. XV. p. 53.

The *drum* and *fife* were alſo much uſed at ancient feſtivals, ſhows, and proceſſions. Gerard Leigh, in his *Accidence of Armorie*, printed in 1576, deſcribing a Chriſtmas magnificently celebrated at the Inner Temple, ſays, " We entered the prince his hall, where anon we heard the noyſe of *drum* and *fife*."

The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war![7]

p. 119. At a ſtately maſque on Shrove-Sunday, 1510, in which King Henry VIII. was an actor, Holinſhed mentions the entry "of a *drum* and *fife* apparelled in white damaſke and grene bonnettes." *Chron.* III. 805, col. 2. There are many more inſtances in Holinſhed and Stowe's *Survey of London.*

From the old French word *viffleur*, above-cited, came the Engliſh word *whiffler*, which anciently was uſed in its proper *literal* ſenſe. Strype, ſpeaking of a grand tilting before the court in Queen Mary's reign, 1554, ſays, from an old journal, that King Philip and the challengers entered the liſts, preceded by "their *whifflers*, their footmen, and their armourers." Eccles. Memor. III p. 211. This explains the uſe of the word in Shakſpeare, where it is alſo literally applied. *King Henry V.* Act IV. ſc. ult:

"——behold the Britiſh beach
"Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
"Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd ſea,
"Which, like a *mighty whiffler* 'fore the king,
"Seems to prepare his way."

By degrees, the word *whiffler* hence acquired the metaphorical meaning, which it at preſent obtains in common ſpeech, and became an appellation of contempt. *Whiffler*, a light trivial character, *a fellow hired to pipe at proceſſions.* T. Warton.

In the old dramatick piece, intitled, *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, 2d edit. 1630, *Tobacco* ſays to *Beer:*

"——it will become your duty to obey me."

To which *Wine* replies:

"You our ſovereign! a mere *whiffler!*"

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"——he was known
"But only for a ſwaggering *whiffler.*" Steevens.

[7] *Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!*] Sir W. D'Avenant does not appear to have been ſcrupulous of adopting almoſt Shakſpeare's own words. So, in *Albovine*, 1629:

"Then *glorious war*, and all *proud circumſtance*
"That gives a ſoldier noiſe, *for evermore farewell.*"
Steevens.

Fletcher has parodied this paſſage of *Othello*, in his *Propheteſs*, which was firſt repreſented in May, 1622:

"——and to keep
"My faith untainted, *farewel pride, and pomp,*
"*And circumſtance of glorious* majeſty,
"Farewel, for ever!" Malone.

And O you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats[8]
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it poſſible?—My lord,——

Oth. Villain, be ſure thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*Taking him by the Throat.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal ſoul,[9]
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,[1]
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee it; or (at the leaſt) ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,——

Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorſe;[2]
On horror's head horrors accumulate:

[8] ——*whoſe rude throats*—] So, Milton, *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. VI:

"From thoſe *deep-throated* engines," &c.

The quarto, 1622, reads—whoſe *wide* throats. Steevens.

[9] —— mine *eternal ſoul*,] Perhaps the quarto, 1622, more forcibly reads—

—— man's *eternal ſoul*,——.

Shakſpeare might have deſigned an oppoſition between *man* and *dog*. Steevens.

[1] Thou hadſt been *better have been born a dog*,] Thus, in Chapman's tranſlation of the ſixth *Iliad*:

"——that *had been better born*
"*A dog*, than ſuch a horrid dame." Steevens.

[2] —— *abandon all* remorſe;] All tenderneſs of nature, all pity; in which ſenſe, as Mr. Steevens has juſtly obſerved, the word was frequently uſed in Shakſpeare's time. See p. 409, n. 1. The next line ſhows it is uſed in this ſenſe here. Malone.

Do deeds to make heaven weep,[3] all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul, or ſenſe?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt[4] to make thine honeſty a vice!—
O monſtrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, ſince[5] love breeds ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay, ſtay:—Thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt.

Iago. I ſhould be wiſe; for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes that it works for.

Oth. By the world,[6]
I think my wife be honeſt, and think ſhe is not;
I think that thou art juſt, and think thou art not;
I'll have ſome proof: Her name,[7] that was as freſh

[3] *Do deeds to make heaven weep,*] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heaven
"*As make the angels weep.*" Steevens.

[4] *That* liv'ſt—] Thus the quarto. The folio—that *lov'ſt*—. Steevens.

[5] ——*ſince*—] Thus the quarto. The folio,—*ſith*, an antiquated word, with the ſame meaning. It occurs again in p. 404, l. 2. Steevens.

[6] *By the world,* &c.] This ſpeech is not in the firſt edition. Pope.

[7] —— Her *name,* &c.] The folio, where alone this ſpeech is found—*My* name. Mr. Pope and all the ſubſequent editors read —*Her* name: but this, like a thouſand other changes introduced by the ſame editor, was made without either authority or neceſſity. Shakſpeare undoubtedly might have written—*Her* name; but the word which the old copy furniſhes, affords alſo good ſenſe. Othello's name or reputation, according to the uſual unjuſt determination of the world, would be ſullied by the infidelity of his

As Dian's viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'll not endure it.[8]—Would, I were ſatisfied!

Iago. I ſee, ſir, you are eaten up with paſſion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may: But, how? how ſatisfied, my lord?
Would you, the ſupervisor, groſsly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?[9]

wife. Beſides, how could either tranſcriber or printer have ſubſtituted *My* for *Her?* Malone.

I have adopted Mr. Pope's emendation, which, in my judgment, is abſolutely neceſſary.

Othello would ſcarce have ſaid—"*My* name," and immediately after—"*mine own* face." The words—"*mine own*," very plainly point out that an oppoſition was deſigned between the once unſullied reputation of Deſdemona, and the blackneſs of his own countenance. The ſame thought occurs in *Titus Andronicus:*

"——your ſwart Cimmerian
"Doth make *your* honour of *his* body's hue."

I may add—Would a *man* have compared his own reputation to the face of a *goddeſs?*

The query with which Mr. Malone's note concludes, is eaſily anſwered. In three late proof ſheets of this work, a couple of the moſt accurate compoſitors in general, had ſubſtituted *palace, leſs,* and *catch,* inſtead of *tragedy, more,* and *enſnare.*

Steevens.

[8] ——*If there be cords, or knives,*
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'll not endure it.] So, in *Pericles:*
"*If fires be hot, knives ſharp, or waters deep,*
"Untied I ſtill my virgin knot will keep." Malone.

[9] *Behold her* tupp'd:] A ram in Staffordſhire and ſome other counties is called a *tup.* So, in the firſt Act:
"——an old black ram
"Is *tupping* your white ewe." Steevens.

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that proſpect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do ſee them bolſter,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? Where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible, you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as goats,[1] as hot as monkeys,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation, and ſtrong circumſtances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you ſatisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reaſon[2] ſhe's disloyal.

The old copies have—*topp'd.* Mr. Theobald made the correction. Malone.

[1] *Were they as* prime *as goats,*] *Prime* is *prompt,* from the Celtick or Britiſh *prim.* Hanmer.

From *prim,* forward; French. Ritson.

So, in *The Vow-breaker, or the faire Maide of Clifton,* 1636:

"More *prime* than goats or monkies in their prides."

Again, in Churchyard's *Dreame,* 1593:

"Colde fortune may torment me ſore,
"And ſo may ſhifts ſome time:
"Not hatred troubles men much more
"Than Venus in her *prime.*" Steevens.

[2] *Give me a* living *reaſon*—] *Living,* for ſpeaking, manifeſt. Warburton.

Give me a living *reaſon* that *ſhe's diſloyal,*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio omits the word *that,* probably for the ſake of the metre; but our poet often uſes ſuch words as *reaſon,* as a monoſyllable. Malone.

How ſuch words as *reaſon* can be pronounced as *monoſyllables,* I am yet to learn. Steevens.

A *living* reaſon is a reaſon founded on fact and experience, not on ſurmiſe or conjecture: a reaſon that convinces the underſtanding as perfectly as if the fact were exhibited *to the life.* Malone.

Iago. I do not like the office:
But, ſith I am enter'd in this cauſe ſo far,—
Prick'd to it by fooliſh honeſty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Caſſio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep.
There are a kind of men ſo looſe of ſoul,
That in their ſleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Caſſio:
In ſleep I heard him ſay,—*Sweet Deſdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, ſir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—*O, ſweet creature!* and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh'd, and kiſs'd; and then
Cry'd,[3]—*Curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*

Oth. O monſtrous! monſtrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone concluſion;[4]
'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.[5]

What Othello here demands is *actual* proof, ariſing from ſome poſitive FACT. HENLEY.

[3] —— *and ſigh*'d, *and kiſs*'d; *and then*
Cry'd,] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:
" —— then lay'd his leg o'er my thigh,
" And *ſigh*, and *kiſs*, and then *cry*, curſed fate," &c.
The omiſſion of the perſonal pronoun before *lay'd* is much in our author's manner. See Vol. XVII. p. 420, n. 8. MALONE.

[4] —— *a foregone* concluſion;] *Concluſion*, for fact. WARBURTON.
A *concluſion* in Shakſpeare's time meant an experiment or trial. See Vol. XVII. p. 298, n. 5. MALONE.

[5] *'Tis a ſhrewd doubt*, &c.] The old quarto gives this line, with the two following, to Iago; and rightly. WARBURTON.
In the folio this line is given to Othello. MALONE.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wiſe: yet we ſee nothing done;[6]
She may be honeſt yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.

Iago. I know not that: but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I am ſure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Caſſio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,[7]
It ſpeaks againſt her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I ſee 'tis true.[8]—Look here, Iago;

I think it more naturally ſpoken by Othello, who, by dwelling ſo long upon the proof, encouraged Iago to inforce it.
JOHNSON.

[6] —— *yet we ſee nothing done*;] This is an oblique and ſecret mock at Othello's ſaying,—*Give me the ocular proof.*
WARBURTON.

[7] —— that *was hers*,] The only authentick copies, the quarto, 1622, and the folio, read—or any, *it* was hers. For the emendation I am anſwerable. The miſtake probably aroſe from *yt* only being written in the manuſcript. The modern editors, following an amendment made by the editor of the ſecond folio, read—*if 'twas* her's. MALONE.

I prefer Mr. Malone's correction to that of the ſecond folio, though the latter gives ſenſe where it was certainly wanting.
STEEVENS.

[8] *Now do I ſee 'tis* true.] The old quarto reads:
Now do I ſee 'tis time.
And this is Shakſpeare's, and has in it much more force and ſo-

All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:[9]
'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell![1]

lemnity, and preparation for what follows: as alluding to what he had said before:

" ——————— No, Iago!
" I'll *see* before I doubt, when I doubt, prove;
" And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
" *Away at once with love* or jealousy."

This *time* was now come. WARBURTON.

[9] *All my fond love thus do* I blow to heaven:] So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

" Are these your fears? thus *blow them into air.*"

MALONE.

Marlowe's idea was perhaps caught from Horace:

" Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
" Portare ventis." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*from thy* hollow cell!] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—from the *hollow hell. Hollow*, Dr. Warburton considers as " a poor unmeaning epithet." MALONE.

I do not perceive that the epithet *hollow* is at all unmeaning, when applied to hell, as it gives the idea of what Milton calls—

" ——the void profound
" Of unessential night,"

Or the *inane profundum* of Lucretius.

The same phrase indeed occurs in Jasper Heywood's translation of Seneca's *Thyestes*, 1560:

" Where most prodigious ugly things the *hollow hell* doth hide."

Again, in Goulart's *Admirable Histories*, 1607, p. 626: " —cast headlong into places under-ground that were wonderful *hollow*——where he had seen the persons of the wicked, their punishments," &c.

Again, in Arthur Hall's translation of the eighth *Iliad*:

" Into the *hollow* dreadful hole which *Tartare* men do tel." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Paradise Lost*, B. I. v. 314, the same epithet and subject occur:

" He call'd so loud, that all the *hollow* deep
" Of *hell* resounded." HOLT WHITE.

Milton was a great reader and copier of Shakspeare, and he

Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,[2]
To tyrannous hate! ſwell, boſom, with thy fraught,[3]
For 'tis of aſpicks' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I ſay; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago.[4] Like to the Pontick ſea,[5]

undoubtedly read his plays in the folio, without thinking of examining the more ancient quartos. In the firſt Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, we find:

" ——the univerſal hoſt up ſent
" A ſhout that tore *hell's concave*." MALONE.

See Vol. XX. *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[2] ——hearted *throne*,] *Hearted* throne, is the heart on which thou waſt *enthroned*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

" It gives a very echo to the *ſeat*,
" Where love is *thron'd*."

See alſo *Romeo and Juliet*, Vol. XX. Act V. ſc. i. MALONE.

[3] ——*ſwell, boſom*, &c.] i. e. *ſwell*, becauſe the fraught is of poiſon. WARBURTON.

[4] *Never, Iago.*] From the word *Like*, to *marble heaven*, incluſively, is not found in the quarto, 1622. MALONE.

[5] *Like to the Pontick ſea*, &c.] This ſimile is omitted in the firſt edition: I think it ſhould be ſo, as an unnatural excurſion in this place. POPE.

Every reader will, I durſt ſay, abide by Mr. Pope's cenſure on this paſſage. When Shakſpeare grew acquainted with ſuch particulars of knowledge, he made a diſplay of them as ſoon as opportunity offered. He found this in the 2d Book and 97th Chapter of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, as tranſlated by Philemon Holland, 1601: " And the ſea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the ſea never retireth backe againe within Pontus."

Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, conceives this ſimile to allude

Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe
Ne'er feels retiring ebb,[6] but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Helleſpont;
Even ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge[7]
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,[8]
In the due reverence of a ſacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

to Sir Philip Sidney's device, whoſe impreſs, Camden, in his *Remains*, ſays, was the Caſpian ſea, with this motto, *Sine refluxu.* STEEVENS.

[6] *Ne'er* feels *retiring ebb,*] The folio, where alone this paſſage is found, reads—Ne'er *keeps* retiring ebb, &c. Many ſimilar miſtakes have happened in that copy, by the compoſitor's repeating a word twice in the ſame line. So, in *Hamlet:*

" My *news* ſhall be the *news* [r. fruit] to that great feaſt."

Again, *ibidem:*

" The ſpirit, upon whoſe *ſpirit* depend and reſt," &c.

inſtead of upon whoſe *weal.* The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[7] —— *a* capable *and wide revenge*—]. *Capable* perhaps ſignifies ample, capacious. So, in *As you like it:*

" The cicatrice and *capable* impreſſure."

Again, in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil,* by Naſhe, 1592: " Then belike, quoth I, you make this word, Dæmon, a *capable* name, of Gods, of men, of devils."

It may, however, mean *judicious.* In *Hamlet* the word is often uſed in the ſenſe of *intelligent.* What Othello ſays in another place ſeems to favour this latter interpretation:

" Good; good;—the *juſtice* of it pleaſes me."

MALONE.

Capable, means, I ſuppoſe, *capacious, comprehenſive.* STEEVENS.

[8] —— *by yond'* marble *heaven,*] In *Soliman and Perſeda,* 1599, I find the ſame expreſſion:

" Now by the *marble* face of the welkin," &c. STEEVENS.

So, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida,* 1602:

" And pleas'd the *marble* heavens." MALONE.

Iago. Do not riſe yet.—
[*Kneels.*
Witneſs, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witneſs, that here Iago doth give up
The execution[9] of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's ſervice! let him command,
And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody work ſoever.[1]

Oth. I greet thy love,

[9] *The* execution —] The firſt quarto reads—*excellency*. Steevens.

By *execution* Shakſpeare meant *employment* or *exerciſe*. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Full of compariſons and wounding flouts,
" Which you on all eſtates will *execute*."

The quarto, 1622, reads—*hand*. Malone.

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" In felleſt manner *execute* your arms." Steevens.

[1] ——— *let him command,*
And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody work ſoever.] Iago devotes himſelf to wronged Othello, and ſays, *Let him command whatever bloody buſineſs*, and in me it ſhall be an act, not of cruelty, but *of tenderneſs, to obey him*; not of malice to others, but of *tenderneſs* for him. If this ſenſe be thought too violent, I ſee nothing better than to follow Mr. Pope's reading, as it is improved by Mr. Theobald. Johnson.

The quarto, 1622, has not the words—*in me*. They firſt appeared in the folio. Theobald reads—*Nor* to obey, *&c.* Malone.

Dr. Johnſon's interpretation is undoubtedly the true one; and I can only claim the merit of ſupporting his ſenſe of the word *remorſe*, i. e. *pity*, by the following inſtances.

In Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the fourth *Æneid*, Dido ſays to her ſiſter:

" Siſter I crave thou have *remorſe* of me."

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1599, that Prince ſpeaking to the citizens of Calais:

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,

" But for yourſelves, look you for no *remorſe*."

Again, in *Sir Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599:

" Who taketh no *remorſe* of womankind."

Again, in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600:

" Here ſtand I, craving no *remorſe* at all."

I could add many more inſtances, but ſhall content myſelf to obſerve that the ſentiment of Iago bears no ſmall reſemblance to that of Arviragus in *Cymbeline:*

" I'd let a pariſh of ſuch Clotens blood,
" And praiſe myſelf for charity." STEEVENS.

Before I ſaw Dr. Johnſon's edition of Shakſpeare, my opinion of this paſſage was formed, and written, and thus I underſtood it: " Let him command any bloody buſineſs, and to obey him ſhall be in me an act of pity and compaſſion for wrong'd Othello." *Remorſe* frequently ſignifies pity, mercy, compaſſion, or a tenderneſs of heart, unattended with the ſtings of a guilty conſcience. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. ſc. iii. the crimeleſs Eglamour is called *remorſeful*. So, in *King Richard III.* Act III. ſc. vii:

" As well we know your tenderneſs of heart,
" And gentle, kind, effeminate *remorſe*."

So, in Holinſhed's *Conqueſt of Ireland*, p. 13: " — to have *remorſe* and compaſſion upon others diſtreſſes;" and in the Dedication, " to have regard and *remorſe* to your ſaid land."

TOLLET.

Some of the examples quoted by Mr. Steevens I have omitted, as I think thoſe already inſerted are ſufficient to prove the meaning of the word. Mr. M. Maſon ſays, he may venture to aſſert, that Shakſpeare ſeldom, if ever, uſes the word in any other ſenſe.

REED.

If I am not deceived, this paſſage has been entirely miſtaken. I read:

——— *let him command,*
An' *to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,*
What bloody buſineſs ever—.

And for *if* is ſufficiently common: and Othello's impatience breaks off the ſentence, I think, with additional beauty.

FARMER.

What bloody work ſoever.] So the quartos. The folio:
What bloody buſineſs ever. STEEVENS.

And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That Caſſio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your requeſt:[2]
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her![3]
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, *and* Clown.

Des. Do you know, ſirrah, where lieutenant Caſſio lies?

Clo. I dare not ſay, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a ſoldier; and for me to ſay a ſoldier lies, is ſtabbing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you[4] where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

[2] ——at your *requeſt*:] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*as you* requeſt. Malone.

[3] *O, damn her!*] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio: O damn her, damn her. Malone.

[4] *To tell you* &c.] This and the following ſpeech are wanting in the firſt quarto. Steevens.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and by them anſwer.[5]

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compaſs of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.[6]

[*Exit.*

[5] Clown. *I will catechize the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and* by *them anſwer.*] This *Clown* is a fool to ſome purpoſe. He was to go ſeek for one; he ſays, he will aſk for him, and by his own queſtions make anſwer. Without doubt we ſhould read—*and* bid *them anſwer*; i. e. the world; thoſe whom he queſtions. WARBURTON.

There is no neceſſity for changing the text. It is the Clown's play to wrench what is ſaid, from its proper meaning. Sir T. More hath briefly worked his character: "he plaieth the ieſter, nowe with ſkoffinge, and nowe with his overthwarte woords, to prouoke all to laughter." His deſign here was to propoſe ſuch queſtions as might elicit the information ſought for from him, and therefore, BY his *queſtions* he might be enabled to *anſwer*.

HENLEY.

—— and *by* them anſwer.] i. e. and by them, *when anſwered*, form my own anſwer to you. The quaintneſs of the expreſſion is in character. *By* is found both in the quarto, 1622, and the folio.

The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, printed in 1630, read—and *make* them anſwer. MALONE.

[6] *To do this, is* within the compaſs of man's wit; *and therefore* &c.] So, in *King Lear*:

"I cannot draw a cart, nor eat wild oats;

"*If it be man's work, I'll do it.*" MALONE.

Des. Where ſhould I loſe that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of cruzadoes.[7] And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the ſun, where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Caſſio
Be call'd to him.[8]—How is't with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aſide.*] O, hardneſs to diſſemble!—
How do you, Deſdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

[7] ——*cruzadoes.*] A Portugueſe coin, in value three ſhillings ſterling. Grey.

So called from the croſs ſtamped upon it. Johnson.

The exact value of a cruzado is here of no importance, nor does it appear preciſely what it was in Shakſpeare's time. By a mercantile friend I am informed, that there are at preſent three ſorts. The imaginary one of the value of 2s. or 2s. $\frac{1}{2}$, like the Engliſh pound, is only a denomination, and not a coin. The two other ſorts are really coins, and all the three differ in value. Reed.

[8] ——————till *Caſſio*
Be call'd to him.] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads —*Let* Caſſio be call'd to him. Malone.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moiſt, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart;—

Hot, hot, and moiſt:[9] This hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty, faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;[1]
For here's a young and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, ſay ſo;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.[2]

[9] *Hot, hot, and moiſt;*] Ben Jonſon ſeems to have attempted a ridicule on this paſſage, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act V. ſc. ii. where Sogliardo ſays to Saviolina: "How does my ſweet lady? *hot and moiſt?* beautiful and luſty?"

STEEVENS.

Ben Jonſon was ready enough on all occaſions to depreciate and ridicule our author, but in the preſent inſtance, I believe, he muſt be acquitted; for *Every Man out of his Humour* was printed in 1600, and written probably in the preceding year; at which time, we are almoſt certain that *Othello* had not been exhibited. MALONE.

[1] —— exerciſe *devout*;] *Exerciſe* was the religious term. Henry the Seventh (ſays Bacon) "had the fortune of a true *chriſtian* as well as of a great king, in living *exerciſed*, and dying repentant."

So, Lord Haſtings in *King Richard III.* ſays to a prieſt:

"I am in debt for your laſt *exerciſe*."

See Vol. XIV. 390, n. 5. MALONE.

[2] —— *The hearts, of old, gave* hands;
But our new heraldry *is*—hands, *not* hearts.] It is evident the firſt line ſhould be read thus:

Des. I cannot ſpeak of this. Come now your promiſe.

The hands *of old gave* hearts;
otherwiſe it would be no reply to the preceding words,
" For 'twas that *hand* that gave away my *heart*."
Not ſo, ſays her huſband: *The hands of old indeed gave hearts; but the cuſtom now is to give hands without hearts.* The expreſſion of *new heraldry* was a ſatirical alluſion to the times. Soon after King James the Firſt came to the crown, he created the new dignity of baronets for money. Amongſt their other prerogatives of honour, they had an addition to their paternal *arms*, of a hand *gules* in an eſcutcheon *argent*. And we are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author: by which he inſinuates, that ſome then created had *hands* indeed, but not *hearts*; that is, *money* to pay for the *creation*, but no *virtue* to purchaſe the *honour*. But the fineſt part of the poet's addreſs in this alluſion, is the compliment he pays to his old miſtreſs Elizabeth. For James's pretence for raiſing money by this creation, was the reduction of Ulſter, and other parts of Ireland; the memory of which he would perpetuate by that addition to their arms, it being the arms of Ulſter. Now the method uſed by Elizabeth in the reduction of that kingdom was ſo different from this, the dignities ſhe conferred being on thoſe who employed their *ſteel*, and not their *gold*, in his ſervice, that nothing could add more to her glory, than the being compared to her ſucceſſor in this point of view: nor was it uncommon for the dramatick poets of that time to ſatirize the ignominy of James's reign. So, Fletcher, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*. One ſays, *I will ſend thee to Amboyna in the Eaſt Indies for pepper*. The other replies, *To Amboyna? ſo I might be pepper'd*. Again, in the ſame play, a Sailor ſays, *Deſpiſe not this pitch'd canvas, the time was, we have known them lined with Spaniſh ducats*. WARBURTON.

The hiſtorical obſervation is very judicious and acute, but of the emendation there is no need. She ſays, that her hand gave away *her heart*. He goes on with his ſuſpicion, and the hand which he had before called *frank*, he now terms *liberal*; then proceeds to remark, that *the hand was formerly given by the heart*; but now it neither gives it, nor is given by it.

JOHNSON.

I think, with Dr. Warburton, that the new order of baronets is here again alluded to. See *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Vol. V. p. 63, and Spelman's Epigram there cited:

Oth. What promiſe, chuck?

Des. I have ſent to bid Caſſio come ſpeak with you.

" ——— florentis nomen honoris
" Indicat in clypei fronte cruenta manus.
" Non quod fævi aliquid, aut ſtricto fortiter enſe
" Hoſtibus occiſis geſſerit iſte cohors." Blackstone.

The reader will not find the Epigram alluded to by Sir William Blackſtone, in the page to which he has referred [in my edition], for I have omitted that part of his note, (an omiſſion of which I have there given notice,) becauſe it appeared to me extremely improbable that any paſſage in that play ſhould allude to an event that did not take place till 1611. The omitted words I add here, (diſtinguiſhing them by Italick characters,) as they may appear to add weight to his opinion and that of Dr. Warburton.

" *I ſuſpect this is an oblique reflection on the prodigality of James the Firſt in beſtowing theſe honours, and erecting a new order of knighthood called baronets; which few of the ancient gentry would condeſcend to accept. See Sir Henry Spelman's epigram on them,* Gloss. *p. 76, which ends thus:*

" ——— *dum cauponare recuſant*
" *Ex verâ geniti nobilitate viri;*
" *Interea è caulis hic proreprit, ille tabernis,*
" *Et modo ſit dominus, qui modo ſervus erat.*

See another ſtroke at them in Othello." Malone.

My reſpect for the ſentiments of Sir William Blackſtone might have induced me to print both them, and the epigram referred to, in both places, even if the preceding remark of Mr. Malone had not, in this ſecond inſtance, afforded them an apt introduction. Steevens.

——*our new* heraldry, *&c.*] I believe this to be only a figurative expreſſion, without the leaſt reference to King James's creation of baronets. The abſurdity of making Othello ſo familiar with Britiſh heraldry, the utter want of conſiſtency as well as policy in any ſneer of Shakſpeare at the badge of honours inſtituted by a Prince whom on all other occaſions he was ſolicitous to flatter, and at whoſe court this very piece was acted in 1613, moſt ſtrongly incline me to queſtion the propriety of Dr. Warburton's hiſtorical explanation. Steevens.

To almoſt every ſentence of Dr. Warburton's note, an objection may be taken; but I have preſerved it as a ſpecimen of this commentator's manner.

Oth. I have a ſalt and ſullen rheum[9] offends me;

It is not true that King James created the order of baronets *ſoon* after he came to the throne. It was created in the year 1611.—The conceit that by the word *hearts* the poet meant to allude to the gallantry of the reign of Elizabeth, in which men diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their *ſteel*, and that by *hands* thoſe courtiers were pointed at, who ſerved her inglorious ſucceſſor only by their *gold*, is too fanciful to deſerve an anſwer.

Thus Dr. Warburton's note ſtood as it appeared originally in Theobald's edition; but in his own, by way of confirmation of his notion, we are told, that "it was not uncommon for the ſatirical poets of that time to ſatiriſe the ignominy of James's reign;" and for this aſſertion we are referred to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*. But, unluckily, it appears from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, a MS. of which an account is given in Vol. III. that Fletcher's plays were generally performed at court ſoon after they were firſt exhibited at the theatre, and we may be aſſured that he would not venture to offend his courtly auditors. *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, indeed, never was performed before King James, being the laſt play but one that Fletcher wrote, and not produced till the 22d of Jan. 1625-6, after the death both of its author and King James; but when it was written, he muſt, from the circumſtances already mentioned, have had the court before his eyes.

In various parts of our poet's works he has alluded to the cuſtom of plighting troth by the union of hands.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"Since love our *hearts*, and *Hymen* did our *hands*
"Unite co-mutual in moſt ſacred bands."

Again, in *The Tempeſt*, which was probably written at no great diſtance of time from the play before us:

"*Mir.* My huſband then?
"*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing
"As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my *hand*.
"*Mir.* And mine, with my *heart* in't."

The hearts of old, ſays Othello, dictated the union of *hands*, which formerly were joined with *the hearts* of the parties *in them*; but in our modern marriages, *hands* alone are united, without *hearts*. Such evidently is the plain meaning of the words. I do not, however, undertake to maintain that the poet, when he uſed the word *heraldry*, had not the new order of baronets in his thoughts, without intending any ſatirical alluſion. Malone.

[9] ——*ſalt and* ſullen *rheum*—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio, for *ſullen*, has *ſorry*. Malone.

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault:
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;[1]

Sullen, that is, a *rheum obſtinately troubleſome.* I think this better. JOHNSON.

[1] *That handkerchief*
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;] In the account of this tremendous handkerchief, are ſome particulars, which lead me to think that here is an alluſion to a fact, heightened by poetical imagery. It is the practice in the eaſtern regions, for perſons of both ſexes to carry handkerchiefs very curiouſly wrought. In the MS. papers of Sir John Chardin, that great oriental traveller, is a paſſage which fully deſcribes the cuſtom: "The mode of wrought handkerchiefs (ſays this learned enquirer,) is general in Arabia, in Syria, in Paleſtine, and generally in all the Turkiſh empire. They are wrought with a needle, and it is the amuſement of the fair ſex there, as among us the making tapeſtry and lace. The young women make them for their fathers, their brothers, and by way of preparation before hand for their ſpouſes, beſtowing them as favours on their lovers. They have them almoſt conſtantly in their hands in thoſe warm countries, to wipe off ſweat." But whether this circumſtance ever came to Shakſpeare's knowledge, and gave riſe to the incident, I am not able to determine. WHALLEY.

Shakſpeare found in Cinthio's novel the incident of Deſdemona's loſing a handkerchief finely wrought in Moriſco work, which had been preſented to her by her huſband, or rather of its being ſtolen from her by the villain who afterwards by his machinations robbed her of her life. The eaſtern cuſtom of brides preſenting ſuch gifts to their huſbands, certainly did not *give riſe* to the incident on which this tragedy turns, though Shakſpeare ſhould ſeem to have been apprized of it. However the preceding note is retained as illuſtrative of the paſſage before us. MALONE.

She was a charmer,[2] and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people: ſhe told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and ſubdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his ſpirits ſhould hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did ſo: and take heed of't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To loſe or give't away,[3] were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.

Des. Is it poſſible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magick in the web of it:
A ſibyl,[4] that had number'd in the world

[2] *She was a* charmer,] In *Deut.* xviii. 11, there is an injunction: "Let none be found among you that is a *charmer.*" In Perkins's *Diſcourſe of the damned Art of Witchcraft,* 8vo. 1610, it is ſaid that "Inchantment is the working of wonders by a *charme*;" and a *charm* is afterwards defined, "a ſpell or verſe, conſiſting of ſtrange words, uſed as a ſigne or watchword to the Devil to cauſe him to worke wonders." In this Diſcourſe is an enumeration of the wonders done by inchanters, as raiſing ſtorms and tempeſts, &c. and at the concluſion it is ſaid: "—by witches we underſtand not thoſe only which kill and torment, but all diviners, *charmers,* jugglers, all wizzards, commonly called wiſe men and wiſe women; yea, whoſoever do any thing (knowing what they do) which cannot be effected by nature or art."
REED.

[3] *To* loſe *or giv't away,*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio —To loſe*'t* &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *A ſibyl,* &c.] This circumſtance perhaps is imitated by Ben Jonſon in *The Sad Shepherd:*

"A Gypſan lady, and a right beldame,
"Wrought it by moonſhine for me, and ſtar-light," &c.
STEEVENS.

The ſun to make [5] two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetick fury ſew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the ſilk;
And it was died in mummy,[6] which the ſkilful
Conſerv'd of maidens' hearts.[7]

[5] ——— *number'd* ——
The ſun to make *&c.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio —to *courſe.* STEEVENS.

That is, numbered the ſun's courſes: badly expreſſed.
WARBURTON.

The expreſſion is not very infrequent: we ſay, *I counted the clock to ſtrike four*; ſo ſhe *number'd* the ſun *to courſe,* to run *two hundred compaſſes,* two hundred annual circuits.
JOHNSON.

I have preferred the original reading, becauſe we have in *Hamlet:*

" When yon ſame ſtar, that's eaſtward from the pole,
" Had *made* his *courſe,* to illume that part of heaven."
MALONE.

[6] *And it was died in* mummy, *&c.*] The balſamick liquor running from *mummies,* was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptick virtues. We are now wiſe enough to know, that the qualities aſcribed to it are all imaginary; and yet this fanciful medicine ſtill holds a place in the principal ſhops where drugs are ſold. So, in *The Bird in a Cage,* by Shirley, 1633:

" ——make *mummy* of my fleſh, and ſell me to the apothecaries."

Again, in *The Honeſt Lawyer,* 1616:

" That I might tear their fleſh in mammocks, raiſe
" My loſſes, from their carcaſes turn'd *mummy.*"

Mummy, however, is ſtill much coveted by painters, as a tranſparent brown colour that throws a warmth into their ſhadows.
STEEVENS.

[7] —— which *the ſkilful*
Conſerv'd of maidens' hearts.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:

—— with *the ſkilful*
Conſerves, &c.

So, in the *Microcoſmos* of John Davies of Hereford, 4to. 1605:

" —— *Mummy* made of the mere *hart* of love."
STEEVENS.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Moſt veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never ſeen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly and raſh?[8]

Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is it out of the way?

Des. Heaven bleſs us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not loſt; But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I ſay, it is not loſt.

Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee it.

Des. Why, ſo I can, ſir, but I will not now;
This is a trick, to put me from my ſuit;
I pray, let Caſſio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind miſgives.

Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more ſufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. I pray, talk me of Caſſio.[9]

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;——

[8] ——*raſh?*] is *vehement, violent.* JOHNSON.

[9] *I pray, talk me of Caſſio.*] This and the following ſhort ſpeech, are omitted in all the ancient editions but the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

Oth. The handkerchief, ——

Des. In ſooth,
You are to blame.

Oth. Away! [*Exit* Othello.

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I am moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two ſhows us a man:[1]
They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Caſſio, and my huſband.

[1] *'Tis not a year or two ſhows us a man:*] From this line it may be conjectured, that the author intended the action of this play to be conſidered as longer than is marked by any note of time. Since their arrival at Cyprus, to which they were hurried on their wedding-night, the fable ſeems to have been in one continual progreſs, nor can I ſee any vacuity in which a *year or two*, or even a month or two, could be put. On the night of Othello's arrival, a feaſt was proclaimed; at that feaſt Caſſio was degraded, and immediately applies to Deſdemona to get him reſtored. Iago, indeed adviſes Othello to hold him off a while, but there is no reaſon to think, that he has been held off long. A little longer interval would increaſe the probability of the ſtory, though it might violate the rules of the drama. See Act V. ſc. ii.

Johnson.

This line has no reference to the duration of the action of this play, or to the length of time that Deſdemona had been married. What Emilia ſays, is a ſort of proverbial remark, of general application, where a definite time is put for an indefinite. Beſides, there is no neceſſity for fixing the commencement of Emilia's *year or two*, to the time of the marriage or the opening of the piece. She would with more propriety refer to the beginning of the acquaintance and intimacy between the married couple, which might extend beyond that period. Steevens.

Enter IAGO *and* CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis ſhe muſt do't;
And, lo, the happineſs! go, and impórtune her.

Des. How now, good Caſſio? what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former ſuit: I do beſeech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,[2]
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That neither ſervice paſt, nor preſent ſorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſome me into his love again,

[2] —— *the* duty *of my heart,*] The elder quarto reads:
—— *the* duty *of my heart,*——.
The author uſed the more proper word, and then changed it, I ſuppoſe, for faſhionable diction; ["the *office* of my heart," the reading of the folio;] but, as faſhion is a very weak protectreſs, the old word is now ready to reſume its place. JOHNSON.

A careful compariſon of the quartos and folio incline me to believe that many of the variations which are found in the later copy, did not come from the pen of Shakſpeare. See Vol. XVIII. p. 335, n. 3. That *duty* was the word intended here, is highly probable from other paſſages in his works. So, in his 26th Sonnet:

"Lord of my *love,* to whom in vaſſalage
"Thy merit has my *duty* ſtrongly knit."

Again, in his Dedication of *Lucrece,* to Lord Southampton: "Were my worth greater, my *duty* would ſhew greater; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordſhip." MALONE.

Office may be the true reading. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——his goodly eyes—now turn
"The *office* and devotion of their view," &c.
STEEVENS.

But to know ſo muſt be my benefit;[3]
So ſhall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut myſelf up in ſome other courſe,
To fortune's alms.[4]

[3] *But to know ſo muſt be my benefit*;]
" Si nequeo placidas affari Cæſaris aures,
" Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi dicat, abi."
JOHNSON.

[4] *And* ſhut *myſelf up in ſome other courſe,*
To fortune's alms.] *Shoot* is the reading of one of the early quartos. The folio, and all the modern editions, have—
And ſhut *myſelf up*——. JOHNSON.

I cannot help thinking this reading to be the true one. The idea ſeems taken from the confinement of a monaſtick life. The words, *forc'd content*, help to confirm the ſuppoſition. The meaning will therefore be, " I will put on a conſtrained appearance of being contented, and ſhut myſelf up in a different courſe of life, no longer to depend on my own efforts, but to wait for relief from the accidental hand of charity."

Shakſpeare uſes the ſame expreſſion in *Macbeth*:
" ——— and *ſhut up*
" In meaſureleſs content."
Again, in *All's well that ends well*:
" Whoſe baſeſt ſtars do *ſhut us up* in wiſhes."
STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1622, reads—And *ſhoot* myſelf &c. I think, with Mr. Steevens, that it was a corruption, and that the reading of the folio is the true one.

Hanmer reads:
And ſhoot *myſelf* upon *ſome other courſe,*
To fortune's alms.

To fortune's alms means, waiting patiently for whatever bounty fortune or chance may beſtow upon me.

We have the ſame uncommon phraſe in *King Lear*:
" ——— Let your ſtudy
" Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
" *At fortune's alms.*" MALONE.

I cannot agree with Steevens in approving of the preſent reading, nor of courſe, in his explanation of this paſſage, but think the quarto right, which reads *ſhoot* inſtead of *ſhut*.—To ſay that a man will ſhut himſelf up in a courſe of life, is language ſuch as Shakſpeare would never make uſe of, even in his moſt whimſical or licentious moments.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Caſſio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in favour,[5] as in humour, alter'd.
So help me, every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt;
And ſtood within the blank of his diſpleaſure,[6]
For my free ſpeech! You muſt a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myſelf I dare: let that ſuffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in ſtrange unquietneſs.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have ſeen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;[7]

One of the meanings of the verb *to ſhoot*, is to *puſh ſuddenly*, or to *puſh forward*; and in that ſenſe it is uſed in this place. Caſſio means to ſay, that if he finds he has no chance of regaining the favour of the general, he will puſh forward into ſome other line of life, and ſeek his fortune; but I think it probable we ought to read:

And ſhoot *myſelf* upon *ſome other courſe,*
inſtead of *up in* ſome other courſe. M. Mason.

Mr. M. Maſon's explanation is a very forced one.—It appears from the information of Iago, that Caſſio had not long been a ſoldier. Before Othello promoted him, for his good offices in reſpect to Deſdemona, he was "a great arithmetician, a counter-caſter;" and now, being diſcarded from the military line, he purpoſes to *confine* or *ſhut himſelf up*, as he formerly had, within the limits of a new profeſſion. Henley.

[5] —— *in* favour,] In *look*, in *countenance*. Johnson.

See p. 295, n. 2. Steevens.

[6] —— *within the blank of his diſpleaſure,*] Within the *ſhot* of his anger. Johnson.

See Vol. XVIII. p. 262, n. 9. Steevens.

[7] ——— *I have ſeen the cannon,*
When it hath blown &c.] In Iago's ſpeech ſomething is

And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do ſo.—Something, ſure, of ſtate,— [*Exit* Iago.
Either from Venice; or ſome unhatch'd practice,[8]
Made démonſtrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear ſpirit: and, in ſuch caſes,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even ſo;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that ſenſe
Of pain:[9] Nay, we muſt think, men are not gods;

ſuppreſſed. He means to ſay, I have ſeen his ranks blown into the air, and his own brother puff'd from his ſide,—*and mean while have ſeen him cool and unruffled.* And can he now be angry? Malone.

[8] ——*ſome unhatch'd practice,*] Some treaſon that has not taken effect. Johnson.

[9] *For let our finger ache, and it* indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that ſenſe
Of pain:] I believe it ſhould be rather, Subdues *our other healthful members to* a *ſenſe of pain.* Johnson.

Dr. Johnſon's conjecture may be ſupported by a paſſage in one of Deſdemona's ſpeeches to the Senate:

" My heart's *ſubdued*
" *Even to* the very quality of my lord."

Again, in p. 419:

" ——and *ſubdue* my father
" Entirely *to* her love." Steevens.

To *indue* appears to have ſignified in Shakſpeare's time, to *tincture,* to *embrue,* and is ſo uſed here. See Vol. XVIII. p. 317, n. 3.

The words—'*Tis even ſo,* relate to what Deſdemona has juſt conjectured. " *This is certainly the caſe;* ſome ſtate affair has diſturbed him." Malone.

How a member is to be *tinctured* or *embrewed to* any particular ſenſation, I am glad it is not my office to explain. Steevens.

Nor of them look for ſuch obſervances
As fit the bridal.[1]—Beſhrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandſome warrior as I am,[2])
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;
But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the witneſs,
And he's indited falſely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be ſtate matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cauſe.

Emil. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for the cauſe,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monſter,
Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.

Des. Heaven keep that monſter from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go ſeek him.—Caſſio walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek to effect it to my uttermoſt.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt* Desdemona *and* Emilia.

[1] ——*the* bridal.] i. e. the nuptial feaſt; a Saxon word. Thus, in the ancient romance of *Ywain and Gawain:*

" The *bridal* ſat, for ſoth to tell
" Till king Arthur come" &c.

Again, in *Gamelyn, or the Coke's Tale:*

" At every *bridale* he would ſing and hop." Steevens.

[2] —— (*unhandſome* warrior *as I am,*)] *Unhandſome warrior,* is evidently *unfair aſſailant.* Johnson.

See note on the ſame expreſſion, Act II. ſc. i. Steevens.

Enter BIANCA.

BIAN. Save you, friend Caſſio!

CAS. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair Bianca?
I'faith, ſweet love, I was coming to your houſe.

BIAN. And I was going to your lodging, Caſſio.
What! keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
Eight ſcore eight hours? and lovers' abſent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight ſcore times?
O weary reckoning!

CAS. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſs'd;
But I ſhall, in a more continuate time,[3]
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her* DESDEMONA'S *Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.[4]

[3] ——*in a more* continuate *time,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, has—a more *convenient* time. MALONE.

A more *continuate* time is time *leſs interrupted,* time which I can call more my own. It gives a more diſtinct image than *convenient.* JOHNSON.

The word occurs again in *Timon of Athens,* ſc. i:

" ——————breath'd, as it were,
" To an untirable and *continuate* goodneſs."

See p. 6, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[4] *Take me this work out.*] The meaning is not, " Pick out the work, and leave the ground plain;" but, " Copy this work in another handkerchief." JOHNSON.

So, in a comedy, by Middleton, called, *Women beware of Women:*

" ——————ſhe intends
" To *take out* other works in a new ſampler."

Again, in the preface to P. Holland's Pliny, 1601: " Nicophanes (a famous painter) gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplifie and *take out* their patterns, after that in long

Bian. O, Caſſio, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend.
To the felt abſence now I feel a cauſe:
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Woman, go to![5]
Throw your vile gueſſes in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from ſome miſtreſs, ſome remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whoſe is it?

Cas. I know not, ſweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To have him ſee me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?[6]

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

continuance of time they were decaied." Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II: "—why doeſt thou in thy beautiful ſampler ſet ſuch a work for my deſire to *take out?*" Steevens.

So, in Hearne's *Liber Niger Scaccarii*, Vol. II. p. 578, 581, and 585: "to *take out* the arms," means, to copy them. Tollet.

[5] *Woman, go to!*] Old copies, unmetrically—
Go to, woman! Steevens.

[6] *Why, I pray you?*] This and the following ſpeech are wanting in the firſt quarto. Steevens.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll ſee you ſoon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I muſt be circumſtanc'd.[7]
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Will you think ſo?

Oth. Think ſo, Iago?

Iago. What,
To kiſs in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiſs.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocriſy againſt the devil:[8]

[7] —— *I muſt be circumſtanc'd.*] i. e. your civility is now grown conditional. WARBURTON.

Rather, I muſt give way to circumſtances. M. MASON.

Particular circumſtances and your own convenience have, I ſee, more weight with you than Bianca has. I muſt be poſtponed to theſe conſiderations. MALONE.

[8] *Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?*
It is hypocriſy againſt the devil:] This obſervation ſeems

They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.[9]

ſtrangely abrupt and unoccaſioned. We muſt ſuppoſe that Iago had, before they appeared in this ſcene, been applying caſes of falſe comfort to Othello; as that though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romiſh ſaint, Robert D'Arbriſſel and his nuns: To this we muſt ſuppoſe Othello here replies; and like a good proteſtant. For ſo the ſentiment does but ſuit the character of the ſpeaker, Shakſpeare little heeds how theſe ſentiments are circumſtanced. WARBURTON.

Hypocriſy againſt the devil, means hypocriſy to cheat the devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by ſeeming good, and yet living wickedly, theſe men would cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and at laſt avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit. JOHNSON.

[9] *The devil their virtue* tempts, *and they tempt heaven.*] The true key to the explanation of this paſſage may be found in *St. Matthew,* iv. 7. The poet's idea is, that *the devil tempts their virtues,* by ſtirring up their paſſions, and *they tempt heaven,* by placing themſelves in ſuch a ſituation as makes it ſcarcely poſſible to avoid falling by the gratification of them. HENLEY.

As the devil makes a trial of their virtue by often throwing temptation in their way, ſo they preſumptuouſly make a trial whether the divine goodneſs will enable them to reſiſt a temptation which they have voluntarily created for themſelves, or abandon them to the government of their paſſions. MALONE.

Shakſpeare had probably in view a very popular book of his time, *The Beehive of the Roman Church:* "There was an old wife, called *Julia,* which would take the young men and maides, and lay them together in a bed. And for that they ſhould not one byte another, nor kicke backewardes with their heeles, ſhe did lay a crucifix between them." FARMER.

More probably from Fabian's *Chronicle,* Part IV. ch. 141:— "Of hym [Biſhop Adhelme] it is wrytten that when he was ſtyred by his goſtly enemy to the ſynne of the fleſhe, he to do the more tormente to hym ſelfe and of his body, wolde holde within his bedde by him a fayre mayden, by ſo longe tyme as he myght ſay over the hole ſauter, albeit that ſuche holynes is no

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,——

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectreſs of her honour too;
May ſhe give that?

Iago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,——

Oth. By heaven, I would moſt gladly have forgot it:—
Thou ſaid'ſt,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected houſe,
Boding to all,[1]—he had my handkerchief.

artycle of ſaynte Bennetis lore, nor yet for dyverſe inconvenyence mooſte alowed by holye doctours."

Again, and yet more appoſitely, in Bale's *Actes of Engly∫h Votaryes*, 1548: "This Adhelmus never refuſed women, but wold have them commonly both at borde and at bedde, to *mocke the devyll with*," &c.—"he layed by hym *naked* the fayreſt mayde he coude get" &c. Steevens.

[1] *As doth the raven o'er the infected houſe,*
Boding to all,] So, in *King John:*
"——— confuſion waits,
"As doth the *raven on a ſick-fallen* beaſt,—."
Steevens.

—— *boding to* all —] Thus all the old copies. The moderns leſs grammatically—
Boding to ill———. Johnson.

The raven was thought to be a conſtant attendant on a houſe, in which there was infection. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Thus like the ſad preſaging *raven*, that tolls
"The ſick man's paſſport in her hollow beak,
"And in the ſhadow of the ſilent night
"Does ſhake contagion from her ſable wing."
Malone.

Iago. Ay, what of that ?

Oth. That's not ſo good, now.

Iago. What, if I had ſaid, I had ſeen him do you wrong ?

Or heard him ſay,—As knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,
Convinced or ſupplied them,[2] cannot chooſe

[2] *Convinced or* ſupplied *them,*] I cannot underſtand the vulgar reading. I read—convinc'd or *ſuppled.* My emendation makes the ſenſe of the paſſage eaſy and intelligible : that there are ſome ſuch long-tongued knaves in the world, who, if they through the *force of importunity extort* a favour from their miſtreſs, or if through *her own fondneſs* they make her *pliant* to their deſires, cannot help boaſting of their ſucceſs. To *convince*, here, is not, as in the common acceptation, to make ſenſible of the truth of any thing by reaſons and arguments; but to *overcome, get the better of,* &c. Theobald.

So, in *Macbeth :*

" —— his two chamberlains
" Will I, with wine and waſſel ſo *convince.*"

Again, in the ſame play :

" —— their malady *convinces*
" The great aſſay of art."

Dr. Farmer is of opinion that *ſupplied* has here the ſame meaning as ſupplicated. Steevens.

Theobald's emendation evidently hurts, inſtead of improving, the ſenſe; for what is *ſuppled,* but *convinced,* i. e. ſubdued. *Supplied* relates to the words—" voluntary dotage," as *convinced* does to " their own importunate ſuit." *Having by their importunacy* conquered *the reſiſtance of a miſtreſs, or, in compliance with her own requeſt, and in conſequence of her unſolicited fondneſs,* gratified her deſires. Malone.

Supplied is certainly the true reading, and with a ſenſe that may be collected from the following paſſage in *Meaſure for Meaſure :*

" And did *ſupply* thee at the garden-houſe :"

Or, rather, as may be inferred from the following ſentence in Sir R. Cotton's *View of the Raigne of Henry III.* 1627 : " Denials from Princes muſt bee *ſupplyed* with gracious uſage, that

But they muſt blab——

Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well aſſur'd, No more than he'll unſwear.

Oth. What hath he ſaid?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.[3]

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We ſay, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulſome.—Handkerchief,—confeſſions,—handkerchief.—To confeſs, and be hanged[4] for his labour. —Firſt, to be hanged, and then to confeſs:—I tremble at it. Nature would not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion,[5] without ſome inſtruction.[6]

though they cure not the ſore, yet they may abate the ſence of it." P. 12. *Supplied* is the old ſpelling of *ſuppled*, i. e. ſoftened. Steevens.

[3] *'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.*] I believe that the line ſhould be pointed thus:

'Faith, that he did I know not what;—he did.

M. Mason.

[4] —— *To confeſs, and be hanged*—] This is a proverbial ſaying. It is uſed by Marlowe, in his *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Blame us not, but the proverb—*Confeſs, and be hang'd.*"

It occurs again, in *The Travels of the Three Engliſh Brothers*, 1607: And in one of the old collections of ſmall poems there is an epigram on it. All that remains of this ſpeech, including the words *to confeſs*, is wanting in the firſt quarto. Steevens.

[5] —— *ſhadowing paſſion,*] The modern editions have left out *paſſion*. Johnson.

[6] —— *without ſome* inſtruction.] The ſtarts and broken reflections in this ſpeech have ſomething very terrible, and ſhow

It is not words, that ſhake me thus :—Piſh !—

the mind of the ſpeaker to be in inexpreſſible agonies. But the words we are upon, when ſet right, have a ſublime in them that can never be enough admired. The ridiculous blunder of writing *inſtruction* for *induction* (for ſo it ſhould be read) has indeed ſunk it into arrant nonſenſe. Othello is juſt going to fall into a ſwoon; and as is common for people in that circumſtance, feels an unuſual miſt and darkneſs, accompanied with horror, coming upon him. This, with vaſt ſublimity of thought, is compared to the ſeaſon of the ſun's eclipſe, at which time the earth becomes ſhadowed by the *induction* or bringing over of the moon between it and the ſun. This being the alluſion, the reaſoning ſtands thus: "My nature could never be thus overſhadowed, and falling, as it were, into diſſolution, for no cauſe. There muſt be an *induction* of ſomething: there muſt be a real cauſe. My jealouſy cannot be merely imaginary. Ideas, *words* only, could not ſhake me thus, and raiſe all this diſorder. My jealouſy therefore muſt be grounded on matter of fact." Shakſpeare uſes this word in the ſame ſenſe in *King Richard III:*

"A dire *induction* am I witneſs to."

Marſton ſeems to have read it thus in ſome copy, and to allude to it in theſe words of his *Fame:*

"Plots ha' you laid? *inductions* dangerous!"

WARBURTON.

This is a noble conjecture, and whether right or wrong does honour to its author. Yet I am in doubt whether there is any neceſſity of emendation. There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a diſtance, notice is given of it to the ſufferer by ſome dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he diſcovers no external cauſe. This is aſcribed to that general communication of one part of the univerſe with another, which is called ſympathy and antipathy; or to the ſecret monition, *inſtruction*, and influence of a Superior Being, which ſuperintends the order of nature and of life. Othello ſays, *Nature could not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion without* inſtruction. *It is not words that ſhake me thus.* This paſſion, which ſpreads its clouds over me, is the effect of ſome agency more than the operation of words; it is one of thoſe notices, which men have, of unſeen calamities.

JOHNSON.

Nature could not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion without ſome inſtruction.] However ingenious Dr. Warburton's note may be, it is certainly too forced and far-fetched. Othello alludes only to Caſſio's dream, which had been invented and told

Noſes, ears, and lips :[7]—Is it poſſible ?—Confeſs !—
Handkerchief !—O devil !— [*Falls in a Trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are caught ;
And many worthy and chaſte dames, even thus,
All guiltleſs meet reproach.—What, ho ! my lord !

him by Iago. When many confuſed and very intereſting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with ſuch rapidity that it has not time to ſhape or digeſt them, if it does not relieve itſelf by tears (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief) it produces ſtupefaction and fainting.

Othello, in broken ſentences and ſingle words, all of which have a reference to the cauſe of his jealouſy, ſhows, that all the proofs are preſent at once to his mind, which ſo over-powers it, that he falls into a trance, the natural conſequence.

Sir J. Reynolds.

If Othello, by the words *ſhadowing paſſion* alludes to his own feelings, and not to Caſſio's dream, Dr. Warburton's interpretation, if we ſubſtitute *inſtruction* for *induction,* (which was introduced merely to uſher in the image of an eclipſe) is perhaps nearly correct. *Induction,* in Shakſpeare's time, meant introduction, or prelude, (as in the inſtance quoted from *King Richard III.*) and at no time ſignified *bringing over,* as Dr. Warburton interprets it. Malone.

I believe, the text, as it ſtands, is perfectly right, and that Othello's alluſion is to his preſent and uncommon ſenſations.

Steevens.

[7] Noſes, *ears, and* lips :] Othello is imagining to himſelf the familiarities which he ſuppoſes to have paſſed between Caſſio and his wife. So, in *The Winter's Tale :*

" Cheek to cheek,—meeting *noſes*—
" Kiſſing with inſide *lip,*" &c.

If this be not the meaning, we muſt ſuppoſe he is meditating a cruel puniſhment for Deſdemona and her ſuſpected paramour :

" ——————— raptis
" *Auribus,* et truncas inhoneſto vulnere *nares.*"

Steevens.

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I ſay! Othello!—How now, Caſſio?

CAS. What is the matter?

IAGO. My lord is fallen into an epilepſy;
This is his ſecond fit; he had one yeſterday.

CAS. Rub him about the temples.

IAGO. No, forbear:
The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs. Look, he ſtirs:
Do you withdraw yourſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you.—
[*Exit* CASSIO.
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

OTH. Doſt thou mock me?

IAGO. I mock you! no, by heaven:
'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

OTH. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.

IAGO. There's many a beaſt then in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter.

OTH. Did he confeſs it?

IAGO. Good ſir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in thoſe unproper beds,[8]

[8] —— *in thoſe* unproper *beds,*] *Unproper,* for common. WARBURTON.

So, in *The Arcadia,* by Shirley, 1640:

" Every woman ſhall be common.—

Which they dare ſwear peculiar; your caſe is better.
O, 'tis the ſpite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton[9] in a ſecure couch,[1]
And to ſuppoſe her chaſte! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.[2]

Oth. O, thou art wife; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourſelf but in a patient liſt.[3]

" Every woman common! what ſhall we do with all the *proper* women in *Arcadia?*
" They ſhall be common too."

Again, in *Gower De Confeſſione Amantis,* B. II. fol:—
" And is his *proper* by the lawe."

Again, in *The Maſtive,* &c. an ancient collection of Epigrams and Satires, no date:
" Roſe is a fayre, but not a *proper* woman;
" Can any creature *proper* be, that's common?"

STEEVENS.

[9] *To* lip *a wanton*—] This phraſe occurs in *Eaſtward Hoe,* Act I:
" ——— *lip* her, *lip* her, knave." REED.

[1] —— *in a* ſecure *couch,*] In a couch in which he is lulled into a falſe ſecurity and confidence in his wife's virtue. A Latin ſenſe.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* " Though Page be a *ſecure* fool, and ſtands ſo firmly on his wife's frailty," &c.

See alſo Vol. XV. p. 409, n. 8. MALONE.

[2] *And, knowing what I am, I know what* ſhe *ſhall be.*] Redundancy of metre, without improvement of ſenſe, inclines me to conſider the word *ſhe,* in this line, as an intruder. Iago is merely ſtating an imaginary caſe as his own. *When I know what I am* (ſays he) *I know what the reſult of that conviction ſhall be.* To whom, indeed, could the pronoun *ſhe,* grammatically refer? STEEVENS.

[3] —— *liſt.*] *Liſt,* or *liſts,* is *barriers, bounds.* Keep your temper, ſays Iago, within the *bounds of patience.*

So, in *Hamlet:*
" The ocean over-peering of his *liſt,*
" Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte," &c.

COLLINS.

Whilſt you were here, ere while mad with your grief,[4]
(A paſſion moſt unſuiting ſuch a man,)
Caſſio came hither: I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'ſcuſe upon your ecſtaſy;
Bade him anon return, and here ſpeak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourſelf,[5]
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;[6]
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I ſay, but mark his geſture. Marry, patience;

Again, in *King Henry V.* Act V. ſc. ii: "—you and I cannot be confined within the weak *liſt* of a country faſhion."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"The very *liſt*, the very utmoſt bound,
"Of all our fortunes."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, Act II. ſc. i: "—you have reſtrained yourſelf within the *liſt* of too cold an adieu."

Chapman, in his tranſlation of the 16th Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*, has thus expreſſed an idea ſimilar to that in the text:

"————— let thy heart
"Beat in fix'd *confines* of thy boſom ſtill." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *ere while mad with your grief,*] Thus the firſt quarto. The folio reads:

—— *o'erwhelmed with your grief.* STEEVENS.

[5] —— *encave yourſelf,*] Hide yourſelf in a private place. JOHNSON.

[6] *That dwell in every* region *of his face*;] Congreve might have had this paſſage in his memory, when he made Lady Touchwood ſay to Maſkwell—"Ten thouſand meanings *lurk in each corner of that* various *face.*" STEEVENS.

—— region *of his face*;] The ſame uncommon expreſſion occurs again in *King Henry VIII:*

"——— The reſpite ſhook
"The boſom of my conſcience——
"——— and made to tremble
"The *region* of my breaſt." MALONE.

Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all in ſpleen,[8]
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Doſt thou hear, Iago?
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But (doſt thou hear?) moſt bloody.

Iago. That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello *withdraws.*
Now will I queſtion Caſſio of Bianca,
A houſewife, that, by ſelling her deſires,
Buys herſelf bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Caſſio,—as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the exceſs of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Re-enter Cassio.

As he ſhall ſmile, Othello ſhall go mad;
And his unbookiſh jealouſy[9] muſt conſtrue
Poor Caſſio's ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worſer, that you give me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.

[8] *Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all* in *ſpleen,*] I read:
Or ſhall I ſay, you're all in all a *ſpleen,*——.
I think our author uſes this expreſſion elſewhere. Johnson.

"A hare-brain'd Hotſpur, govern'd by a *ſpleen.*"—The old reading, however, is not inexplicable. We ſtill ſay, ſuch a one is *in* wrath, *in* the dumps, &c. The ſenſe therefore is plain.
Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*
"That, in a *ſpleen,* unfolds both heaven and earth—."
Steevens.

[9] *And his* unbookiſh *jealouſy*—] *Unbookiſh,* for ignorant.
Warburton.

Iago. Ply Deſdemona well, and you are ſure of't. Now, if this ſuit lay in Bianca's power,

[*Speaking lower.*

How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aſide.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man ſo.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think i'faith, ſhe loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [*Aſide.*

Iago. Do you hear, Caſſio?

Oth. Now he importunes him To tell it o'er: Go to; well ſaid, well ſaid. [*Aſide.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her: Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?[1] [*Aſide.*

Cas. I marry her!—what? a cuſtomer![2] I pr'ythee, bear ſome charity to my wit; do not think it ſo unwholeſome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo: They laugh that win. [*Aſide.*

[1] *Do you triumph,* Roman? *do you* triumph!] Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph,* which was a Roman ceremony, brought Roman into his thoughts. *What* (ſays he) *you are now* triumphing *as great as a Roman?* JOHNSON.

[2] —— *a* cuſtomer!] A common woman, one that invites cuſtom. JOHNSON.

So, in *All's well that ends well:*

" I think thee now ſome common *cuſtomer.*"

STEEVENS.

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, ſay true.

Iago. I am a very villain elſe.

Oth. Have you ſcored me ?[3] Well. [*Aſide.*

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the ſtory. [*Aſide.*

Cas. She was here even now; ſhe haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the

[3] *Have you ſcored me ?*] Have you made my reckoning ? have you ſettled the term of my life ? The old quarto reads—*ſtored* me ? Have you diſpoſed of me ? have you laid me up ?

JOHNSON.

To *ſcore* originally meant no more than to cut a notch upon a tally, or to mark out a form by indenting it on any ſubſtance. Spenſer, in the firſt canto of his *Fairy Queen,* ſpeaking of the Croſs, ſays:

" Upon his ſhield the like was alſo *ſcor'd.*"

Again, in Book II. c. ix:

" —— why on your ſhield, ſo goodly *ſcor'd,*
" Bear you the picture of that lady's head ?"

But it was ſoon figuratively uſed for ſetting a *brand* or *mark* of diſgrace on any one. " Let us *ſcore* their backs," ſays Scarus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*; and it is employed in the ſame ſenſe on the preſent occaſion. STEEVENS.

In *Antony and Cleopatra,* we find:

" ——— I know not
" What *counts* harſh fortune *caſts* upon my face," &c.

But in the paſſage before us our poet might have been thinking of the ignominious puniſhment of ſlaves. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

" Worſe than a *ſlaviſh wipe,* or birth-hour's blot."

MALONE.

I ſuſpect that—*wipe,* in the foregoing paſſage from *The Rape of Lucrece,* was a typographical depravation of—*wiſpe.* See Vol. XIV. p. 68, n. 2. STEEVENS.

ſea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this bauble;[4] by this hand,[5] ſhe falls thus about my neck;——

Oth. Crying, O dear Caſſio! as it were: his geſture imports it. [*Aſide.*

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; ſo hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how ſhe plucked him to my chamber: O, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to. [*Aſide.*

Cas. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where ſhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis ſuch another fitchew![6] marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you!

[4] —— this *bauble;*] So the quarto. The folio—*the* bauble. Steevens.

[5] —— *by this hand,*] This is the reading of the firſt quarto. Steevens.

Inſtead of which, the editor of the folio, or rather the licenſer of plays, ſubſtituted—thither comes the bauble, *and* falls *me* thus, &c. Malone.

[6] —— *fitchew!*] A pole-cat. Pope.

Shakſpeare has in another place mentioned the luſt of this animal. He tells Iago, that ſhe is as lewd as the *polecat,* but of better ſcent, the polecat being a very ſtinking animal. Johnson.

By "another place," Dr. Johnſon means—*King Lear:*

"The *fitchew,* nor the ſoiled horſe, goes to't
"With a more riotous appetite."

A *polecat* therefore was anciently one of the cant terms for a ſtrumpet. Steevens.

What did you mean by that ſame handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I muſt take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is ſome minx's token, and I muſt take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horſe: whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my ſweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that ſhould be my handkerchief! [*Aſide.*

Bian. An you'll come to ſupper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreet elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; ſay no more. [*Exit* Cassio.

Oth. How ſhall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand:[7] and to ſee how he

[7] *Yours, by this hand:*] This ſpeech is not in the original quarto, 1622. Malone.

prizes the fooliſh woman, your wife! ſhe gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and periſh, and be damned to-night; for ſhe ſhall not live: No, my heart is turned to ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand.[8] O, the world hath not a ſweeter creature: ſhe might lie by an emperor's ſide, and command him taſks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but ſay what ſhe is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable muſician! O, ſhe will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear![9]—Of ſo high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. O, a thouſand, a thouſand times:—And then, of ſo gentle a condition![1]

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

[8] *No, my heart is turned to ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand.*] This thought, as often as it occurs to Shakſpeare, is ſure to be received, and as often counteracts his *pathos*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. ſc. viii:

" ——— throw my heart
" Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault,
" Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
" And finiſh all foul thoughts." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *O, ſhe will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear!*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" ——— when he hath *ſung*
" *The tiger would be tame.*" MALONE.

[1] —— *And then, of ſo gentle a* condition!] i. e. of ſo ſweet a diſpoſition. So, in *King Henry V.*: " Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not ſmooth." MALONE.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are ſo fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend;[2] for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into meſſes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon, Iago; this night:—I'll not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poiſon, ſtrangle her in her bed, even the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the juſtice of it pleaſes; very good.

Iago. And, for Caſſio,—let me be his undertaker: You ſhall hear more by midnight.

[*A Trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that ſame?

Iago. Something from Venice, ſure. 'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the duke: and, ſee, your wife is with him.

[2] *If you are ſo fond over her* iniquity, give her patent to offend;] So, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:
"Why then *give ſin a paſſport to offend.*" Malone.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, ſir.[3]

Lod. The duke and ſenators of Venice greet you.
[*Gives him a Packet.*

Oth. I kiſs the inſtrument of their pleaſures.
[*Opens the Packet, and reads.*

Des. And what's the news, good couſin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to ſee you, ſignior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Caſſio?

[3] *With all my heart, ſir.*] This does not relate to what *Lodovico* has juſt ſaid, but is ſpoken by Othello while he ſalutes him. MALONE.

I know not how the meaning of this ſpeech can be aſcertained, unleſs by reference to the ſalutation of Lodovico.

The diſtracted Othello, conſidering his own happineſs at an end in this world, readily catches at the idea of future felicity ſuggeſted by the words—"'*Save* you, general!"

In his preſent reply, therefore, he muſt be ſuppoſed to welcome the pious wiſh expreſſed on his behalf.

In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, two replies of Angelo, equally equivocal, are derived from ſimilar premiſes:

"*Iſab.* Heaven keep your honour ſafe!

"*Ang.* Amen!

Again, at the concluſion of the ſame ſcene:

"*Iſab.* 'Save your honour!

"*Ang.* From thee: even from thy virtue!"

If it be urged, that "*ſave* you" only means *preſerve you, in this* world, my ſenſe of the paſſage will not be much weakened; as our protection—

"Even *here*, upon this bank and ſhoal of time,"

depends on the Almighty. STEEVENS.

Iago. Lives, ſir.

Des. Couſin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.

Oth. Are you ſure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—* [*Reads.*

Lod. He did not call; he's buſy in the paper.
Is there diviſion 'twixt thy lord and Caſſio?

Des. A moſt unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them,[4] for the love I bear to Caſſio.

Oth. Fire and brimſtone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wiſe?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Caſſio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.

[4] —— *atone them,*] Make them *one*; reconcile them. Johnson.

The expreſſion is formed by the coaleſcence of the words *at one*, the verb to *ſet*, or ſome equivalent being omitted. Thus, in the *Acts*: "—he ſhowed himſelf to them as they ſtrove, and would have *ſet* them AT ONE again." And in *The Beehive of the Romiſh Church*: "—through which God is *made* AT ONE with us, and hath forgiven us our ſins." Henley.

See Vol. XVI. p. 199, n. 8. Malone.

Des. How, ſweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deſerv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I ſhould ſwear I ſaw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,[5]
Each drop ſhe falls[6] would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my ſight!

Des. I will not ſtay to offend you. [*Going.*

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beſeech your lordſhip, call her back.

Oth. Miſtreſs,——

[5] *If that the earth could teem* &c.] If women's tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were ſuppoſed producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon. Johnson.

Shakſpeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts of crocodiles. Each tear, ſays Othello, which falls from the falſe Deſdemona, would generate a crocodile, the moſt deceitful of all animals, and whoſe own tears are proverbially fallacious. "It is written," ſays Bullokar, "that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then he will eat up the head too. Wherefore in Latin there is a proverbe, *crocodili lachrymæ*, crocodile's tears, to ſignifie ſuch tears as are fained, and ſpent only with intent to deceive, or doe harme." *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616. It appears from this writer, that a dead crocodile, "but in perfect forme," of about nine feet long, had been exhibited in London, in our poet's time. Malone.

[6] *Each drop ſhe falls*—] To *fall* is here a verb active. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"——when I rear my hand, do you the like,
"To *fall* it on Gonzalo." Steevens.

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, ſir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wiſh, that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again;[7] and ſhe can weep, ſir, weep;
And ſhe's obedient, as you ſay,—obedient,—
Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears.[8]—
Concerning this, ſir,—O well-painted paſſion!
I am commanded home:[9]—Get you away;
I'll ſend for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!
[*Exit* Desdemona.
Caſſio ſhall have my place.[1] And,—ſir, to-night,

[7] *Sir, ſhe can turn,* &c.] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:
"Done like a Frenchman; *turn and turn again.*"
Steevens.

[8] —— *Proceed you in your tears.*] I cannot think that the poet meant to make Othello bid Deſdemona *to continue weeping,* which *proceed you in your tears,* (as the paſſage is at preſent pointed) muſt mean. He rather would have ſaid:
—— *Proceed you in your tears?*
What! will you ſtill continue to be a hypocrite by a diſplay of this *well-painted paſſion?* Warner.

I think the old punctuation the true one. Malone.

[9] *I am commanded* home:] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads, perhaps better:
I am commanded here—*Get you away,* &c.
The alteration, I ſuſpect, was made, from the editor of the folio not perceiving that an abrupt ſentence was intended. Malone.

I am commanded here, (without the leaſt idea of an abrupt ſentence,) may be an indignant ſentiment of Othello:—"I have an officer *here* placed over my head: I am now *under the command* of another:" i. e. of Caſſio, to whom the government of Cyprus was juſt transferred. Steevens.

[1] *Caſſio ſhall have my place.*] Perhaps this is addreſſed to Deſdemona, who had juſt expreſſed her joy on hearing Caſſio was

I do entreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, ſir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkies![2] [*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full ſenate
Call—all-in-all ſufficient?—This the noble nature
Whom paſſion could not ſhake? whoſe ſolid virtue
The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?[3]

deputed in the room of her huſband. Her innocent ſatisfaction in the hope of returning to her native place, is conſtrued by Othello into the pleaſure ſhe received from the advancement of his rival. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *Goats and monkies!*] In this exclamation Shakſpeare has ſhown great art. Iago, in the firſt ſcene in which he endeavours to awaken his ſuſpicion, being urged to give ſome evident proof of the guilt of Caſſio and Deſdemona, tells him it were impoſſible to have ocular demonſtration of it, though they ſhould be "as prime as *goats*, as hot as *monkies*."—Theſe words we may ſuppoſe, ſtill ring in the ears of Othello, who being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, ruſhes out with this emphatick exclamation:—Iago's words were but too true; now indeed I am convinced that they are as hot as "*goats* and *monkies*." MALONE.

Though the words of Othello, cited by Mr. Malone, could not have eſcaped the deliberate reader's memory, a reference to a diſtant ſcene, but ill agrees with the infuriation of Othello's mind. His fancy, haunted by ſtill growing images of lewdneſs, would ſcarce have expreſſed its feelings in recollected phraſeology. STEEVENS.

[3] ———— *whoſe ſolid virtue*
The ſhot of accident, *nor dart of* chance,
Could neither graze, *nor pierce?*] I cannot ſee, for my heart, the difference betwixt the ſhot of *accident* and dart of *chance*. The words and things they imply are purely ſynonymous; but that the poet intended two different things ſeems plain from the *diſcretive* adverb. Chance may afflict a man in ſome circumſtances; but other diſtreſſes are to be accounted for from a different cauſe. I am perſuaded our author wrote:

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my cenſure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, ſtrike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not ſo well; Yet 'would I knew,
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.

Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me, to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him;
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,

The ſhot of accident, *nor dart of* change, &c.
And, in a number of other places, our poet induſtriouſly puts theſe two words in oppoſition to each other. THEOBALD.

To *graze* is not merely to touch ſuperficially, [as Dr. Warburton has ſtated,] but to ſtrike not directly, not ſo as to bury the body of the thing ſtriking in the matter ſtruck.
Theobald trifles, as is uſual. *Accident* and *chance* may admit a ſubtle diſtinction; *accident* may be conſidered as the *act*, and *chance* as the *power* or agency of fortune; as, *It was by* chance *that this* accident *befel me.* At leaſt, if we ſuppoſe all corrupt that is inaccurate, there will be no end of emendation.
JOHNSON.

I do not ſee the leaſt ground for ſuppoſing any corruption in this paſſage. As *pierce* relates to *the dart of chance*, ſo *graze* is referred to *the ſhot of accident.* The expreſſion is ſtill uſed; we ſtill ſay—he was *grazed* by a *bullet.*
For *graze*, Dr. Warburton arbitrarily ſubſtituted—*raze.*
MALONE.

That I may ſave my ſpeech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am ſorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Caſtle.[4]

Enter Othello *and* Emilia.

Oth. You have ſeen nothing then?
Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did ſuſpect.

[4] *A Room in the Caſtle.*] There are great difficulties in aſcertaining the place of this ſcene. Near the cloſe of it, Iago ſays to Deſdemona, "Go *in*, and weep not," which would lead us to place it in the court before Othello's caſtle. Theſe words may indeed be explained to mean, "Go *into* the ſupper-room" (though I do not think that the meaning): but immediately afterwards Roderigo enters, and converſes with Iago, which deciſively aſcertains the ſcene not to be in Othello's houſe: for Roderigo, who had given the firſt intelligence to Brabantio, of his daughter's flight, and had ſhortly afterwards drawn his ſword on Othello and his partiſans, certainly would not take the liberty of walking into his houſe at pleaſure.

On the other hand, what Othello ſays early in the ſcene to Emilia—

"Leave procreants alone, and *ſhut the door*;"

and his ſubſequent addreſs to her as he goes out, as deciſively point out a room in Othello's caſtle as the place of the ſcene; and compel us to place the ſeveral interlocutors there, however inconſiſtent with Roderigo's entry, and Iago's addreſs to Deſdemona.

The truth is, that our poet and his audience, in this inſtance, as in many others, were content, from want of ſcenery, to conſider the very ſame ſpot, at one and at the ſame time, as the outſide and inſide of a houſe. See *The Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*, &c. Vol. III. Malone.

Oth. Yes, you have ſeen Caſſio and ſhe together.

Emil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each ſyllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whiſper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor ſend you out o'the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her maſk, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's ſtrange.

Emil. I durſt, my lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuſe your boſom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the ſerpent's curſe!
For, if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy; the pureſt of their wives[5]
Is foul as ſlander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—
[*Exit* Emilia.
She ſays enough;—yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd,
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet-lock-and-key of villainous ſecrets:
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray; I have ſeen her do't.

[5] —— *of their wives*—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*of her ſex.* Malone.

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleaſure?

Oth. Let me ſee your eyes;
Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, miſtreſs;
[*To* EMILIA.
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:
Your myſtery, your myſtery;—nay, deſpatch.
[*Exit* EMILIA.

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not the words.[6]

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, ſwear it, damn thyſelf;
Leſt, being like one of heaven, the devils themſelves
Should fear to ſeize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,
Swear—thou art honeſt.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art falſe as hell.

[6] *But not* the *words.*] This line is added out of the firſt edition. POPE.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am
I falſe?

Oth. O Deſdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occaſion of theſe tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do ſuſpect,
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why, I have loſt him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of ſores, and ſhames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmoſt hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome part of my ſoul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of ſcorn [7]

[7] —— time *of ſcorn* &c.] The reading of both the eldeſt quartos and the folio is—

——*for* the *time* of ſcorn.

Mr. Rowe reads—*hand* of ſcorn; and ſucceeding editors have ſilently followed him.

I would (though in oppoſition to ſo many great authorities in favour of the change) continue to read with the old copy:

—— *the* time *of ſcorn*.

We call the *hour in which we are to die*, the *hour of death*—the time when we are to be judged—*the day of judgment*—the inſtant when we ſuffer calamity—*the moment of evil*; and why may we not diſtinguiſh the time which brings contempt along with it, by the title of *the time of ſcorn?* Thus, in *King Richard III:*

"Had you ſuch leiſure in *the time of death?*"—

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"To help king Edward in his *time of ſtorm.*"

Again, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

"So ſings the mariner upon the ſhore,
"When he hath paſt the dangerous *time of ſtorms.*"

Again, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

To point his ſlow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!

" I'll poiſon thee; with murder curbe thy paths,
" And make thee know a *time of infamy.*"

Othello takes his idea from a clock. *To make me* (ſays he) *a fixed figure* (on the dial of the world) *for the hour of ſcorn to point and make a full ſtop at!*

By *ſlow unmoving* finger our poet could have meant only—*ſo ſlow that its motion was imperceptible.* Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra* the Meſſenger, deſcribing the gait of the demure Octavia, ſays—

" ——————— ſhe creeps;
" Her *motion* and her *ſtation* are as one:"

i. e. ſhe moved ſo ſlowly, that ſhe appeared as if ſhe ſtood ſtill.

STEEVENS.

Might not Shakſpeare have written:

" ——*for* the ſcorn of time
" To point his ſlow unmoving finger at,"—

i. e. the marked object for the contempt of all ages and all time. So, in *Hamlet:*

" For who would bear the whips and *ſcorns of time?*"

However, in ſupport of the reading of the old copies, it may be obſerved, that our author has perſonified *ſcorn* in his 88th Sonnet:

" When thou ſhalt be diſpos'd to ſet me light,
" And place my merit in the *eye of ſcorn*—."

The epithet *unmoving* may likewiſe derive ſome ſupport from Shakſpeare's 104th Sonnet, in which this very thought is expreſſed:

" Ah! yet doth beauty, like *a dial-hand,*
" *Steal from his figure,* and *no pace perceiv'd;*
" So your ſweet hue, which methinks *ſtill doth ſtand,*
" Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd."

In the clocks of the laſt age there was, I think, in the middle of the dial-plate a figure of time, which, I believe, was in our poet's thoughts, when he wrote the paſſage in the text. [See Vol. XI. p. 162, n. 7.]

The *finger* of the dial was the technical phraſe. So, in *Albovine King of the Lombards,* by D'Avenant, 1629:

" Even as the *ſlow finger of the dial*
" Doth in its *motion* circular *remove*
" To diſtant figures,—."

D'Avenant was a great reader of Shakſpeare, and probably

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:

had read his plays, according to the fashion of the time, in the folio, without troubling himself to look into the quarto copies.

Unmoving is the reading of the quarto, 1622. The folio reads —*and moving*; and this certainly agrees with the image presented and its counterpart, better than *unmoving*, which can be applied to a clock, only by licence of poetry, (*not appearing to move*,) and as applied to *scorn*, has but little force: to say nothing of the superfluous epithet *slow*; for there needs no ghost to tell us, that that which is *unmoving* is *slow*. *Slow* implies some sort of motion, however little it may be, and therefore appears to me to favour the reading of the folio.

I have given the arguments on both sides, and, from respect to the opinion of others, have printed *unmoving*, though I am very doubtful whether it was the word intended by Shakspeare. The quarto, 1622, has—*fingers*; the folio—*finger*. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—*slowly moving finger at*. I should wish to reject the present reading, for even the word *slow* implies some degree of motion, though that motion may not be perceptible to the eye. *The time of scorn* is a strange expression, to which I cannot reconcile myself; I have no doubt but it is erroneous, and wish we had authority to read—*hand* of scorn, instead of *time*. M. MASON.

If a certain culprit, in one of his soliloquies (after the execution of a late sentence in the corn market) had been heard to exclaim:

" —— but, alas! to make me
" A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
" To point his slow unmoving finger at,——
" O! O!"

he would, at once, have been understood, by *the* TIME *of scorn*, to mean the HOUR *of his exposure in the pillory*; and by *its slow unmoving* FINGER, *the* HOUR-INDEX *of the dial that fronted him*.—

Mr. Malone, in a subsequent note, hath remarked that " *his* for *its* is common in our author;" and in respect to the epithet *unmoving*, it may be observed, with Rosalind, not only that *time travels in divers places with divers persons*, but, that for the same reason, it GALLOPS *with the thief to the gallows*, it *apparently* STANDS STILL *with the perjured in the pillory*. Whatever were the precise instance of disgrace to which Othello alluded, the text in its present state, is perfectly intelligible; and, therefore, should be preserved from capricious alterations.

HENLEY.

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;[8]
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life;[9]
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence!
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads[1]
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and roſe-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell![2]

Des. I hope, my noble lord eſteems me honeſt.

Oth. O, ay; as ſummer flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,[3]

[8] ——*garner'd up my heart;*] That is, *treaſured* up; the *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined. Johnson.

[9] *Where either I muſt live, or bear no life;*] So, in *K. Lear:*
" Whereby we do exiſt, or ceaſe to be." Steevens.

[1] ——*a* ciſtern, *for foul toads* &c.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" So half my Egypt were ſubmerg'd, and made
" A *ciſtern* for ſcal'd ſnakes——." Steevens.

[2] ——*turn thy complexion there!* &c.] At ſuch an object do thou, *patience,* thyſelf *change colour*; at this do thou, even thou, *roſy cherub* as thou art, *look as grim as hell.* The old editions and the new have it:
" *I* here look grim as hell."
I was written for *ay,* and not ſince corrected. Johnson.

Here in the old copies was manifeſtly an error of the preſs. See the line next but one above. Mr. Theobald made the correction. Malone.

[3] ——*O thou weed,*] Dr. Johnſon has, on this occaſion, been unjuſtly cenſured for having ſtifled difficulties where he could not remove them. I would therefore obſerve, that Othello's ſpeech is printed word for word from the folio edition, though the quarto reads:
" O thou *black* weed!"
Had this epithet, *black,* been admitted, there would ſtill have remained an incomplete verſe in the ſpeech: no additional beauty

Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe aches at thee.—'Would, thou had'ſt
ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
Made to write whore upon?[4] What committed!
Committed![5]—O thou publick commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modeſty,

would have been introduced; but inſtead of it, a paltry antitheſis between the words *black* and *fair*. STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1622, reads:

" O thou *black* weed, *why* art ſo lovely fair?
" *Thou* ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet, that the ſenſe aches at thee," &c.
MALONE.

[4] *Was this fair paper,* &c.] Maſſinger has imitated this paſſage in *The Emperor of the Eaſt*:

" ——— can you think
" This maſter piece of heaven, this precious vellum
" Of ſuch a purity and virgin whiteneſs,
" Could be deſign'd to have perjury and whoredom
" In capital letters writ upon't?" STEEVENS.

[5] *Committed!*] This, and the three following lines, are omitted in the firſt quarto. For the peculiar ſenſe in which the word—*committed*, is here uſed, ſee Vol. XVII. p. 466, n. 8. See alſo, Decker's *Bell-man's Night Walkes*, &c: " But what doe they? marrie, they doe that which the Conſtable ſhould have done for them both in the ſtreets; that is to ſay, *commit, commit!*"
STEEVENS.

This word in Shakſpeare's time, beſide its general ſignification, ſeems to have been applied particularly to unlawful acts of love.—Hence perhaps it is ſo often repeated by Othello.

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's CHARACTERS, (*A Very Woman*) 1614: " She *commits* with her ears for certain; after that, ſhe may go for a maid, but ſhe has been lain with in her underſtanding." The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *King Lear*:

" *Commit* not with man's ſworn ſpouſe."

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, P. I:

" ——if all *committers* ſtood in a rank,
" They'd make a lane, in which your ſhame might dwell."
MALONE.

Did I but ſpeak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,[6]
Is huſh'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—
Impudent ſtrumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?

Des. No, as I am a chriſtian:
If to preſerve this veſſel for my lord,[7]
From any other[8] foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.

Oth. Is it poſſible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, miſtreſs,

Re-enter Emilia.

That have the office oppoſite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!

[6] *The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind."

Malone.

[7] *If to preſerve this* veſſel *for my lord,*] This expreſſion, as well as many others, our author has borrowed from the ſacred writings: "—to poſſeſs his *veſſel* in ſanctification,"—1 *Theſſ.* iv. 4. Malone.

[8] —— *any* other —] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—any *hatred.* Steevens.

We have done our courſe; there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counſel.
[*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half aſleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?[9]

Emil. He that is yours, ſweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor anſwer I have none,
But what ſhould go by water.[1] Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets,—remember;—
And call thy huſband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed!
[*Exit.*

[9] *Who is thy lord?*] This, and the following ſpeech, are omitted in the firſt quarto. Steevens.

[1] —— *anſwer I have none,*
But what ſhould go by water.] Camden has preſerved an *Epitaph on Queen Elizabeth*, which concludes with a ſimilar conceit:

"I think the barge-men might with eaſier thighs
"Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes:
"For how-ſo-ere, thus much my thoughts have ſcann'd,
"Sh'ad *come by water*, had ſhe come by land."
Steevens.

Theſe lines are to be found in Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603, and probably were written by him. They are not as an epitaph.
Reed.

Des. 'Tis meet I ſhould be us'd ſo, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
The ſmall'ſt opinion on my great'ſt abuſe?[2]

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleaſure, madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Thoſe, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſy taſks:
He might have chid me ſo; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, ſhe ſays, my lord did ſay I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his callet[3]

[2] —— *on my great'ſt abuſe?*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1622, which Dr. Johnſon thought preferable to the reading of the folio—*on my leaſt miſuſe.* MALONE.

[3] —— *upon his* callet.] *Callet* is a lewd woman; ſo called (ſays Dr. Grey) from the French *calote*, which was a ſort of head-dreſs worn by country girls. This head-dreſs is mentioned by Ben Jonſon in his *Magnetick Lady*:

"The wearing the *callot*, the politick hood."

The word is likewiſe found in *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, a ſatyre, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, no date:

"Yf he cal̃ her *calat*, ſhe calleth hym knave agayne."

On the books of the Stationers' Company is the following

Iago. Why did he ſo?

Des. I do not know; I am ſure, I am none ſuch.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!

Emil. Has ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beſhrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſy and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Have not devis'd this ſlander; I'll be hang'd elſe.

Iago. Fye, there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.

Des. If any ſuch there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!

entry: "Recevyd of Alexandre Lucye for his lycence for printinge of a boke intituled the——orders of *Callets* or drabbys." 1563. Steevens.

——*ſuch terms upon his* callet.] This word is of great antiquity in the Engliſh language. Chaucer has it in his *Remedy of Love:*

"C, for calet, for of, we have O,
"L, for leude, D, for demeanure," &c. Percy.

I meet with this word in the tranſlation of *Arioſto*, 1591:

"And thus this old ill-favour'd ſpiteful *callet*—."

Harrington, in a note on that line, ſays that "*callet* is a nickname uſed to a woman," and that "in Iriſh it ſignifies a *witch*."

I have no faith in Dr. Grey's etymology of this word, *Calote* is a coif or light cap, worn by others beſide country girls.

Malone.

Dr Grey's etymology is taken from the Gloſſary to Urry's Chaucer. Reed.

Why ſhould he call her, whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villainous knave,[4]
Some baſe notorious[5] knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that ſuch companions[6] thou'dſt unfold;
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal[7] naked through the world,
Even from the eaſt to the weſt!

Iago. Speak within door.[8]

Emil. O, fye upon him! ſome ſuch ſquire he was,
That turn'd your wit the ſeamy ſide without,[9]

[4] ——*ſome* moſt villainous *knave,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—ſome *outrageous* knave. Malone.

[5] ——*notorious*—] For *groſs,* not in its proper meaning for *known.* Johnson.

[6] ——*ſuch* companions—] The ſame term of degradation has already occurred and been explained in *Julius Cæſar.* See Vol. XVI. p. 384, n. 7. In *King Henry IV.* P. II. Vol. XII. p. 86, Dol Tearſheet alſo ſays to Piſtol:—"I ſcorn you, ſcurvy *companion.*" Steevens.

Companion, in the time of Shakſpeare, was uſed as a word of contempt, in the ſame ſenſe as *fellow* is at this day.

So, in *The Widow's Tears,* by Chapman, 1612: "How now, baſe *companion?*"

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy,* 1605:

"And better 'tis, that *baſe companions* die,
"Than by their life to hazard our good haps."

Malone.

[7] ——*the* raſcal—] Thus the quarto, 1622; folio—*raſcals.* Emilia firſt wiſhes that *all* baſe fellows were detected, and then that heaven would put a whip in every honeſt hand to puniſh in a ſignal manner that villainous knave, particularly in her thoughts, who had abuſed the too credulous Moor. Malone.

[8] *Speak within door.*] Do not clamour ſo as to be heard beyond the houſe. Johnson.

[9] ——*the ſeamy ſide without,*] That is, *inſide out.* Johnson.

And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,
What ſhall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel:[1]—
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Either in diſcourſe of thought, or actual deed;[2]
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot ſay, whore;
It does abhor me, now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.

This idea has already occurred. In a former ſcene, Iago ſpeaks of Roderigo as of one—

"Whom love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide outward."

STEEVENS.

[1] *Here I kneel:* &c.] The firſt quarto omits theſe words and the reſt of the ſpeech. STEEVENS.

[2] *Either in* diſcourſe of thought, *or actual deed*;] Thus the old copies. So, in *Hamlet:*

"O heaven! a beaſt, that wants *diſcourſe of reaſon*,
"Would have mourn'd longer."

The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read—diſcourſe, *or* thought. MALONE.

Notwithſtanding the inſtance given in favour of the old reading, I ſuſpect, on the authority of the following note, that Mr. Pope's correction is defenſible. STEEVENS.

The three ways of committing ſin mentioned in the Catholick catechiſms are—in *thought, word, and deed.* C.

The ſame words remain in our Liturgy. STEEVENS.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the ſtate does him offence,
And he does chide with you.[3]

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how theſe inſtruments ſummon to ſupper!
And the great meſſengers of Venice ſtay:[4]
Go in, and weep not; all things ſhall be well.
[*Exeunt* Desdemona *and* Emilia.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'ſt me with ſome device, Iago; and rather (as it ſeems to me now,) keep'ſt from me all conveniency, than ſupplieſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet perſuaded, to put up in peace what already I have fooliſhly ſuffered.

[3] —— *and he does* chide with *you.*] This line is from the quarto, 1622. Steevens.

To *chide with* was the phraſeology of the time. We have, I think, the ſame phraſe in one of our poet's Sonnets. Malone.

The ſame phraſe indeed occurs in p. 313, but perhaps with a ſomewhat different conſtruction:

" And *chides with* thinking." Steevens.

[4] *And the great meſſengers of Venice ſtay:*] Thus the quarto. The folio poorly reads:

The meſſengers of Venice ſtay the meat. Steevens.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have waſted myſelf out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Deſdemona, would half have corrupted a votariſt: You have told me—ſhe has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect and acquittance;[5] but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I ſay, it is very ſcurvy; and begin to find myſelf fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myſelf known to Deſdemona: If ſhe will return me my jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſolicitation; if not, aſſure yourſelf, I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You have ſaid now.

Rod. Ay, and I have ſaid nothing, but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I ſee there's mettle in thee; and even, from this inſtant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy

[5] —— *and* acquittance;] This is the reading of the original quarto, 1622. The folio reads—and *acquaintance*.

Acquittance is requital. So, in *King Henry V:*

"And ſhall forget the office of our hand
"Sooner than '*quittance* of deſert and merit."

See alſo *Hamlet*, Vol. XVIII. p. 352, n. 1. Malone.

See alſo Vol. IX. p. 16, n. 7. Steevens.

hand, Roderigo: Thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception; but, yet, I proteſt, I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgment.[6] But, Roderigo, if thou haſt that within thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpoſe, courage, and valour,—this night ſhow it: if thou the next night following enjoyeſt not Deſdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.[7]

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reaſon, and compaſs?

Iago. Sir, there is eſpecial commiſſion[8] come from Venice, to depute Caſſio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Deſdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Deſdemona, unleſs his abode be lingered here by ſome accident; wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of Caſſio.

[6] ——*your ſuſpicion is not without* wit *and* judgment.] Shakſpeare knew well, that moſt men like to be flattered on account of thoſe endowments in which they are moſt deficient. Hence Iago's compliment to this *ſnipe* on his ſagacity and ſhrewdneſs. Malone.

[7] ——*take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe* engines *for my life* &c.] To *deviſe engines,* ſeems to mean, to contrive racks, tortures, &c. Ritson.

So, in *King Lear:*

" ——like an *engine,* wrench'd my frame of nature."
Steevens.

[8] ——*there is eſpecial commiſſion*—] Shakſpeare probably wrote—*a ſpecial*—. Malone.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourſelf a profit, and a right. He ſups to-night with a harlot,[9] and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleaſure; I will be near to ſecond your attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will ſhow you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think yourſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time,[1] and the night grows to waſte:[2] about it.

[9] *He ſups to-night with a* harlot,] The folio reads—a *harlotry*, which may be right. Our author has the expreſſion—"a peeviſh ſelf-will'd *harlotry*," in two plays. Ritson.

[1] ——*It is now* high *ſupper-time*,] I believe we ſhould read: *It is now* nigh *ſupper-time*,—. M. Mason.

The old reading is the true one. There is no phraſe more common than—"*high* time to go to bed—to get up," &c. *High* time, is *full, complete* time.

Thus Spenſer, in his *Fairy Queen:*

"*High* time now 'gan it wax for Una fair
"To think of thoſe her captive parents——."

Again:

"*High* time it is this war now ended were."

Clarendon is frequent in his uſe of this expreſſion.

Steevens.

[2] ——*and the night grows to* waſte:] I ſuppoſe Iago means to ſay, that *it is near midnight.* Perhaps we ought to print—*waiſt* Both the old copies, the quarto, 1622, and the folio, 1623, read—*waſt*, which was the old ſpelling of *waiſt.*

So, *Hamlet:*

"In the dead *waſt* [*waiſt*] and middle of the night."

Rod. I will hear further reaſon for this.

Iago. And you ſhall, be ſatisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Caſtle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beſeech you, ſir, trouble yourſelf no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

Des. Your honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, ſir?—O,—Deſdemona,——

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the inſtant; I will be returned forthwith: diſmiſs your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* Othello, Lodovico, *and Attendants.*

See note on that paſſage, Vol. XVIII. p. 45, n. 3.
See alſo, *The Puritan,* a comedy, 1607:

" ——— ere the day
" Be ſpent to the *girdle,* thou ſhalt be free."

The words, however, may only mean—*the night is* waſting apace. Malone.

The laſt is certainly the true explanation. So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" Sir, March is *waſted* fourteen days." Steevens.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He ſays, he will return incontinent;
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to diſmiſs you.

Emil. Diſmiſs me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Emil. I would, you had never ſeen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth ſo approve him,
That even his ſtubbornneſs, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid thoſe ſheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father![3] how fooliſh are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, ſhroud me
In one of thoſe ſame ſheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, ſhe lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forſake her:[4] ſhe had a ſong of—willow,

[3] —— *Good father!*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—all's one, good *faith.* Malone.

[4] —— *and he, ſhe lov'd, prov'd mad,*
And did forſake her:] I believe that *mad* only ſignifies *wild, frantick, uncertain.* Johnson.

Mad, in the preſent inſtance, ought to mean—*inconſtant.* Ritson.

We ſtill call a wild giddy girl a *mad-cap:* and, in *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* are mentioned:

An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,
And ſhe died ſinging it: That ſong, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head[5] all at one ſide,
And ſing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, deſpatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handſome man.

Des. And he ſpeaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Paleſtine, for a touch of his nether lip.

" *Mad,* natural graces that extinguiſh art."
Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
" Come on, you *mad*-cap."
Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:* " Do you hear, my *mad* wenches?" Steevens.

[5] —— *I have much* to do,
But to go hang my head—] *I have much* ado to do any thing *but hang my head.* We might read:
Not *to go hang my head.*
This is perhaps the only inſertion made in the latter editions which has improved the play. The reſt ſeem to have been added for the ſake of amplification, or of ornament. When the imagination had ſubſided, and the mind was no longer agitated by the horror of the action, it became at leiſure to look round for ſpecious additions. This addition is natural. Deſdemona can at firſt hardly forbear to ſing the ſong; ſhe endeavours to change her train of thoughts, but her imagination at laſt prevails, and ſhe ſings it. Johnson.

From *I have much to do,* to *Nay, that's not next,* was inſerted after the firſt edition, as was likewiſe the remaining part of the ſong. Steevens.

I.

DES. *The poor ſoul*[6] *ſat ſighing*[7] *by a ſycamore tree,* [Singing.
Sing all a green willow ;[8]
Her hand on her boſom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The freſh ſtreams[9] *ran by her, and murmur'd her moans* ;
Sing willow, &c.
Her ſalt tears fell from her, and ſoften'd the ſtones;

Lay by theſe:

Sing willow, willow, willow ;

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.

[6] *The poor ſoul* &c.] This ſong, in two parts, is printed in a late collection of old ballads; the lines preſerved here differ ſomewhat from the copy diſcovered by the ingenious collector. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*ſat* ſighing —] The folio reads—*ſinging*. The paſſage, as has been already obſerved, is not in the original copy printed in 1622. The reading of the text is taken from a quarto of no authority printed in 1630. *Sighing*, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, is alſo the reading in the black-letter copy of this ballad, in the Pepys Collection, which Dr. Percy followed. See *The Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. I. 192. MALONE.

[8] *Sing all a green willow* ; &c.] In the *Gallery of Gorgious Inuentions*, &c. 4to. 1578, there is alſo a ſong to which the burden is—

" Willow, willow, willow, ſing all of green willow ;
" Sing all of greene willow ſhall be my garland."

Sig. L. ii. STEEVENS.

[9] *The freſh ſtreams* &c.] Theſe lines are formed with ſome additions from two couplets of the original ſong:

II.

Let nobody blame him, his ſcorn I approve,[1]—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. *I call'd my love, falſe love;*[2] *but what ſaid*
he then?
Sing willow, &c.
If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.[3]

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

" *The cold ſtreams ran by him,* his eyes wept apace;
" O willow, &c.
" The ſalt tears fell from him, which drowned his face;
" O willow, &c.
" The mute birds ſate by him, made tame *by his mones*;
" O willow, &c.
" *The ſalt tears fell from him, which ſoften'd the ſtones.*"
MALONE.

[1] *Let nobody blame him, his ſcorn I approve,*] In the original:
" Let nobody blame me, her ſcorns I *do* prove,
" O willow, &c.
" She was born to be fair; I to die for her love."
MALONE.

[2] *I call'd my love, falſe love*;] This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forſaken, but of a man rejected. Theſe lines were properly added when it was accommodated to a woman. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*you'll* couch *with mo men.*] This verb is found alſo in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:
" ——O, if thou *couch*
" But one night with her,——." MALONE.

It is uſed likewiſe in *The Merchant of Venice:*
" ——*couching* with the lawyer's clerk." STEEVENS.

Des. I have heard it ſaid ſo.[4]—O, theſe men, theſe men!—
Doſt thou in conſcience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuſe their huſbands
In ſuch groſs kind?

Emil. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.

Des. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i'the dark.

Des. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price
For a ſmall vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou would'ſt not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I ſhould; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joint-ring;[5] nor for meaſures of

[4] *I have heard it ſaid ſo.*] This, as well as the following ſpeech, is omitted in the firſt quarto. Steevens.

[5] —— *for a* joint-ring;] Anciently a common token among lovers. They are mentioned by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, 544: "With tokens, hearts divided, and *halfe rings*."

The nature of theſe rings will be beſt explained by a paſſage in Dryden's *Don Sebaſtian*:

"—— a curious artiſt wrought them,
"With *joints* ſo cloſe as not to be perceiv'd;
"Yet are they both each other's counterpart:
"Her part had Juan inſcrib'd, and his had Zayda,
"(You know thoſe names are theirs) and, in the midſt,
"A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
"Now if the rivets of thoſe rings inclos'd,

lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many
To the vantage,[6] as would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think,[7] it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;[8]
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having[9] in despite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know,

" Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye:
" But if they *join*, you must for ever part." Steevens.

[6] *To the vantage,*] i. e. to boot, over and above. Steevens.

[7] *But, I do think,* &c.] The remaining part of this speech is omitted in the first quarto. Steevens.

[8] *And pour our treasures into foreign laps;*] So, in one of our author's Poems:

" Robb'd other beds' revenues of their rents."

Malone.

[9] ——*our former having*—] Our former allowance of expence. Johnson.

Their wives have ſenſe like them:[1] they ſee, and ſmell,
And have their palates both for ſweet and ſour,
As huſbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it ſport?
I think it is; And doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is ſo too: And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them uſe us well: elſe, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.[2]

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me ſuch uſage ſend,[3]
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt.*

[1] ——*have* ſenſe *like them:*] *Senſe* is uſed here, as in *Hamlet*, for *ſenſation*, or *ſenſual appetite*. See Vol. XVIII. p. 244, n. 2. MALONE.

[2] ——*inſtruct us* to.] Mr. Malone, in the following note, has deſcribed and rejected a correction which I have received on the authority of the following paſſage in *Pericles*. Till this inſtant I had ſuppoſed this paſſage itſelf to need amendment:

" Your honour and your goodneſs *teach* me *to* it."

Perhaps no rhyme was intended. STEEVENS.

This paſſage, [in *Othello*,] as has been already obſerved, is not in the quarto, 1622. The reading of my text [*ſo*] is that of the folio, 1623. The modern editors, following an alteration made by the editor of the ſecond folio, read—inſtruſt us *to*. Our poet, for the ſake of rhyme, often uſes an uncommon phraſeology; I have therefore adhered to the authentick copy. MALONE.

[3] ——*Heaven me ſuch* uſage *ſend*,] Such *uſes* is the reading of the folio, and of the ſubſequent editions; but the old quarto has,—ſuch *uſage* ſend. *Uſage* is an old word for *cuſtom*, and, I think, better than *uſes*. JOHNSON.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, ſtand behind this bulk; ſtraight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miſcarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy ſword. [*Retires to a little diſtance.*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me ſatisfying reaſons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my ſword; he dies.
[*Goes to his ſtand.*

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he grows angry.[4] Now, whether he kill Caſſio,

[4] *I have rubb'd this young* quat *almoſt to the ſenſe,*
And he grows angry.] This is a paſſage much controverted among the editors. Sir T. Hanmer reads *qual*, a *gudgeon*; not that a *gudgeon* can be *rubbed* to much *ſenſe*, but that a man groſsly deceived is often called a *gudgeon*. Mr. Upton reads—*quail*, which he proves, by much learning, to be a very cholerick bird. Dr. Warburton retains *gnat*, which is found in the early quarto. Theobald would introduce *knot*, a ſmall bird of that name. I have followed the text of the folio, and third and fourth quartos.

A *quat* in the midland counties is a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to ſmart, or is *rubbed to ſenſe*. Roderigo is called a

Or Caſſio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain :[5] Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,[6]
As gifts to Deſdemona ;
It muſt not be : if Caſſio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly ; and, beſides, the Moor
May unfold me to him ; there ſtand I in much
peril :

quat by the ſame mode of ſpeech, as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *ſcab*. *To rub to the ſenſe*, is *to rub to the quick*. JOHNSON.

The ſame explanation appeared in *The Britiſh Magazine*, p. 425, in the year 1748. REED.

So, in *The Devil's Law Caſe*, 1623 : " O young *quat!* incontinence is plagued in all creatures in the world."

Again, in Decket's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609 : " —whether he be a *yong quat* of the firſt yeeres revennew, or ſome auſtere and ſullen-fac'd ſteward," &c.

Such another thought occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Catiline :*

" ——muſt have their diſgraces ſtill new *rubb'd*,
" *To make them ſmart*," &c.

Again, in the Preface to Robert Dallington's *Method of Travel, ſhewed by taking the View of France, as it ſtood in the Yeare of our Lord*, 1598 : " —and be aſſured that where it *rubbeth* the French itche *till it ſmart*," &c.

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of Homer's *Batrachomuomachia :*

" And this it is that *rubs* the *angry* ſore
" Of my offence——." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*my* gain :] The quartos read—my *game*. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*that I* bobb'd *from him*,] That I *fool'd* him out of. A *bob* formerly ſignified a mock, or jeer. Cole renders it in his *Dictionary*, 1679, by *fanna*, as he does *bobb'd* by *illuſus*. MALONE.

To *bob* for fiſh is likewiſe a technical term among thoſe who delight in angling. Thus, in a well-known line deſcribing a giant's occupation :

" He ſat upon a rock, and *bobb'd* for whales."
STEEVENS.

No, he muſt die:—But ſo, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou dieſt.
[*Ruſhes from his poſt, and makes a paſs at* CASSIO.

Cas. That thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'ſt;
I will make proof of thine.
[*Draws, and wounds* RODERIGO.

Rod. O, I am ſlain!
[IAGO *ruſhes from his poſt, cuts* CASSIO *behind in the Leg,*[7] *and exit.*

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

Enter OTHELLO, *at a diſtance.*

Oth. The voice of Caſſio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even ſo.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a ſurgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honeſt, and juſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teacheſt me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace:[8]—Strumpet, I come:

[7] ——*in the leg,*] Iago maims Caſſio in the *leg,* in conſequence of what he had juſt heard him ſay, from which he ſuppoſed that his body was defended by ſome ſecret armour. MALONE.

[8] *And your fate hies apace:*] Thus the firſt quarto. The ſecond quarto and the folio read—And your *unbleſt fate hies.* STEEVENS.

Forth of my heart [9] thoſe charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with luſt's blood be ſpotted. [*Exit* OTHELLO.

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO, *at a diſtance.*

CAS. What, ho! no watch? no paſſage? [1] murder! murder!

GRA. 'Tis ſome miſchance; the cry is very direful.

[9] *Forth of my heart* &c.] Thus the firſt quarto. The folio reads—*For of.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Whalley obſerves to me that the reading of the quarto is the true one. *Forth* ſignifies both *out* and *from.* So, in *Hamlet:*

" *Forth* at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep."

Again, in Jonſon's *Volpone:*

" *Forth* the reſolved corners of his eyes."

Mr. Henley had alſo made the ſame obſervation, and in proof of it produced the following paſſages from *King Richard III:*

" I clothe my naked villainy
" With old odd ends, ſtol'n *forth* of holy writ."

Again:

" 'Faith, none but Humphrey Houre, that call'd your grace,
" To breakfaſt once, *forth of* my company." REED.

For off [once propoſed by Mr. Steevens] is the conjectural reading introduced by the editor of the ſecond folio, and is one of a thouſand proofs of capricious alterations made in that copy, without any regard to the moſt ancient editions. The original reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in *Mount Tabor, or the Private Exerciſes of a Penitent Sinner,* 1639: " — whilſt all this was acting, there came *forth of* another door at the fartheſt end of the ſtage, two old men," &c. MALONE.

[1] —— *no paſſage?*] No paſſengers? nobody going by? JOHNSON.

So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" Now in the ſtirring *paſſage* of the day." STEEVENS.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night:[2]
Theſe may be counterfeits; let's think't unſafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, *with a Light.*

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries on murder?[3]

[2] ——*a heavy night:*] A *thick cloudy* night, in which an ambuſh may be commodiouſly laid. Johnson.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"Upon the *heavy* middle of the night." Steevens.

[3] ——*whoſe noiſe is this, that cries* on *murder?*] Thus the quarto, 1622, and the folio, 1623; and ſuch was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in *Eaſtward Hoe,* a comedy, 1605:

"Who *cries on murder?* lady, was it you?"

That line is a parody on one in *The Spaniſh Tragedy.*—The editor of the ſecond folio, who altered whatever he did not underſtand, for *cries on,* ſubſtituted *cries out,* and has been followed by all the modern editors. Malone.

To "cry *on*" any thing, is not, I believe, a phraſe more ancient than to "cry *out*" on any thing. In *King Henry IV.* P. II. theſe prepoſitions act together in one line:

"And that ſame word even now *cries out on* us."

Perhaps they would both alſo have been employed in the paſſage under conſideration, but that the ſtructure of our author's verſe required only one of them.—I mention theſe circumſtances, that the enormous guilt of the ſecond folio, and its copiers, may be in ſome degree extenuated. Steevens.

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's ſake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The ſame, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry ſo grievouſly?

Cas. Iago? O, I am ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done
this?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give ſome help.
[*To* Lodovico *and* Gratiano.

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous ſlave! O villain!
[Iago *ſtabs* Roderigo.

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—
O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i'the dark!—Where be theſe
bloody thieves?—
How ſilent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?[4]

Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

[4] —— *are you of good, or evil?*] So, in *Hamlet:*
"Art thou a ſpirit of health? or goblin damn'd?"
Steevens.

Lod. He, ſir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Caſſio hurt
By villains.

Gra. Caſſio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Caſſio! my ſweet Caſſio!
O Caſſio! Caſſio! Caſſio!

Iago. O notable ſtrumpet!—Caſſio, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am ſorry, to find you thus: I have been to ſeek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter:[5] So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him eaſily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Caſſio! Caſſio! Caſſio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this traſh
To be a party in this injury.[6]—

[5] *Lend me a garter:* &c.] This ſpeech is omitted in the firſt quarto. Steevens.

[6] *To be a party in this injury.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—to *bear a part in this.* Steevens.

Patience a while, good Caſſio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,[7]
Roderigo? no:—Yes, ſure; O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, ſir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to ſee you.

Iago. How do you, Caſſio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well ſaid;—the chair:— [*A Chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's ſurgeon.—For you, miſtreſs,
[*To* Bianca.
Save you your labour.—He that lies ſlain here, Caſſio,
Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To* Bian.] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o'the air.—
[Cassio *and* Rod. *are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen:[8]—Look you pale, miſtreſs?

[7] *Alas! my friend, and my dear* countryman,] This paſſage inconteſtably proves that Iago was meant for a *Venetian.* Steevens.

[8] ——*good* gentlemen:] Thus the folio. The quarto reads —*gentlewoman.* Steevens.

Do you perceive the gaſtneſs [9] of her eye?—
Nay, if you ſtare,[1] we ſhall hear more anon:—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you ſee, gentlemen? nay, guiltineſs will ſpeak,
Though tongues were out of uſe.[2]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter, huſband?

Iago. Caſſio hath here been ſet on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are ſcap'd;
He's almoſt ſlain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Caſſio!

That the original is the true reading, may be collected from the ſituation and feelings of the parties on the ſcene. No reaſon can be aſſigned why *Lodovico* and *Gratiano* ſhould immediately quit the ſpot where they now are, before they had heard from Iago further particulars of the attack on Caſſio, merely becauſe Caſſio was borne off: whereas, on the other hand, his miſtreſs, Bianca, who has been officiouſly offering him aſſiſtance, would naturally endeavour to accompany him to his lodgings.

MALONE.

There ſeems to me to be a very good reaſon aſſignable why theſe two gentlemen ſhould immediately quit the ſpot on Caſſio's being borne off, viz. to aſſiſt him or ſee him properly taken care of, rather than to ſtay and gratify their curioſity. Reſpect for the perſon appointed Othello's ſucceſſor, if not perſonal regard, would, I ſhould think, naturally have dictated ſuch a proceeding, had they not been ſtopped by Iago's deſiring them not to go.

REED.

[9] —— *the* gaſtneſs —] So, the folio. The quartos read—*jeſtures*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Nay, if you* ſtare,] So, the folio. The quartos read—*ſtirre*. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *guiltineſs will ſpeak,*
Though tongues were out of uſe.] So, in *Hamlet*:
" For murder, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
" With moſt miraculous organ." STEEVENS.

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Caſſio where he ſupp'd to-night :[3]—
What, do you ſhake at that?

Bian. He ſupp'd at my houſe; but I therefore ſhake not.

Iago. O, did he ſo? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fye, fye upon thee, ſtrumpet!

Bian. I am no ſtrumpet; but of life as honeſt,
As you that thus abuſe me.

Emil. As I? foh! fye upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go ſee poor Caſſio dreſs'd :—
Come, miſtreſs, you muſt tell us another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—

[3] —— *Pr'ythee, Emilia,*
Go know of Caſſio where he ſupp'd to-night :] In the laſt ſcene of the preceding Act Iago informs Roderigo, that Caſſio was to ſup with Bianca; that he would accompany Caſſio to her houſe, and would take care to bring him away from thence between twelve and one. Caſſio too had himſelf informed Iago, Act IV. ſc. i. that he would ſup with Bianca, and Iago had promiſed to meet him at her houſe. Perhaps, however, here Iago choſe to appear ignorant of this fact, conſcious that he had waylaid Caſſio, and therefore deſirous of being thought ignorant of his motions during the evening. Malone.

Yet, how happens it, that Bianca, inſtead of replying—*He ſupp'd* &c. did not anſwer, addreſſing herſelf to Iago :
Why, you well know,
He ſupp'd *&c?*
The former line being imperfect, ſome ſuch words might have been omitted. Or perhaps, our author was unwilling that Bianca ſhould ſay in the preſence of Iago's wife, that he too had been of Caſſio's ſupper-party; and hence this ſeeming inconſiſtency. Steevens.

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aſide.*
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.[4]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA *in bed aſleep. A Light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

OTH. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul,—
Let me not name it[5] to you, you chaſte ſtars![6]—

[4] ——*or* fordoes *me quite.*] To *fordo,* is to undo, to ruin, to deſtroy. So, in *Hamlet:*

" ——did, with deſperate hand,
" *Fordo* its own life."

Again, in the Interlude of *Jacob and Eſau,* 1578:

" If God were ſo pleaſed, I would that were *fordonne.*"
STEEVENS.

See Vol. XVIII. p. 102, n. 2. MALONE.

[5] *It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul,—*
Let me not name it—] The abruptneſs of this ſoliloquy makes it obſcure. The meaning, I think, is this:—I am here (ſays Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reaſon of this perturbation? Is it want of reſolution to do juſtice? Is it the dread of ſhedding blood? No; it is not the action that ſhocks me, but *it is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul; let me not name it to you, ye chaſte ſtars! it is the cauſe.*
JOHNSON.

Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, ſeems at this inſtant to be ſeeking his juſtification, from repreſenting to himſelf *the cauſe,* i. e. the greatneſs of the provocation he had received. He may, however, mean—It is the *cauſe* of chaſtity and virtue, that I maintain. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*you* chaſte *ſtars,*] For the epithet—*chaſte,* applied to the *ſtars,* there is perhaps no claſſical authority. Statius, when Achilles, diſguiſed in a female habit, had proved his manhood on Deidamia, obſerves that—

It is the cauſe.—Yet I'll not ſhed her blood;
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter.
[*Takes off his Sword.*
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men.[7]
Put out the light, and then put out the light:[8]

" —— riſit chorus omnis ab alto
" *Aſtrorum*, et teneræ rubuerunt cornua *Lunæ*."

Hence we may infer that an occurrence offenſive to the *moon*, was anciently ſuppoſed to put the leſs prudiſh *ſtars* (" *Diana's waiting-women*") in good humour. STEEVENS.

[7] *Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men.*] This is the ſecond attempt of Othello to juſtify what he has undertaken. Firſt he ſays, *It is the cauſe*, i. e. his own *cauſe*; now he is willing to ſuppoſe himſelf the preventer of miſchief to others. STEEVENS.

[8] *Put out the light, and then put out the light:*] It ſhould be thus printed:

Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!

The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpoſe. But the expreſſion of *putting out the light*, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks ſhort, and queſtions himſelf about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his firſt words, as much as to ſay,—But hold, let me firſt weigh the reflections which this expreſſion ſo naturally excites. WARBURTON.

This has been conſidered as a very difficult line. *Fielding* makes *Betterton* and *Booth* diſpute about it with the *author himſelf* in the other world. The punctuation recommended by Dr. Warburton, gives a ſpirit to it which I fear was not intended. It ſeems to have been only a *play upon words*. *To put the light out* was a phraſe for *to kill*. In *The Maid's Tragedy*, Melantius ſays:

" —— 'Tis a juſtice, and a noble one,
" *To put the light out* of ſuch baſe offenders."

FARMER.

This phraſe is twice uſed in Sidney's *Arcadia*, for killing a lady, p. 460 and 470, edit. 1633.

Again, in an unpubliſhed play called *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, by George Chapman, licenſed by Sir George Buc,

If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,

October 31ſt, 1611: (now in the library of the Marquis of Lanſdowne, who honoured me with the uſe of it:)

" ——— O ſoul of cunning!
" Came that arch ſubtilty from thy lady's counſel,
" Or thine own ſudden craft? confeſs to me
" How oft thou haſt been a bawd to their cloſe actions,
" *Or all thy light goes out.*" STEEVENS.

Put out the light, and then put out the light:] This is one of the paſſages to which I alluded in a note on *As you like it*, Vol. VIII. p. 191, in which, by a modern regulation, our poet's words have obtained a meaning, which in my opinion was not in his thoughts. Mr Upton was the firſt perſon who introduced the *conceit* in this line, which has been adopted ſince his book appeared, by pointing it thus:

Put out the light, and then—Put out the light! &c.

I entirely agree with Dr. Farmer, that this regulation gives a ſpirit to this paſſage that was not intended. The poet, I think, meant merely to ſay,—" I will now put out the lighted taper which I hold, and then put out the light *of life*;" and this introduces his ſubſequent reflection and compariſon, juſt as aptly, as ſuppoſing the latter words of the line to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe as in the beginning of it, which cannot be done without deſtroying that equivoque and play of words of which Shakſpeare was ſo fond.

There are few images which occur more frequently in his works than this. Thus, in *King Henry VI.* P. III. the dying Clifford ſays:

" Here *burns* my *candle out*, ay, here it dies."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

" Out, out, brief candle!"

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

" This candle burns not clear; 'tis I muſt ſnuff it;
" Then out it goes."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

" Fair torch, burn *out thy light*, and lend it not
" To *darken* her, whoſe *light* excelleth thine!"

Let the words—*put out her light*, ſtand for a moment in the place of—*darken her*, and then the ſentence will run—*Burn out thy light, fair torch, and lend it not to put out her light, whoſe light is more excellent than thine.* In the very ſame ſtrain, ſays Othello, " *let me firſt extinguiſh the light I now hold, and then*

Should I repent me :—but once put out thine,[9]
Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,[1]
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume.[2] When I have pluck'd
thy roſe,[3]
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs muſt wither :—I'll ſmell it on the tree.—
[*Kiſsing her.*
O balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice to break her ſword !—One more, one more.—

put out the light of life. But how different in effect and importance are theſe two acts ! The extinguiſhed taper can be lighted again, but the light of life, when once extinguiſhed, can never, alas, be relumined !

The queſtion is not, which regulation renders the paſſage moſt elegant and ſpirited, but what was the poet's idea.—I believe, however, that Shakſpeare wrote—and then put out *thy* light; and the reading of the original copy in a ſubſequent line, " —but once put out *thine*," ſeems to me to countenance this emendation.

In *The Merchant of Venice* the word *light* is uſed with equal ambiguity :

" Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*."

MALONE.

[9] ——*put out* thine,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—put out *thy light*. I have choſen the former reading for the ſake of meaſure, and to eſcape a uſeleſs repetition of the word—*light*.

STEEVENS.

[1] *Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,*] So, in *Palmerin D Oliva*, 1588, p. 1 : " —thoſe that beheld her, eſteemed her for the chiefeſt piece of workmanſhipp that ever nature framed." REED.

[2] *That can thy light* relume —] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto—*return :* the ſecond quarto—*relumine*. STEEVENS.

Our poet has *illume* for *illuminate*, in *Hamlet :*

" Had made his courſe, to *illume* that part of heaven,
" Where now it burns." MALONE.

[3] —— thy *roſe,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,—*the* roſe. Again, the quarto reads :

" ——I'll ſmell *it* on the tree."

The folio :

" I'll ſmell *thee* on the tree." STEEVENS.

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—One more, and this the laſt:
So ſweet was ne'er ſo fatal. I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: This ſorrow's heavenly;[4]
It ſtrikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Deſdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Deſdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourſelf of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it ſtraight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit;
No,—Heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy ſoul.[5]

[4] —— *This ſorrow's heavenly*;] This tenderneſs, with which I lament the puniſhment which juſtice compels me to inflict, is a holy paſſion.

I wiſh theſe two lines could be honeſtly ejected. It is the fate of Shakſpeare to counteract his own pathos. Johnson.

Perhaps the poet would not have retained both theſe images, had he publiſhed the play himſelf, though in the hurry of compoſition he threw them both upon paper. The firſt ſeems adopted from the fabulous hiſtory of the crocodile, the ſecond from a paſſage in the ſcripture. Steevens.

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chaſteneth." M. Mason.

[5] —— *I would not kill thy ſoul.*] So, in the Firſt Part of the *Straunge and Wonderful Adventures of Don Simonides*, &c. bl. l. 4to. 1581: "—for that her Maſter would putte her Miſtris to ſhrifte, before he deſtroyed her bodie, yet *to the favegarde of her ſoule*."

Sir W. D'Avenant has alſo borrowed this thought in his *Albovine King of Lombardy*, 1629:

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll ſo: Why I ſhould fear, I know not,
Since guiltineſs I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.[6]

Oth. Think on thy ſins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dieſt.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.[7]—

" I am not fraught with devil's ſpleen; I would
" Not hurt *thy ſoul*."

Othello appears to have been a favourite of his author; for he has beſtowed on him that piety which he had refuſed to *Hamlet*. See Vol. XVIII. p. 231, n. 1. Steevens.

[6] *Since* guiltineſs *I know not*; *but yet, I feel, I fear.*] Read: *Since* guilt *I know not*; *but yet, I feel, I fear.*

Guiltineſs has been already miſprinted for *guilt*. [See p. 487, line 4.] It is impoſſible that Shakſpeare ſhould lengthen a word merely to ſpoil his metre. Ritson.

The chivalry of criticiſm does not, in my opinion, require us to defend the old copies (thoſe grannams of the ſtage, *balba de nare locutæ*) when they ſo groſsly offend againſt the laws of metre. In the earlier part of this work I have got rid of ſome of their deformities, but in this and a few of the latter plays I have been content with expoſing them, being certain that their notoriety will hereafter prove the means of ſecuring a privilege which, reſpecting the preſent editors, may be litigated.

Steevens.

[7] *That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.*] This thought

Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame:
Theſe are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be ſtill!

Des. I will ſo: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'ſt to Caſſio.

Des. No, by my life and ſoul;
Send for the man, and aſk him.

Oth. Sweet ſoul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, preſently:
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the ſtrong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I ſay, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Caſſio,
But with ſuch general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I ſaw my handkerchief in his hand.

is likewiſe found in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, a poem, by H. L. 16mo. 1597:

"Unnatural, which kill where you ſhould kiſſe."

Again, in our poet's *King Richard III*:

"It is a quarrel moſt unnatural,
"To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee." Malone.

O perjur'd woman! thou doſt ſtone my heart,
And mak'ſt me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice:[8]
I ſaw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confeſs a truth.

Oth. He hath confeſs'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.[9]

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He'll not ſay ſo.

Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt Iago hath ta'en order for't.[1]

[8] *A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice:*] This line is difficult. *Thou haſt hardened my heart, and makeſt me* kill thee with the rage of a *murderer*, when *I thought to have ſacrificed thee* to juſtice with the calmneſs of a prieſt ſtriking a victim.

It muſt not be omitted, that one of the elder quartos reads,—*thou doſt ſtone* thy *heart*; which I ſuſpect to be genuine. The meaning then will be,—*thou forceſt me* to diſmiſs thee from the world in the ſtate of the *murdered* without preparation for death, *when I intended* that thy puniſhment ſhould have been *a ſacrifice* atoning for thy crime.

I am glad that I have ended my reviſal of this dreadful ſcene. It is not to be endured. Johnson.

Thy heart, is the reading of the original quarto, 1622. Malone.

[9] *That he hath*—us'd thee.] The quarto, 1622, exhibits this line thus:

That he hath—uds death. Malone.

[1] —— *hath* ta'en order *for't.*] i. e. has *taken meaſures*. So, in Holinſhed's *Reign of King John*: "—he *took* ſuch *order* for him, that he was deſpoiled of all his goods and benefices." p. 174. Steevens.

Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives,[2] my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! Weep'ſt thou for him to my face?

Des. O, baniſh me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, ſtrumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive,——

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,
There is no pauſe.[3]

Again, in *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Naſhe' 1594:

"I will *take order* for that preſently." Malone.

[2] *Had all his hairs been lives,*] This thought appears to have been very common, as it occurs frequently in dramatick performances prior to Shakſpeare's *Othello*. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, by Barnaby Barnes, 1607:

"Know, Cæſar, had I now as many lives
"As there are ſtones, or *hairs* upon my head,
"I would," &c.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*:

"———but if all
"*My hairs were lives,* I would not be engaged
"In ſuch a cauſe."

Again, in *Hieronymo*:

"Had I as many lives as there be ſtars—." Steevens.

King and no King, as appears by Sir Henry Herbert's papers, was produced in 1611. See *The Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*, Vol. III. Malone.

[3] *Being done,*
There is no pauſe.] The firſt quarto omits this ſpeech. Steevens.

Des. But while I ſay one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.[4] [*He ſmothers her.*

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord! my lord!

Oth. What noiſe is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, ſo.

Emil. [*Within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeak of Caſſio's death;
The noiſe was high.—Ha! no more moving?

[4] *It is too late.*] After this ſpeech of Othello, the elder quarto adds an invocation from Deſdemona, conſiſting only of the ſacred name thrice repeated. As this muſt be ſuppoſed to have been uttered while ſhe is yet ſtruggling with death, I think an editor may be excuſed from inſerting ſuch a circumſtance of ſupererogatory horror, eſpecially as it is found in but one of the ancient copies. Steevens.

This alteration was probably made in conſequence of the ſtatute of the 3d of James I. c. 21, which lays a penalty for the profane uſe of the name of God, &c. in ſtage-plays, interludes, May-games, &c. Tollet.

The ſtatute was neceſſary; for not only the ancient moralities, but the plays (thoſe of Chapman in particular) abound with the moſt wanton and ſhocking repetitions of a name which never ought to be mentioned in ſuch an irreverend manner on the ſtage.

Steevens.

The alteration was undoubtedly made by the Maſter of the Revels. Malone.

Still as the grave. Shall ſhe come in? Were't good?
I think, ſhe ſtirs again:—No.—What's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:[5]
O, inſupportable! O heavy hour![6]
Methinks it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe
Of ſun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

EMIL. [*Within.*] I do beſeech you I may ſpeak with you,
O, good my lord!

OTH. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now? [*Unlocks the Door.*

Enter EMILIA.

EMIL. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

OTH. What? now?

EMIL. But now, my lord!

OTH. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than ſhe was wont;

[5] *My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:*] "Filium unicum adoleſcentulum habeo: ah! quid dixi habere me? imo habui, Chreme." *Ter. Heautont.* STEEVENS.

[6] *O* heavy *hour!*] In the firſt ſcene of this Act we have "——a *heavy* night." This epithet likewiſe occurs in a ſenſe ſomewhat unuſual in *Letters from the Paſton Family*, Vol. II. p. 193: "—it is demyd yt my Lady wolde herafter be the rather myn *hevy* Lady for yt delyng—." STEEVENS.

And makes men mad.[7]

Emil. Caſſio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Caſſio kill'd?

Emil. No, Caſſio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Caſſio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And ſweet revenge grows harſh.

Des. O, falſely, falſely murder'd![8]

[7] *It is the very error of the moon;*
She comes more near the earth than ſhe was wont;
And makes men mad.] So, in *The Play of the Wether*, by John Heywood, 4°. bl. l:

"On my fayth I thynke the moone be at the full,
"For frantyke fanſyes be then moſte plentefull."

Steevens.

[8] *O, falſely, falſely murder'd!*] It cannot be ſuppoſed that a perſon who had been effectually *ſtrangled* or *ſmothered*, could ſpeak again; for if the power of breathing returned after the inſtrument of ſuffocation was removed, no act of violence had in reality taken place by which the concluſion of life could be brought on. But ſuch is the peculiar fate of Deſdemona, that ſhe is ſuppoſed to be ſmothered, revives to acquaint us that *ſhe ſmothered herſelf*, and then dies without any oſtenſible cauſe of death. I am of opinion that ſome theatrical direction has been omitted; and that when Othello ſays—

"———Not dead? not yet quite dead?
"I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
"I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—
"*So, ſo.*"

He then ſtabs her, repeating the two laſt words, as he repeats the blow. Thus, Virgil:

"———*ſic, ſic* juvat ire ſub umbras."

After the repetition of wounds, Deſdemona might ſpeak again, with propriety, and yet very ſoon expire; as ſays Caſſio of Roderigo:

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, ſpeak again! Sweet Deſdemona! O, ſweet miſtreſs, ſpeak!

Des. A guiltleſs death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myſelf; farewell: Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell.

[*Dies.*

Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her ſay herſelf, it was not I.

Emil. She ſaid ſo; I muſt needs report the truth.

" ——— even but now he ſpake,
" After long ſeeming dead."

The firſt reſolution of Othello was to poiſon her, but from this meaſure he is diſſuaded by the policy of Iago. He is next determined to uſe the poniard; but, his tenderneſs awaking, he cannot bear to deform thoſe beauties which he had ſo often approached with other ſenſations, and for different purpoſes. Therefore, ſays he,

" ———I'll not ſhed her blood,
" Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of her's than ſnow,
" And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter:"

And this reſolution we are to imagine he would have kept, but that he was averſe to employing thoſe means again, which had already appeared to be uncertain in their effect.

If this apparent want of a play-houſe direction had occaſioned any abſurdity in the original repreſentation of the play, probably it is glanced at by Ben Jonſon in *The Alchemiſt*, Act V: " Didſt hear a cry, ſaid'ſt thou? Yes, ſir, like unto a man that had been *ſtrangled* an hour, and could not ſpeak." Steevens.

The Alchemiſt was firſt repreſented in the year 1610, and this paſſage is found in the original copy printed in that year. Malone.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell ;[9]
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel ſhe,
And you the blacker devil !

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore.[1]

Emil. Thou doſt belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was falſe as water.[2]

Emil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe ; O, ſhe was heavenly true !

Oth. Caſſio did tup her ; aſk thy huſband elſe.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity ;[3] Thy huſband knew it all.

Emil. My huſband ?

Oth. Thy huſband.

[9] *She's, like a liar, gone to* burning hell ;] Here is nothing faulty in this paſſage, but it may be read—

She's, like a liar, gone to burn in hell.

The vulgar denunciation of future vengeance is,—I think, *you'll burn in hell* for this. Whalley.

So, in *King Richard II:*

" That hand ſhall *burn in* never-quenching fire,—"

Steevens.

[1] *She turn'd to* folly, *and ſhe was a whore.*] *Folly*, ſignifies here, as in the ſacred writings, *depravity of mind.* So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

" Her ſad behaviour feeds his vulture *folly.*" Malone.

So, in *Deuteronomy*, xxii. 21 : " — ſhe hath wrought *folly* in Iſrael, to play the *whore*" &c. Steevens.

[2] ——*falſe as water.*] As water that will ſupport no weight, nor keep any impreſſion. Johnson.

[3] —— *this* extremity ;] Perhaps our author wrote—to this *extreme.* The meaſure demands a ſhorter word than the former. Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet :*

" 'Twixt my *extremes* and me this bloody knife
" Shall play the umpire." Steevens.

Emil. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Caſſio.
Nay, had ſhe been true,
If heaven would make me ſuch another world
Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.

Emil. My huſband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt;[4]
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My huſband?

Oth. What needs this iterance,[5] woman? I ſay, thy huſband.

Emil.[6] O miſtreſs, villainy hath made mocks with love![7]—
My huſband ſay, that ſhe was falſe?

Oth. He, woman;
I ſay, thy huſband; Doſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy huſband, honeſt, honeſt Iago.

Emil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious ſoul

[4] —— *that told me firſt*;] The folio reads—that told me *on her* firſt. Steevens.

[5] —— *iterance,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*iteration.* Steevens.

[6] *Emil.*] The firſt quarto omits this and the following ſpeech. Steevens.

[7] —— villainy *hath made mocks with love!*] *Villainy* has taken advantage to *play upon* the weakneſs of a violent paſſion. Johnson.

I have ſometimes thought that theſe words might mean, that "villainy hath play'd on its object under a pretence of kindneſs." So, in *Macbeth:*

"—— the ſurfeited grooms
"Do *mock* their charge *with ſnores.*"

But in this I have very little confidence. Malone.

Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worſt:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou waſt worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were beſt.

Emil. Thou haſt not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt.[8] O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou haſt done a deed,—
I care not for thy ſword; I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my miſtreſs; Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, *and* Iago.

Mon. What is the matter!—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

[8] *Thou haſt not half the power to do me harm,*
As I have to be hurt.] She means to ſay,—*I have in this cauſe power to endure more than thou haſt power to inflict.* Johnson.

This ſentiment is more expanded in *King Henry VIII:*

" —— I am able now, methinks,
" (Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel,)
" To endure more miſeries and greater far,
" Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

" More can I bear than you dare execute."

Of this laſt line there is no trace in the old play on which Shakſpeare formed *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* Malone.

Emil. Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man:
He ſays, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know, thou didſt not, thou'rt not ſuch a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my ſoul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She falſe with Caſſio!—Did you ſay with Caſſio?

Iago. With Caſſio, miſtreſs; Go to, charm your tongue.[9]

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to ſpeak;

[9] —— *charm your tongue.*] By this expreſſion, *Charm your tongue,* the poet meant no more than to make Iago ſay,—"Apply ſome power, ſtrong as a *charm* would be, to your tongue; for nothing leſs can ſtop its volubility." So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III:

"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm your tongue.*"

Again, Ben Jonſon, in *Cynthia's Revels:*

"—— *charm* your ſkipping tongue."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* B. V. c. ix:

"That well could *charm his tongue,* and time his ſpeech."

Again, in *The Yorkſhire Tragedy,* 1608:

"The ſureſt way to *charm* a woman's tongue,
"Is—break her neck:—a politician did it."

The ſame phraſe is alſo employed by Chapman in his verſion of the fifth *Iliad:*

"Downe from the chariot he fell, his gay arms ſhin'd and rung,
"The ſwift horſe trembled, and his ſoule for ever *charm'd his tongue.*"

Pliny informs us, that *favete linguis* was the conſtant exclamation before any religious *charm* was applied, From this circumſtance the phraſe, to *charm* a tongue, might have originated.

Steevens.

My miſtreſs[1] here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forefend!

Emil. And your reports have ſet the murder on.

Oth. Nay, ſtare not, maſters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.

Mon. O monſtrous act!

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—
I think upon't,—I think,—I ſmell't;—O villainy!
I thought ſo then;[2]—I'll kill myſelf for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Hanging over his Wife.*

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, ſhe was foul!—
[*Riſing.*
I ſcarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,

[1] *My miſtreſs* &c.] This line, and the following ſix ſpeeches, are wanting in the firſt quarto. Steevens.

[2] *I thought ſo* then;] i. e. at the inſtant when ſhe gave Deſdemona's handkerchief to Iago: for even *then* Emilia appears to have ſuſpected it was ſought after for no honeſt purpoſe, and therefore aſks her huſband—
"What will you do with it?" &c.
See p. 393. Steevens.

Whoſe breath, indeed, theſe hands have newly
ſtopp'd:
I know, this act ſhows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Deſdemona! I am glad thy father's
dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turn,
Yea, curſe his better angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.[4]

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That ſhe with Caſſio hath the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed;[4] Caſſio confeſs'd it:

[3] *Yea, curſe* his better angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.] So, in our author's 144th Sonnet:
"——— my female evil
"Tempteth *my better angel from my ſide.*" Malone.

——*reprobation.*] Both the firſt and ſecond folio read—*reprobance.* Steevens.

[4] *A thouſand times committed*;] This is another paſſage which ſeems to ſuppoſe a longer ſpace compriſed in the action of this play than the ſcenes include. Johnson.

That ſhe with Caſſio hath the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed;——.

And again:

'Tis not a year or two ſhows us a man.

I am not convinced from theſe paſſages only, that a longer ſpace is compriſed in the action of this play than the ſcenes include.

What Othello mentions in the firſt inſtance, might have paſſed ſtill more often, before they were married, when Caſſio went between them; for ſhe, who could find means to elude the vigilance of her father in reſpect of Othello, might have done ſo in reſpect of Caſſio, when there was time enough for the occurrence ſuppoſed to have happened. A jealous perſon will aggravate all he thinks, or ſpeaks of; and might uſe a *thouſand* for a much leſs number, only to give weight to his cenſure: nor would it have anſwered any purpoſe to have made Othello a little nearer or further off from truth in his calculation. We might apply the poet's own words in *Cymbeline:*

And ſhe did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave her; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief,[5] an antique token

" —— ſpare your arithmetick;
" Once, and a million."

The latter is a proverbial expreſſion, and might have been introduced with propriety, had they been married only a day or two. Emilia's reply perhaps was dictated by her own private experience; and ſeems to mean only, " that it is too ſoon to judge of a huſband's diſpoſition; or that Deſdemona muſt not be ſurpriſed at the diſcovery of Othello's jealouſy, for it is not even a year or two that will diſplay all the failings of a man."

Mr. Tollet, however, on this occaſion has produced ſeveral inſtances in ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's opinion; and as I am unable to explain them in favour of my own ſuppoſition, I ſhall lay them before the publick.

Act III. ſc. iii. Othello ſays:

" What ſenſe had I of her ſtolen hours of luſt?
" I ſaw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
" *I ſlept the next night well,* was free and merry:
" I found not Caſſio's kiſſes on her lips.

" On Othello's wedding night he and Caſſio embarked from Venice, where Deſdemona was left under the care of Iago. They all meet at Cyprus; and ſince their arrival there, the ſcenes include only one night, the night of the celebration of their nuptials. Iago had not then infuſed any jealouſy into Othello's mind, nor did he ſuſpect any former intimacy between Caſſio and Deſdemona, but only thought it 'apt and of great credit that ſhe loved him.' What night then was there to intervene between *Caſſio's* kiſſes and *Othello's* ſleeping the next night well? Iago has ſaid, 'I lay with *Caſſio* lately,' which he could not have done, unleſs they had been longer at Cyprus than is repreſented in the play; nor could Caſſio have kept away, for the ſpace of a whole week, from Bianca." STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Johnſon's obſervation, that this and ſeveral other paſſages tend to prove that a larger ſpace of time is comprized in the action of this play than the ſcenes include, we may cite that in which Emilia ſays, " That her huſband had a hundred times woo'd her to ſteal Deſdemona's handkerchief."

M. MASON.

[5] *It was a handkerchief,* &c.] Othello tells his wife, Act III. ſc. iv:

My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out;—I hold my peace, ſir? no;
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the air;[6]

" —— that handkerchief
" Did an Egyptian to my mother give."
And here he ſays:
It was a handkerchief,——
My father gave my mother.

This laſt paſſage has been cenſured as an overſight in the poet; but perhaps it exhibits only a freſh proof of his art. The firſt account of the handkerchief, as given by Othello, was purpoſely oſtentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he mentions it a ſecond time, the truth was ſufficient for his purpoſe.

This circumſtance of the handkerchief is perhaps ridiculed by Ben Jonſon, in his *Poetaſter*: " —you ſhall ſee me do *the Moor*; maſter, lend me your *ſcarf*." Steevens.

I queſtion whether *Othello* was written early enough to be ridiculed by *The Poetaſter*. There were many other *Moors* on the ſtage.

It is certain at leaſt, that the paſſage:
" Our new heraldry is *hands*, not *hearts*,"
could not be inſerted before the middle of the year 1611.
Farmer.

If the alluſion in *The Poetaſter* (which was printed in 1601,) were to *Othello*, it would fix its date much earlier than I conceive it to have been written.—But the alluſion in the paſſage quoted, is not to *Othello*, but to an old play called *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594.—In *The Poetaſter*, Pyrgus, who ſays, " you ſhall ſee me do the *Moor*," proceeds in the ſame ſcene, and repeats an abſurd ſpeech of the *Moor's* in *The Battle of Alcazar*, beginning with this line:
" Where art thou, boy? where is Calipolis?"
which aſcertains the alluſion to be to that play. Malone.

[6] *No, I will ſpeak as* liberal *as the* air;] The folio reads:
I'll be in ſpeaking liberal as the north.
Liberal is free, under no control. So, in *Hamlet*:
" Which *liberal* ſhepherds give a groſſer name."
This quality of the North wind is alſo mentioned in *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.

Iago. Be wiſe, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[Iago *offers to ſtab his Wife.*

Gra. Fye!
Your ſword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou ſpeak'ſt of,
I found by fortune, and did give my huſband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to ſuch a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to ſteal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Emil. She give it Caſſio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give't my huſband.

Iago. Filth, thou lieſt.

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?

[Iago *ſtabs* Emilia, *then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heaven,
But what ſerve for the thunder?[7]—Precious villain!

"And let th' *irregular* North wind ſweep her up."
Again, in *Jeronimo*, i. e. the firſt part of *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"Now let your bloods be *liberal* as the ſea."

Steevens.

No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the air;] The quarto, 1622, reads:

I'll be in ſpeaking liberal as the air.

The text is formed out of the two copies. Malone.

[7] *Are there no ſtones in heaven,*
But what ſerve for the thunder?] Othello does not demand

Gra. The woman falls; ſure, he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not paſs,

a thunderbolt for Iago. He only aſks, if there are no leſſer degrees of chaſtiſement more proportioned to the guilt of mortals, ready to drop down on ſuch villains as Iago, though Omnipotence withholds its thunder, as too noble an inſtrument for the puniſhment of crimes like his?

The ſame thought occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1609:

" Is there no thunder left? or is't kept up
" In ſtock, for heavier vengeance?"

Shakſpeare might, however, mean, does heaven reſerve its thunder only to make a noiſe? has it no implements of miſchief to puniſh as well as terrify?

" —— quum fulmina torques,
" Necquicquam horremus? cæcique in nubibus ignes
" Terrificant animos, et inania murmura miſcent?"

STEEVENS.

Steevens's laſt explanation of this paſſage appears to be juſt, his firſt was unnatural. We cannot ſuppoſe that Othello in the paroxyſm of reſentment, agitation, and deſpair, ſhould think any crimes more heinous than that of Iago.—It is difficult indeed to conceive a crime that demanded a heavier vengeance.

M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is,—Has not Heaven one ſupernumerary bolt, to hurl directly at the head of this atrocious villain? Muſt all the ſtores of its arſenal be reſerved for common and ordinary thunder, which, though ſometimes deſtructive, is in the uſual courſe of nature not ſpecifically pointed at a particular object?

" ——— Magne regnator deûm,
" Tam lentus audis ſcelera? tam lentus vides?
" Ecquando fævâ fulmen emittes manu,
" Si nunc ſerenum eſt?——
" Cur dextra, divûm rector atque hominum, vacat
" Tua, nec triſulcâ mundus ardeſcit face?
" In *hunc tones, hunc figas?*" MALONE.

But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave.

[*Exeunt* MONTANO *and* GRATIANO.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword:—
But why ſhould honour outlive honeſty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy ſong bode, lady?
Hark, can'ſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſick;[8]—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, ſhe was chaſte; ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;[9]—

[8] —— *I will play the ſwan,*
And die in muſick; &c.] This, and the two-former lines of the ſpeech, are wanting in the firſt quarto.

The ſame thought has already occurred in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" —— he makes a ſwan-like end,
" Fading in muſick:"——.

Again, in *King John:*

" —— this pale faint ſwan,
" Who chants a woful hymn to his own death."

STEEVENS.

[9] —— *the* ice-brook's *temper*;] In the firſt edition it is—*Iſe-brooke's temper.* Thence corrupted to *Ice-brook's. Ebro's temper:* the waters of that river of Spain are particularly famous for tempering of ſteel. The fineſt arms in the world, the Catalonian fuſees. POPE.

I believe the old reading changed to *ice-brook* is right. Steel is hardened by being put red-hot into very cold water.

JOHNSON.

The particular name of the *ice-brook* may be determined by the following paſſages in Martial. It was undoubtedly the *brook* or *rivulet* called *Salo* (now Xalon), near *Bilbilis* in Celtiberia. In this the Spaniards plunged all their ſwords and other weapons

O, here it is:—Uncle, I muſt come forth.

GRA. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

OTH. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

while hot from the forge; and to the *icy* quality of the waters, they were indebted for their ſtubborn temper:

" Sævo Bilbilin optimam metallo
" Et ferro Plateam ſuo ſonantem,
" Quam *fluctu tenui* ſed inquieto
" *Armorum Salo temperator* ambit."

Again:

" Quibus remiſſum corpus aſtringes brevi
" *Salone* qui ferrum *gelat.*"

Again:

" Pugio, quem curvis ſignat brevis orbita venis,
" Stridentem *gelidis* hunc *Salo* tinxit aquis."

Again, in *Juſtin*, l. 44: " Præcipua his quidem ferri materia ſed aqua ipſa ferro violentior; quippe temperamento ejus ferrum acrius redditur; nec ullum apud eos telum probatur quod non aut in *Bilbili* fluvio aut Chalybe tingatur. Unde etiam Chalybes fluvii hujus finitimi appellati, ferroque cæteris præſtare dicuntur." Theſe parts of Spain have been at all times famous for the temper of their arms. STEEVENS.

I incline to read:

It is a ſword of Spain, 'tis ebroes *temper.*

If we ſuppoſe that the words ['tis ebroes] were huddled together either in tranſcribing or compoſing, thus, ['tisebroes] the compoſitor in running it over with his eye, might (to make it ſenſe as he thought) add a couple of letters and divide the words thus [*th*'iſebro*k*es] which is nearly as it ſtands in the old quarto.

I doubt whether *ice-brooks* are uſual in the climate of Spain.

BLACKSTONE.

——*the* ice-brook's *temper*;] The quarto, 1622, has—*Iſe brookes*, which is only the old ſpelling of *Ice-brooke's*, the reading of the folio. Sir William Blackſtone doubts whether *ice-brooks* are uſual in the climate of Spain. How that fact may be, I know not; and I am confident Shakſpeare did not inquire.

MALONE.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

GRA. What is the matter?

OTH. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itſelf ſuſtain
Upon a ſoldier's thigh:[1] I have ſeen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your ſtop:[2]—But, O vain boaſt!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not ſo now.—
Be not afraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd;[3]
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear;
Man but a ruſh againſt Othello's breaſt,
And he retires;—Where ſhould Othello go?—
Now, how doſt thou look now? O ill-ſtarr'd wench![4]

[1] *A better never did itſelf ſuſtain*
Upon a ſoldier's thigh:] So, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1634:
" ——— On his thigh a ſword
" Hung by a curious baldricke, when he frowns,
" To ſeal his will by; *better, on my conſcience,*
" *Never was ſoldier's friend.*" MALONE.

[2] *I have made my way through more impediments*
Than twenty times your ſtop:] So, in *Coriolanus*, ſc. i:
" —— cracking ten thouſand curbs
" Of more ſtrong link aſunder, than can ever
" Appear in your impediment." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *though you do ſee me* weapon'd;] This uncommon participle is uſed by Sidney in his *Arcadia*. MALONE.

[4] —— *O ill ſtarr'd* wench!] This and the ſix preceding lines, are omitted in the firſt quarto. *Wench* originally ſignified only a young woman. *Caſſandra*, in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, ſays of herſelf:
" O wretched *wench*, where may I firſt complayne?"

Pale as thy ſmock! when we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heaven,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chaſtity.—
O curſed, curſed ſlave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heavenly ſight!
Blow me about in winds! roaſt me in ſulphur!
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Deſdemona! Deſdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a Chair, and* Officers, *with* IAGO, *priſoner.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet;[5]—but that's a fable:
If that thou be'ſt a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[OTHELLO *wounds* IAGO.

Again:

" Therefore, ſweet *wenche,* helpe me to rue my woe." The word is uſed without any diſhonourable meaning in the Bible: " Now Jonathan and Ahimaaz ſtayed by En-rogel; (for they might not be ſeen to come into the city:) and a *wench* went and told them; and they went and told king David." 2 *Sam.* xvii. 17.

And again, by Gawin Douglas, in his verſion of the *Æneid:*

" —— audetque viris concurrere *virgo.*"

" This *wenſche* ſtoutlye rencounter durſt with men."

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *towards his feet;*] To ſee if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven. JOHNSON.

Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.

Iago. I bleed, ſir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not ſorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.[6]

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once ſo good,
Fall'n in the practice[7] of a curſed ſlave,
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confeſs'd his villainy:
Did you and he conſent in Caſſio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cauſe.[8]

Oth. I do believe it, and I aſk your pardon.
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.

[6] *For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.*] The ſame thought has already occurred in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— 'Tis well thou'rt gone,—
" If it be well to live." Steevens.

[7] —— *in the practice* —] In the *ſnare*, by the *ſtratagem*. Johnson.
See Vol. XVII. p. 426, n. 5. Malone.

[8] *Dear general, I never gave you cauſe.*] Our poet, probably without knowing it, has uſed the words of *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

" Hieronymo, *I never gave thee cauſe?*"

This phraſe, a very familiar one, is alſo employed in p. 427, l. 11:

" Alas, the day! *I never gave him cauſe.*" Malone.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.

Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Caſſio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſs![9]

Lod. Now here's another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it ſeems,
Roderigo meant to have ſent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim [1]
Came in and ſatisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Caſſio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himſelf confeſs'd, but even now,[2]

[9] Oth. *O villain!*
Caſ. *Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſs!*] Read, for the ſake of both ſenſe and metre:
Oth. *O* villainy!
Caſ. *Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſs.*
RITSON.

[1] —— *in the interim*—] The firſt copy has—in the *nick*. It was, I ſuppoſe, thought upon reviſal, that *nick* was too familiar.
JOHNSON.

[2] —— *confeſs'd, but even now,*] The quarto, 1622, reads—confeſs'd *it even* now. The folio—confeſs'd *it, but* even now.

That there he dropp'd it, for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, beſides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was caſt: And even but now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.

Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Caſſio rules in Cyprus. For this ſlave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his: You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian ſtate:—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the ſtate ſome ſervice, and they know it;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am;[3] nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down aught in malice: then muſt you ſpeak
Of one, that lov'd not wiſely, but too well;
Of one, not eaſily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whoſe hand,
Like the baſe Judean, threw a pearl away,

The word *it* was manifeſtly caught by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the ſubſequent line. Malone.

[3] *Speak of me as I am;*] The firſt quarto reads,—*Speak of them as they are.* The preſent reading, which is the reading of the folio, has more force. Johnson.

Richer than all his tribe;[4] of one, whoſe ſubdu'd eyes,

[4] —— *of one, whoſe hand,*
Like the baſe Júdean, *threw a pearl away,*
Richer than all his tribe;] I have reſtored *Judian*, from the elder quarto, as the genuine and more eligible reading. Mr. Pope thinks this was occaſioned probably by the word *tribe* juſt after: I have many reaſons to oppoſe this opinion. In the firſt place, the moſt ignorant Indian, I believe, is ſo far the reverſe of the *dunghill-cock* in the fable, as to know the eſtimation of a pearl beyond that of a barley-corn. So that, in that reſpect, the thought itſelf would not be juſt. Then, if our author had deſigned to reflect on the *ignorance* of the Indian without any farther reproach, he would have called him *rude*, and not *baſe*. Again, I am perſuaded, as my friend Mr. Warburton long ago obſerved, the phraſe is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*; and, by his *pearl*, our author very properly means *a fine woman*. But Mr. Pope objects farther to the reading *Judian*, becauſe, to make ſenſe of this, we muſt pre-ſuppoſe ſome particular ſtory of a Jew alluded to: which is much leſs obvious: but has Shakſpeare never done this, but in this ſingle inſtance? I am ſatisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to Herod; who, in a fit of blind jealouſy, threw away ſuch a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him. What can be more parallel in circumſtance, than the conduct of Herod and Othello? Nor was the ſtory ſo little obvious as Mr. Pope ſeems to imagine: for, in the year 1613, the Lady Elizabeth Carew publiſhed a tragedy called MARIAM, *the Fair Queen of* JEWRY. I ſhall only add, that our author might write *Judian* or *Judean*, (if that ſhould be alledged as any objection,) inſtead of *Judæan*, with the ſame licence and change of accent, as, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, he ſhortens the ſecond ſyllable of Euphrates in pronunciation: which was a liberty likewiſe taken by Spenſer, of whom our author was a ſtudious imitator. THEOBALD.

Like the baſe Júdean.] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto, 1622, reads—*Indian*. Mr. Theobald therefore is not accurate in the preceding note, in his account of the old copies.
MALONE.

The elder quarto reads *Judian;* and this is certainly right. And by the *Judian* is meant Herod, whoſe uſage to Mariamne is ſo appoſite to the ſpeaker's caſe, that a more proper inſtance could not be thought of. Beſides, he was the ſubject of a tra-

Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,[5]

gedy at that time, as appears from the words in *Hamlet,* where an ill player is deſcribed—

" ——— to out-herod Herod."

The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is ſo common as ſcarce to need examples. In *Troilus and Crèſſidà,* a lover ſays of his miſtreſs—

" There ſhe lies a PEARL."—

And again:

" Why ſhe is a *pearl,* whoſe price" &c.

WARBURTON.

I cannot join with the learned criticks in conceiving this paſſage to refer either to the ignorance of the natives of India, in reſpect of *pearls,* or the well-known ſtory of Herod and Mariamne. The poet might juſt as fairly be ſuppoſed to have alluded to that of Jephthah and his daughter.

Othello, in deteſtation of what he had done, ſeems to compare himſelf to another perſon who had thrown away a *thing of value,* with ſome circumſtances of the *meaneſt villainy,* which the epithet *baſe* ſeems to imply in its general ſenſe, though it is ſometimes uſed only for *low* or *mean.* The Indian could not properly be termed *baſe* in the former and moſt common ſenſe, whoſe fault was *ignorance,* which brings its own excuſe with it; and the crime of Herod ſurely deſerves a more aggravated diſtinction. For though in every crime, great as well as ſmall, there is a degree of baſeneſs, yet the *furiis agitatus amor,* ſuch as contributed to that of Herod, ſeems to aſk a ſtronger word to characterize it; as there was *ſpirit* at leaſt in what he did, though the ſpirit of a fiend, and the epithet *baſe* would better ſuit with *petty larceny* than *royal guilt.* Beſides, the ſimile appears to me too appoſite almoſt to be uſed on the occaſion, and is little more than bringing the fact into compariſon with itſelf. Each through jealouſy had deſtroyed an innocent wife, circumſtances ſo parallel, as hardly to admit of that variety which we generally find in one alluſion, which is meant to illuſtrate another, and at the ſame time to appear as more than a ſuperfluous ornament. Of a like kind of imperfection, there is an inſtance

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[5] ——— *whoſe ſubdu'd eyes,*
Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,] So, in our poet's 30th Sonnet:
" Then can I drown *an eye unus'd to flow.*" MALONE.

Drop tears as faſt as the Arabian trees

in Virgil, Book XI. where, after Camilla and her attendants have been deſcribed as abſolute Amazons,—

" At medias inter cædes exultat Amazon,
" Unum exerta latus pugnæ pharetata Camilla.—
" Et circum lectæ comites," &c.

we find them, nine lines after, compared to the Amazons themſelves, to Hippolita or Penthefilea, ſurrounded by their companions:

" Quales Threiciæ, cum flumina Thermodontis
" Pulſant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
" Seu circum Hippolyten, ſeu cum ſe martia curru
" Penthefilea refert."

What is this but bringing a fact into compariſon with itſelf? Neither do I believe the poet intended to make the preſent ſimile coincide with all the circumſtances of Othello's ſituation, but merely with the ſingle act of having *baſely* (as he himſelf terms it) deſtroyed that on which he ought to have ſet a greater value. As the *pearl* may bear a *literal* as well as a *metaphorical* ſenſe, I would rather chooſe to take it in the *literal* one, and receive Mr. Pope's rejected explanation, *pre-ſuppoſing ſome ſtory of a Jew alluded to*, which might be well underſtood at that time, though now perhaps forgotten, or at leaſt imperfectly remembered. I have read in ſome book, as ancient as the time of Shakſpeare, the following tale; though, at preſent, I am unable either to recollect the title of the piece, or the author's name:

" A Jew, who had been priſoner for many years in diſtant parts, brought with him at his return to Venice a great number of pearls, which he offered on the 'change among the merchants, and (one alone excepted) diſpoſed of them to his ſatisfaction. On this pearl, which was the largeſt ever ſhown at market, he had fixed an immoderate price, nor could be perſuaded to make the leaſt abatement. Many of the magnificoes, as well as traders, offered him conſiderable ſums for it, but he was reſolute in his firſt demand, At laſt, after repeated and unſucceſsful applications to individuals, he aſſembled the merchants of the city, by proclamation, to meet him on the Rialto, where he once more expoſed it to ſale on the former terms, but to no purpoſe. After having expatiated, for the laſt time, on the ſingular beauty and value of it, he threw it ſuddenly into the ſea before them all."

Though this anecdote may appear inconſiſtent with the avarice

Their medicinal gum :[7] Set you down this:

of a Jew, yet it ſufficiently agrees with the ſpirit ſo remarkable at all times in the ſcattered remains of that vindictive nation.

Shakſpeare's ſeeming averſion to the Jews in general, and his conſtant deſire to expoſe their *avarice* and *baſeneſs* as often as he had an opportunity, may ſerve to ſtrengthen my ſuppoſition; and as that nation, in his time, and ſince, has not been famous for crimes *daring* and *conſpicuous*, but has rather contented itſelf to thrive by the meaner and more ſucceſsful arts of *baſeneſs*, there ſeems to be a particular propriety in the epithet. When Falſtaff is juſtifying himſelf in *King Henry IV.* he adds, "If what I have ſaid be not true, I am a Jew, an Ebrew Jew," i. e. one of the moſt ſuſpected characters of the time. The liver of a Jew is an ingredient in the cauldron of *Macbeth*; and the vigilance for gain, which is deſcribed in Shylock, may afford us reaſon to ſuppoſe the poet was alluding to a ſtory like that already quoted.

Richer than all his tribe, ſeems to point out the Jew again in a mercantile light; and may mean, that *the pearl was richer than all the gems to be found among a ſet of men generally trading in them.* Neither do I recollect that Othello mentions many things, but what he might fairly have been allowed to have had knowledge of in the courſe of his peregrinations. Of this kind are the ſimiles of the Euxine ſea flowing into the Propontick, and the Arabian trees dropping their gums. The reſt of his ſpeeches are more free from mythological and hiſtorical alluſions, than almoſt any to be found in Shakſpeare, for he is never quite clear from them; though in the deſign of this character he ſeems to have meant it for one who had ſpent a greater part of his life in the field, than in the cultivation of any other knowledge than what would be of uſe to him in his military capacity. It ſhould be obſerved, that moſt of the flouriſhes merely ornamental were added after the firſt edition; and this is not the only proof to be met with, that the poet in his alterations ſometimes forgot his original plan.

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[7] *Their* medicinal *gum* :] Thus the quarto, 1622. This word is alſo uſed by our author in *The Winter's Tale*; and occurs in the works of two of our greateſt poets—Milton and Dryden.

STEEVENS.

I have preferred the reading of the folio [medicinable] becauſe the word occurs again in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "—any impediment will be *medicinable* to me." i. e. ſalutary.

MALONE.

And ſay, beſides,—that in Aleppo once,

The metaphorical term of a pearl for a fine woman, may, for aught I know, be very common; but in the inſtances Dr. Warburton has brought to prove it ſo, there are found circumſtances that immediately ſhow a woman to have been meant. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" Her bed is India, there she lies a *pearl.*
" Why she is a *pearl* whoſe price hath launch'd" &c.

In Othello's ſpeech we find no ſuch leading expreſſion; and are therefore at liberty, I think, to take the paſſage in its *literal* meaning.

Either we are partial to diſcoveries which we make for ourſelves, or the ſpirit of controverſy is contagious; for it uſually happens that each poſſeſſor of an ancient copy of our author, is led to aſſert the ſuperiority of all ſuch readings as have not been exhibited in the notes, or received into the text of the laſt edition. On this account, our preſent republication (and more eſpecially in the celebrated plays) affords a greater number of theſe diverſities than were ever before obtruded on the publick. A time however may arrive, when a complete body of variations being printed, our readers may luxuriate in an ample feaſt of *thats* and *whiches*; and thenceforward it may be prophecied, that all will unite in a wiſh that the ſelection had been made by an editor, rather than ſubmitted to their own labour and ſagacity.

To this note ſhould be ſubjoined (as an apology for many others which may not be thought to bring a conviction with them) that the true ſenſe of a paſſage has frequently remained undetermined, till repeated experiments have been tried on it; when one commentator, making a proper uſe of the errors of another, has at laſt explained it to univerſal ſatisfaction. When miſtakes have ſuch effects, who would regret having been miſtaken, or be ſorry to prove the means of directing others, by that affinity which a wrong reading or interpretation ſometimes has to the right, though he has not been ſo lucky as to produce at once authorities which could not be queſtioned, or deciſions to which nothing could be added? Steevens.

I abide by the old text, " the baſe *Judian.*" Shakſpeare ſeems to allude to *Herod* in the play of *Mariamne:*

" I had but one ineſtimable *jewel*——
" Yet I in ſuddaine choler caſt it downe,
" And daſht it all to pieces." Farmer.

The words quoted by Dr. Warburton from *Hamlet* do not prove what they are adduced for. The *Herod* there alluded to,

Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk[8]
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the ſtate,

was a character in one of the ancient *Myſteries.* [See *Candlemas-day, or the Killing of the Children of Iſrael,* a Myſtery, in Hawkins's *Origin of the Engliſh Drama,* Vol. I.]

I once thought that the accent here given to *Júdean* was a ſtrong objection to this reading: and that the word muſt have been *Judéan* or *Judæan,* (as a derivative from *Judæa*) which would not ſuit the metre. But the objection was founded on a miſtake; for derivative words of this kind were thus accented in Shakſpeare's time. Thus, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor,* we have in the old copies, "an *Epicurian* raſcal," which aſcertains the pronunciation of that word to have been different formerly from what it is now. The word is thus ſpelt by North alſo, in his tranſlation of Plutarch. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Keep his brains fuming, Epicúrean cooks."

So, in *Hamlet,* we have the *Némean* lion (which is written in the old copy *Nemian*).

Thoſe who would adopt the original reading, *Indian,* may urge in its ſupport that the pearl naturally brings a people of the Eaſt to Shakſpeare's mind; the connexion in his time being conſidered ſo ſtrong, that a contemporary author has diſtinguiſhed the inhabitants of *India* by an epithet founded on the circumſtance of their abounding in pearls:

"——where the bright ſun with his neighbour beams
"Doth early light the *pearled Indians.*"

Cornelia, a tragedy, by T. Kyd, 1594.

On the other hand, the word *tribe* is ſtrongly in favour of the reading of the text, and I have now no doubt that it is the true one.

Webſter, in his *Appius and Virginia,* appears to have had this paſſage in his thoughts:

"——Had your lordſhip yeſterday
"Proceeded as 'twas fit, to a juſt ſentence,
"The apparel and the *jewels* that ſhe wore,
"*More worth than all her tribe,* had then been due
"Unto our client." MALONE.

[8] *Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk*—] I am told that it is immediate death for a Chriſtian to ſtrike a Turk in Aleppo. Othello is boaſting of his own audacity. STEEVENS.

I took by the throat the circumciſed dog,
And ſmote him—thus. [*Stabs himſelf.*

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that's ſpoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiſs'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No way but this, [*Falling upon* Desdemona.
Killing myſelf, to die upon a kiſs.[9] [*Dies.*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,[1]
More fell than anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed; [*To* Iago.
This is thy work: the object poiſons ſight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed to you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain;[2]

[9] *Killing myſelf, to die upon a kiſs.*] So, in the Second Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"Yet let me kiſs my lord before I dye,
"And let me dye with kiſſing of my lord." Steevens.

[1] *O Spartan dog,*] The dogs of Spartan race were reckoned among thoſe of the moſt fierce and ſavage kind. Hanmer.

They are again mentioned in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
"With *hounds of Sparta*." Henley.

The Spartan dogs in our poet's contemplation, were *blood-hounds*. See Vol. IV. p. 451. Malone.

[2] ——— *To you, lord governor,*
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain;] Rymer, who had neither vigour of imagination to make a poet, nor ſtrength of judgment to make a critick, as appears from his *Edgar*, and his *Remarks on Shakſpeare*, had yet juſt enough to play the buffoon and caviller. His criticiſm on the *Poets of the laſt Age*,

The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!
Myſelf will ſtraight aboard; and, to the ſtate,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*[3]

with only a mixture of trite remarks, tranſcribed from the French commentators on *Ariſtotle*, are one continued heap of ignorance and inſolence. Almoſt the only remark on Shakſpeare, which, I think, deſerves an anſwer, is upon Iago's character, which he thus cenſures: *To entertain the audience* (ſays he) *with ſomething new and ſurpriſing, againſt common ſenſe and nature, he would paſs upon us a cloſe, diſſembling, falſe, ungrateful raſcal, inſtead of an open-hearted, frank, plain-dealing ſoldier, a character conſtantly worn by them for ſome thouſand of years in the world.* This hath the appearance of ſenſe, being founded on that rule of *Nature* and *Ariſtotle*, that each character ſhould have manners convenient to the age, ſex, and condition.

Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores, &c.

ſays Horace. But how has our critick applied it? According to this rule it is confeſſed, that a ſoldier ſhould be brave, generous, and a man of honour. This is to be his dramatick character. But either *one* or *more* of any order may be brought in. If only one, then the character of the order takes its denomination from the manners of that *one*. Had therefore the only ſoldier in this play been Iago, the rule had been tranſgreſſed, and Rymer's cenſure well founded. For then this *eternal villain* muſt have given the character of the ſoldiery; which had been unjuſt and unnatural. But if a *number* of the ſame order be repreſented, then the character of the order is taken from the manners of the majority; and this according to nature and common ſenſe. Now in this play there are many of the order of the ſoldiery; and all, excepting Iago, repreſented as open, generous, and brave. From *theſe* the ſoldier's character is to be taken; and not from Iago, who is brought as an exception to it: unleſs it be unnatural to ſuppoſe there could be an exception; or that a villain ever inſinuated himſelf into that corps. And thus Shakſpeare ſtands clear of this impertinent criticiſm.

WARBURTON.

——*the* cenſure—] i. e. the ſentence. See Vol. IV. p. 190, n. 4. STEEVENS.

See alſo Vol. IX. p. 256, n. 2. MALONE.

[3] The beauties of this play impreſs themſelves ſo ſtrongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illuſtration. The fiery openneſs of Othello, magnanimous,

artleſs, and credulous, boundleſs in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his reſolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, ſilent in his reſentment, ſubtle in his deſigns, and ſtudious at once of his intereſt and his vengeance; the ſoft ſimplicity of Deſdemona, confident of merit, and conſcious of innocence, her artleſs perſeverance on her ſuit, and her ſlowneſs to ſuſpect that ſhe can be ſuſpected, are ſuch proofs of Shaſpeare's ſkill in human nature, as, I ſuppoſe, it is vain to ſeek in any modern writer. The gradual progreſs which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumſtances which he employs to enflame him, are ſo artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be ſaid of him as he ſays of himſelf, that he is *a man not eaſily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at laſt we find him *perplexed in the extreme.*

There is always danger, leſt wickedneſs, conjoined with abilities, ſhould ſteal upon eſteem, though it miſſes of approbation; but the character of Iago is ſo conducted, that he is from the firſt ſcene to the laſt hated and deſpiſed.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conſpicuous in any other piece, not only for their juſtneſs, but their ſtrength. Caſſio is brave, benevolent, and honeſt, ruined only by his want of ſtubbornneſs to reſiſt an inſidious invitation. Roderigo's ſuſpicious credulity, and impatient ſubmiſſion to the cheats which he ſees practiſed upon him, and which by perſuaſion he ſuffers to be repeated, exhibit a ſtrong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful deſires to a falſe friend; and the virtue of Emilia is ſuch as we often find, worn looſely, but not caſt off, eaſy to commit ſmall crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies.

The ſcenes from the beginning to the end are buſy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progreſſion of the ſtory; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is neceſſary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the ſcene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occaſionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the moſt exact and ſcrupulous regularity. JOHNSON.

To Dr. Johnſon's admirable and nicely diſcriminative character of *Othello*, it may ſeem unneceſſary to make any addition; yet I cannot forbear to conclude our commentaries on this tranſcendent poet with the fine eulogy which the judicious and learned Lowth has pronounced on him, with a particular reference to this tragedy, perhaps *the moſt perfect* of all his works:

"In his viris [tragediæ Græcæ ſcilicet ſcriptoribus] acceſſio quædam Philoſophiæ erat Poetica facultas: neque ſane quiſquam

adhuc Poeſin ad faſtigium ſuum ac culmen evexit, niſi qui prius in intima Philoſophia artis ſuæ fundamenta jecerit.

" Quod ſi quis objiciat, nonnullos in hoc ipſo poeſeos genere excelluiſſe, qui nunquam habiti ſunt Philoſophi, ac ne literis quidem præter cæteros imbuti; ſciat is, me rem ipſam quærere, non de vulgari opinione, aut de verbo laborare: *qui autem tantum ingenio conſecutus eſt, ut naturas hominum, vimque omnem humanitatis, cauſaſque eas, quibus aut incitatur mentis impetus aut retunditur, penitus perſpectas habeat, ejuſque omnes motus oratione non modo explicet, ſed effingat, planeque oculis ſubjiciat; ſed excitet, regat, commoveat, moderetur; eum, etſi diſciplinarum inſtrumento minus adjutum, eximie tamen eſſe Philoſophum arbitrari.* Quo in genere affectum Zelotypiæ, ejuſque cauſas, adjuncta, progreſſiones, effectus, in una SHAKSPEARI noſtri fabula, copioſius, ſubtilius, accuratius etiam veriuſque pertractari exiſtimo, quam ab omnibus omnium Philoſophorum ſcholis in ſimili argumento eſt unquam diſputatum." [Prælectio prima. edit. 1763, p. 8.] MALONE.

If by " the moſt perfect" is meant the *moſt regular* of the foregoing plays, I ſubſcribe to Mr. Malone's opinion; but if his words were deſigned to convey a more exalted praiſe, without a moment's heſitation I ſhould transfer it to MACBETH.

It is true, that the domeſtick tragedy of *Othello* affords room for a various and forcible diſplay of character. The leſs familiar groundwork of *Macbeth* (as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved) excludes the influence of peculiar diſpoſitions. That excluſion, however, is recompenſed by a loftier ſtrain of poetry, and by events of higher rank; by ſupernatural agency, by the ſolemnities of incantation, by ſhades of guilt and horror deepening in their progreſs, and by viſions of futurity ſolicited in aid of hope, but eventually the miniſters of deſpair.

Were it neceſſary to weigh the pathetick effuſions of theſe dramas againſt each other, it is generally allowed that the ſorrows of Deſdemona would be more than counterbalanced by thoſe of Macduff.

Yet if our author's rival pieces (the diſtinct property of their ſubjects conſidered) are written with equal force, it muſt ſtill be admitted that the latter has more of originality. A novel of conſiderable length (perhaps amplified and embelliſhed by the Engliſh tranſlator of it) ſupplied a regular and circumſtantial outline for *Othello*; while a few ſlight hints collected from ſeparate narratives of Holinſhed, were expanded into the ſublime and awful tragedy of *Macbeth*.

Should readers, who are alike converſant with the appropriate excellencies of poetry and painting, pronounce on the reciprocal

merits of theſe great productions, I muſt ſuppoſe they would deſcribe them as of different pedigrees. They would add, that one was of the ſchool of Raphael, the other from that of Michael Angelo; and that if the ſteady Sophocles and Virgil ſhould have decided in favour of *Othello*, the remonſtrances of the daring Æſchylus and Homer would have claimed the laurel for *Macbeth*.

To the ſentiments of Dr. Lowth reſpecting the tragedy of *Othello*, a general eulogium on the dramatick works of Shakſpeare, imputed by a judicious and amiable critick to Milton, may be not improperly ſubjoined:

"There is good reaſon to ſuppoſe (ſays my late friend the Rev. Thomas Warton, in a note on *L'Allegro*,) that Milton threw many additions and corrections into the THEATRUM POETARUM, a book publiſhed by his nephew Edward Philips, in 1675. It contains criticiſms far above the taſte of that period. Among theſe is the following judgment on Shakſpeare, which was not then, I believe, the general opinion."—"In tragedy, never any expreſſed a more lofty and tragick heighth, never any repreſented nature more purely to the life; and where the poliſhments of art are moſt wanting, as probably his learning was not extraordinary, he pleaſes with a certain WILD and NATIVE elegance." P. 194.

What greater praiſe can any poet have received, than that of the author of *Paradiſe Loſt?* STEEVENS.

See p. 271.

"——Of the canibals, that each other eat,
"The Anthropophagi; and men whoſe heads
"Do grow beneath their ſhoulders."—

Theſe lines have been conſidered by Pope, and others, as the interpolation of the players, or at leaſt vulgar traſh, which Shakſpeare admitted merely to humour the lower part of his audience. But the caſe was probably the very reverſe, and the poet rather

meant to recommend his play to the more curious and refined among his auditors, by alluding here to ſome of the moſt extraordinary paſſages in Sir Walter Raleigh's celebrated voyage to Guiana, performed in 1595: in which nothing excited more univerſal attention, than the accounts which he brought from the new world of the canibals, Amazons, and eſpecially of the nation

" ——————whoſe heads
" Do grow beneath their ſhoulders."

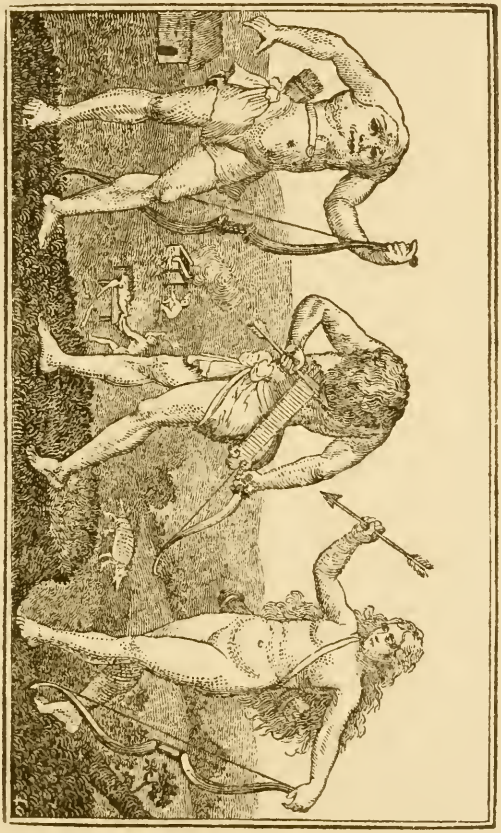
Hear his own ſolemn relation: " Next unto the Arvi" [a river, which he ſays falls into the Orenoque or Oronoko] " are two rivers, Atoica and Caora; and on that branch, which is called Caora, are a nation of people, whoſe heads appear not above their ſhoulders; which though it may be thought a meere fable, yet FOR MINE OWN PART I AM RESOLVED IT IS TRUE, becauſe every childe in the province of Arromaia and Canuri affirme the ſame: they are called Ewaipanoma; they are reported to have their eyes in their ſhoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breaſts, and that a long traine of haire groweth backward betweene their ſhoulders," &c.

[See Sir Walter Raleigh's Narrative of the Diſcoverie of Guiana, printed in Hackluyt's Voyages, Vol. III. Lond. 1600, folio. p. 652, 653, 665, 677, &c.]

As for the Anthropophagi, or canibals " that each other eat," the ſame celebrated voyager tells us: At " one of the outlets of Orenoque, we left on the right hand of us, a nation of inhumaine canibals," [p. 659.] And in the ſecond Voyage to Guiana, in 1596, publiſhed alſo by Sir Walter, one of the nations, called Ipaios, are thus deſcribed: " They are but few, but very cruel to their enemies; for they bind, and eat them alive peecemeale. —Theſe Indians, becauſe they eate them whom they kill, uſe no poyſon." [Ibid. p. 688. See alſo p. 507, 516, 682, &c.]

Theſe extraordinary reports were univerſally credited, and therefore Othello aſſumes here no other character but what was very common among the celebrated commanders of his time—that of an adventurer and voyager into the Eaſt or Weſt-Indies. As for Sir Walter Raleigh's ſtrange diſcoveries, a ſhort extract of the more wonderful paſſages was publiſhed in ſeveral languages, accompanied with a map of Guiana, by Iodocus Hondius, a Dutch geographer, and adorned with copper-plates, repreſenting theſe Amazons, canibals, and headleſs people, &c. in different points of view. The drawing below is copied from the frontiſpiece to one of theſe pamphlets, intitled, *Brevis et admiranda Deſcriptio Regni Guianæ, &c. . . . Quod nuper admodum annis nimirum*, 1564, 1595, *et* 1596, *per . . . Dn. Gualtherum Raleigh Equitem Anglum detectum eſt. . . . . Ex quibus Iodocus*

Hondius tabulam geographicam adornavit, addita explicatione Belgico Sermone ſcripta: Nunc vero in Latinum Sermonem tranſlata, &c. Noribergæ, 1559. 4to. P.



END OF VOL. XIX.

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